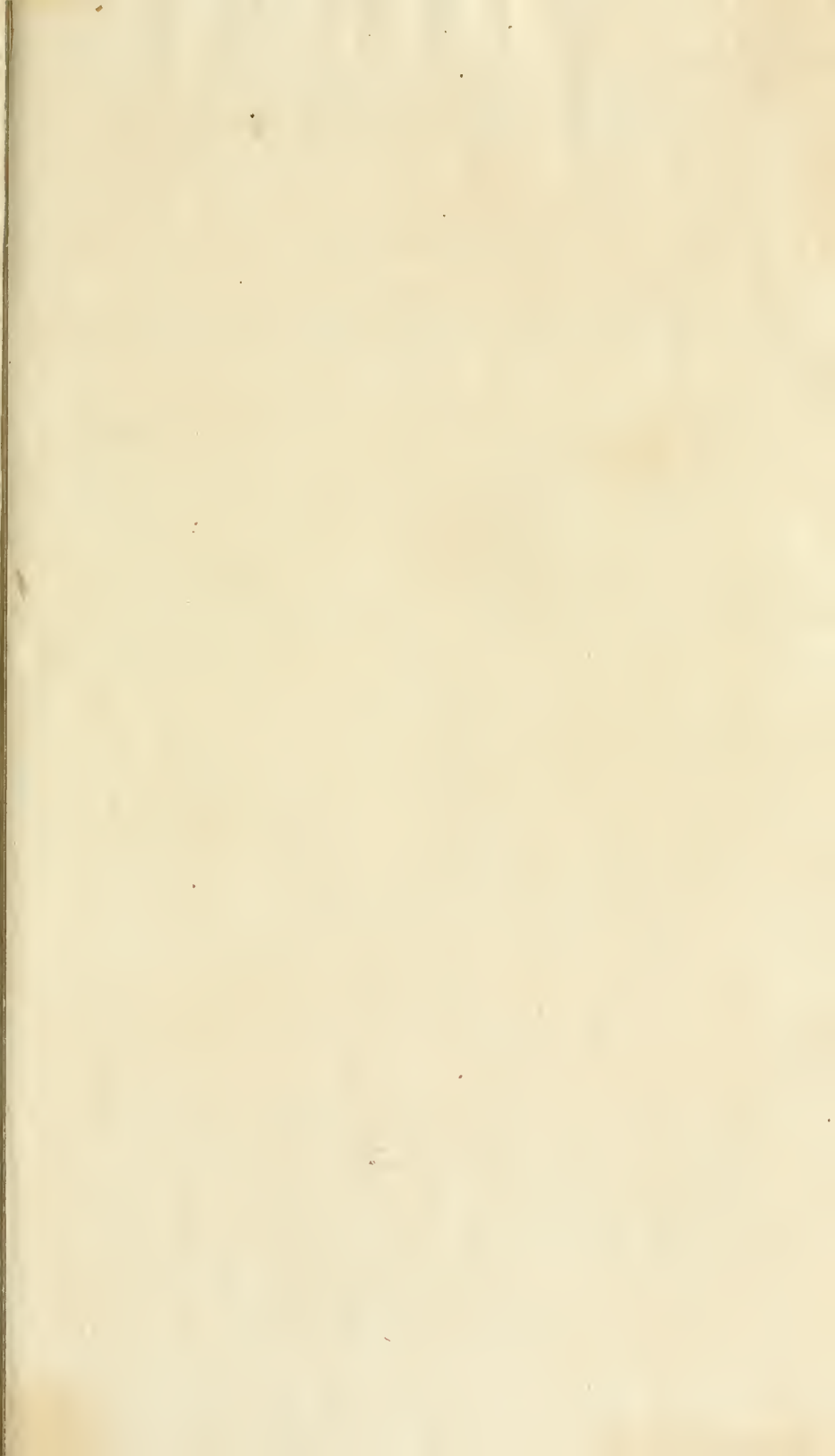
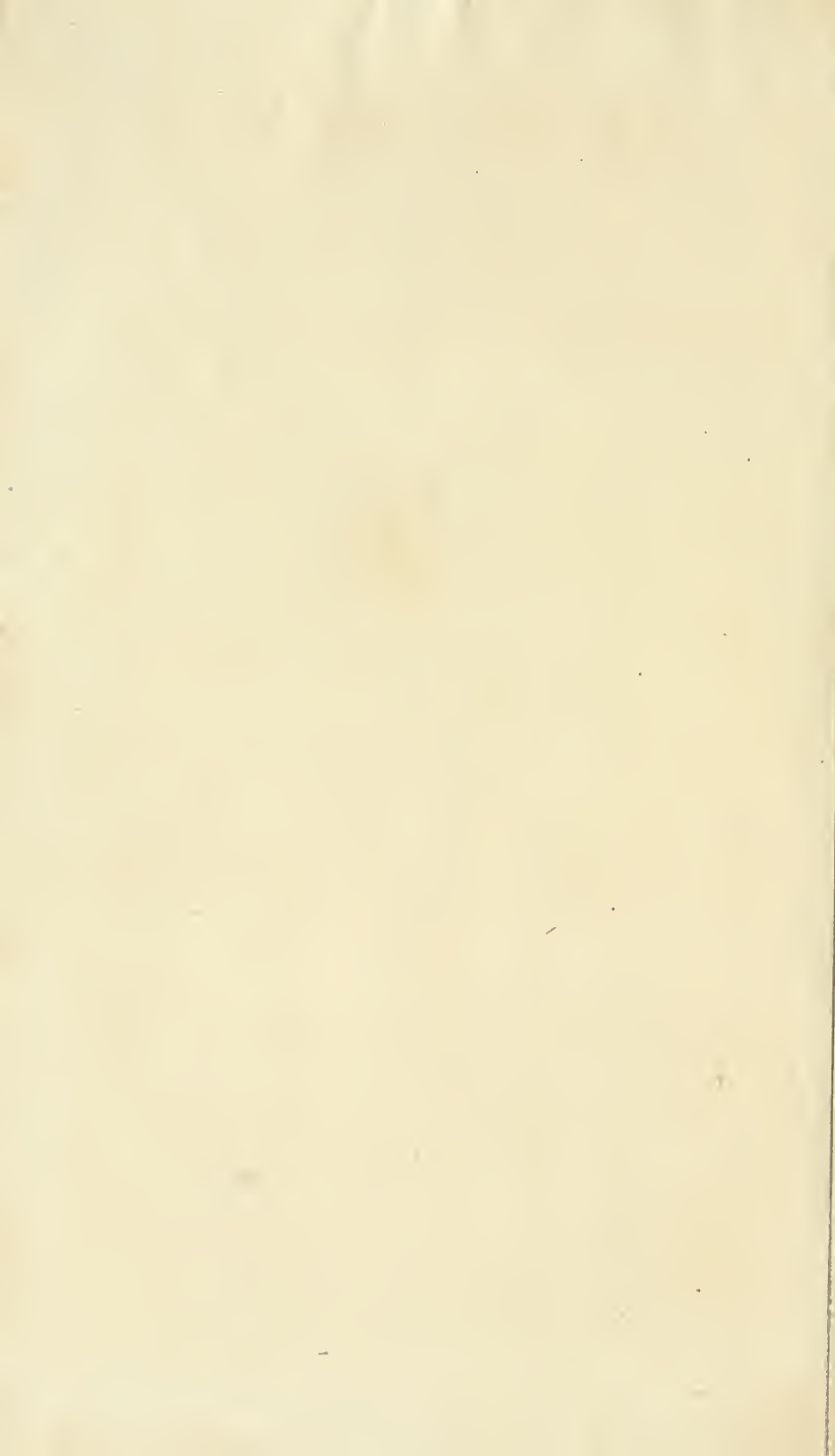


R. Matheson.





THE
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ATHENEUM;

OR,

SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, ON ALL
SUBJECTS.
MORAL STORIES.
MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT
PERSONS.
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.
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WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES;
CHEMICAL AND AGRICULTURAL
IMPROVEMENTS; &c. &c.

VOL. XIII.

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APRIL TO OCTOBER, 1823.

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Monthly Magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

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SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1823.

SKETCHES OF FIELD SPORTS IN INDIA.*

(Literary Gazette.)

IT puzzles us to say whether this book be more curious, more desultory, or more entertaining; it embraces so strange a medley of subjects, and treats them in so original a way. In the author, the Sportsman predominates even over the Surgeon, but the *mixture* of the two makes a delectable compound for the cure of spleen or enui. For we have not only vivid descriptions of elephant, tiger, panther, leopard, hyena, wolf, hog, buffalo, badger, porcupine, deer, and hare hunting; and accounts of all sorts of bird catching and snake charming; but also medical inquiries into hydrophobia and animal poisons; natural history, and effects of climate; and details of customs, manners, anecdotes, &c. &c. forming altogether one of those amusing melanges which amateur writers are sometimes so fortunate as to produce—gossiping, intelligent, lively, Montaignish, instead of the usual prolix, prosy, uninteresting, egotistical volumes of pseudo authors. And to crown the whole, we find that the printing was almost entirely performed by a girl under nine years of age (the Clara Fisher of typography) at a press made by her father, Mr. Fowler, of which press and infant compositor the “Indian Field Sports” is the first fruits. In this point of view the book is a great literary cu-

riosity; and we may observe that the mode of getting it up was worthy of its contents.

Mr. Johnson begins with a description of the Jungle country between Calcutta and Benares, and then proceeds with its hunted inmates, both feathered and furred. The

“Shecarries (or professed hunters) are generally Hindoos of a low cast, who gain their livelihood entirely by catching birds, hares, and all sorts of animals: some of them confine themselves to catching birds and hares, whilst others practise the art of catching birds and various animals; another description of them live by destroying tigers.

“Those who catch birds equip themselves with a frame-work of split bamboos, resembling the frame of a paper kite, the shape of the top of a coffin, and the height of a man, to which green bushes are fastened, leaving two loop holes to see through, and one lower down for their rod to be inserted through. This frame-work, which is very light, they fasten before them when they are in the act of catching birds, by which means they have both hands at liberty, and are completely concealed from the view of the birds. The rod which they use is about twenty-four feet long, resembling

* Sketches of Field Sports, as followed by the Natives of India, with Observations on the Animals, Accounts of Customs, Anecdotes, &c. &c. By Daniel Johnson, formerly Surgeon E. I. C. Service.

a fishing-rod, the parts of which are inserted within one another, and the whole contained in a walking stick.

"They also carry with them horse-hair nooses of different sizes and strength, which they fasten to the rod; likewise birdlime, and a variety of calls for the different kinds of birds, with which they imitate them to the greatest nicety. They take with them likewise two lines to which horse-hair nooses are attached for catching larger birds, and a bag or net to carry their game.

"Thus equipped, they sally forth, and as they proceed through the different covers, they use calls for such birds as generally resort there, which from constant practice is well known to them, and if any birds answer their call they prepare accordingly for catching them; supposing it to be a bevy of quail, they continue calling them, until they get quite close, they then arm the top of their rod with a feather smeared with bird-lime, and pass it through the loop-hole in their frame of ambush, and to which they continue adding other parts, until they have five or six out, which they use with great dexterity, and touch one of the quails with the feather, which adheres to them; they then withdraw the rod, arm it again, and touch three or four more in the same manner before they attempt to secure any of them.

"In this way they catch all sorts of small birds not much larger than quail, on the ground and in trees. If a brown or black partridge answers their call, instead of birdlime, they fasten a horse-hair noose to the top of their rod, and when they are close to the birds, they keep dipping the top of their rod with considerable skill until they fasten the noose on one of their necks, they then draw him in, and go on catching others in the same way. It is surprising to see with what cold perseverance they proceed. In a similar manner they catch all kinds of birds, nearly the size of partridges."

The larger animals are also, snared by nooses disposed in their haunts, and among others the hyena, the natural history of which Mr. J. says is imperfect, inasmuch as it is asserted they

are untameable. On the contrary, he states that

"A servant of Mr. William Hunter, by name Thomas Jones, who lived at *Chittrak*, had a full grown hyena which ran loose about his house like a dog, and I have seen him play with it with as much familiarity. They feed on small animals and carrion, and I believe often come in for the prey left by tigers and leopards after their appetites have been satiated. They are great enemies of dogs, and kill numbers of them."

"The natives of India affirm that tigers, panthers, and leopards, have a great aversion to hyenas, on account of their destroying their young, which I believe they have an opportunity of doing, as the parents leave them during the greatest part of the day. The inhabitants therefore feel no apprehension in taking away the young whenever they find them, knowing the dam is seldom near. - - - Hyenas are slow in their pace, and altogether inactive; I have often seen a few terriers keep them at bay, and bite them severely by the hind quarters; their jaws, however, are exceedingly strong, and a single bite, without holding on more than a few seconds, is sufficient to kill a large dog. They stink horribly, make no earths of their own, lie under rocks, or resort to the earths of wolves, as foxes do to those of badgers, and it is not uncommon to find wolves and hyenas in the same bed of earths.

"I was informed by several gentlemen of whose veracity I could not doubt, that Captain Richards of the Bengal native infantry had a servant of the tribe of *Shecarries*, who was in the habit of going into the earths of wolves, fastening strings on them, and on the legs of hyenas, and then drawing them out; he constantly supplied his master and the gentlemen at the station with them, who let them loose on a plain, and rode after them with spears, for practice and amusement. This man possessed such an acute and exquisite sense of smelling, that he could always tell by it if there were any animals in the earths, and could distinguish whether they were hyenas or wolves." - - -

Mr. J. mentions an animal in the Ramghur hills, called Dholes or Quihoes, which he does not think has been described by any naturalist.

- - - "They are between the size of a wolf and a jackall; slightly made, of a light bay colour, with fierce eyes, and their faces sharp like that of a greyhound."

They are very fierce and shy, and, hunting in packs, often destroy large beasts of prey. The bears seem to be a more humorous race in India, for we are assured

"They are often met by travellers on the new road; the carriers of palanquins are so accustomed to see them, that they take little notice of them, unless they think they are carrying a person unaccustomed to the country, whom in that case, they endeavour to intimidate by pretending that there is great danger in going on. This they do with the hope that a reward will be offered them to proceed; but if they find that the person is aware of their tricks, they try to get a present, by amusing him with a song, in which they imitate the bear.

"Bears will often continue on the road in front of the palanquin for a mile or two, tumbling and playing all sorts of antics, as if they were taught to do so; I believe it is their natural disposition, for they certainly are the most amusing creatures imaginable in their wild state. It is no wonder that with monkeys they are led about to amuse mankind. It is astonishing as well as ludicrous to see them climb rocks, and tumble or rather roll down precipices. If they are attacked by any person on horseback, they stand erect on their hind legs, shewing a fine set of white teeth, and making a cackling kind of noise. If the horse comes near them, they try to catch him by the legs, and if they miss him they tumble over and over several times. They are easily speared by a person mounted on a horse that is bold enough to go near them." - - -

The elephant, if not so sportive as the bear, claims from our impartial author the higher character of sagacity; and he adds several curious instances to the already well known host of sto-

ries which display this quality. For example;

"An elephant belonging to Mr. Boddam of the Bengal civil service, at *Gyah*, used every day to pass over a small bridge leading from his master's house, into the town of *Gyah*; he one day refused to go over it, and it was with great difficulty, by goading him most cruelly with the *Hankuss*, [iron instrument] that the *Mahout* [driver] could get him to venture on the bridge, the strength of which he first tried with his trunk, shewing clearly that he suspected that it was not sufficiently strong; at last he went on, and before he could get over, the bridge gave way, and they were precipitated into the ditch, which killed the driver, and considerably injured the elephant. It is reasonable to suppose that the elephant must have perceived its feeble state when he last passed over it. It is a well known fact, that elephants will seldom or ever go over strange bridges, without first trying with their trunks if they be sufficiently strong to bear their weight, nor will they ever go into a boat without doing the same.

"I had a remarkably quiet and docile elephant, which one day came loaded with branches of trees for provender, followed by a number of villagers, calling for mercy (their usual cry when ill used;) complaining that the *Mahout* had stolen a kid from them and that it was then on the elephant, under the branches of the trees. The *Mahout* took an opportunity of decamping into the village and hiding himself. I ordered the elephant to be unloaded, and was surprised to see that he would not allow any person to come near to him, when at all other times he was perfectly tractable and obedient. Combining all the circumstances, I was convinced that the *Mahout* was guilty, and to get rid of the noise, I recompensed the people for the loss of their kid. As soon as they were gone away, the elephant allowed himself to be unloaded, and the kid was found under the branches, as described by the people. I learnt from my *Sarcar*, that similar complaints had been made to him before, and that the rascal of a *Mahout* made it a practice to ride the

elephant into the midst of a herd of goats, and had taught him to pick up any of the young ones he directed; he had also accustomed him to steal their pumpions and other vegetables that grew against the inside of their fences like french beans, which could only be reached by an elephant. He was the best *Mahout*, I ever knew and so great a rogue, that I was obliged to discharge him.

"The very day that he left my service, the elephant's eyes were closed, which he did not open again in less than a fortnight, when it was discovered that he was blind. Two small eschars, one in each eye, were visible, which indicated pretty strongly that he had been made blind by some sharp instrument, most probably a heated needle. The suspicion was very strong against the former keeper, of whom I never heard any thing after. The elephant I frequently rode on,

shooting, for many years after this, through heavy covers, intersected with ravines, rivers, and over hollow and uneven ground, and he scarcely ever made a false step with me, and never once tumbled. He used to touch the ground with his trunk on every spot where his feet were to be placed, and in so light and quick a manner as scarcely to be perceived. The *Mahout* would often make him remove large stones, lumps of earth, or timber out of his way, frequently climb up and down banks, that no horse could get over; he would also occasionally break off branches of trees that were in the way of the *Howdah* to enable me to pass.

"Although perfectly blind, he was considered one of the best sporting elephants of his small size in the country, and he travelled at a tolerably good rate, and was remarkably easy in his paces."

HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

BY R. SOUTHEY, ESQ.

IN our last, describing a French picture styled a great work, we pointed out that it could only justly be so designated with reference to its immense size; and now, we find ourselves most agreeably called upon to reverse our mode of expression, and say, if this book be termed, in the common phrase a heavy quarto, it can only justly be with reference to its bulk. For it is a noble History; and if the name of its author had not already stood so eminently high, this production alone would have engraved it on that splendid roll where the name of Gibbon, of Hume, and of Robertson, are inscribed in immortal characters.

We confess that we opened these pages with apprehension of fatigue; we thought that at best the narrative must come upon us like a twice told tale, for the events seemed to be recent, and too important to admit of forgetfulness, and too well known to allow of any novelty in disposition and colouring. We were entirely mistaken. The interest of the story grew upon us from

page to page, till our whole mind was engrossed; and we now as truly state our opinion, that Mr. Southey has begun the consummation and consolidation of his literary fame in this admirable Volume.

We can hardly communicate to our readers an idea of the impression made by the devotion of a few hours to this History. Any extracts, by detaching the continued interest, must injure it. There are, no doubt, links of the chain more perfectly wrought than others; but it is the whole chain, unbroken, and binding the senses, which compels from us the strong acknowledgment of the writer's powers. The matters recorded are worthy of the ablest pen; the style is peculiar, and peculiarly vivid; sometimes highly elevated, always clear and forcible, and generally subdivided (as will appear from our selections) in a new manner, which relieves us from the rounding of long periods without being abrupt, but on the contrary giving full developement to the author's meaning.

One prominent consideration attached to every historical work is that of its political bias. Upon this view we have (trying to have as little bias as possible ourselves) maturely weighed Mr. Southey's production. The result of this examination leads us to say that the evident leaning of his mind to what for want of a better understood appellation we must call Tory principles, does not in any material degree affect the impartiality and integrity of his Work. It is true that he speaks of Buonaparte, of his Generals on the Peninsula, and of the Revolution in indignant terms, but his facts bear out his language; and when errors or crimes are committed by those towards whom greater leniency might be anticipated, we do not perceive that he spares to reprove or stigmatize them as they deserve.

Having offered these few words on a topic far from congenial to our taste, we shall advance with the more pleasant part of our task.

The History of the late War is dedicated to The King, under whose glorious auspices it was so gloriously conducted and so gloriously concluded. A Preface explains the delay of publication, till the fullest and most correct knowledge of the subject could be obtained; and it is asserted, on obviously good grounds, that "since the publication of Strada's *Decades*, no history composed by one who was not an actor in it, has appeared with higher claims to authority. Indeed private as well as public sources of the best kind have been drained to enrich this work; and it is to the diligence with which this labour has been executed, as well as the high and unquestionable nature of the data consulted, that we owe the excellence of the record. We ought also to take into account the particular fitness of the author, whose intimate acquaintance with Spanish literature and the previous annals of the Peninsula, prepared him for the accomplishment of this arduous undertaking.

After the preliminary Chapter to which we have alluded, the Volume sets out with the Treaty of Fontenoy, and the consequent invasion of Portugal; and brings down the histo-

ry through all the memorable events of 1807 and 1808, to the close of our first Campaign in the Peninsula by the battle of Corunna, and the embarkation of the British 16, 17 Jan. 1809.

From the multitude of interesting statements with which this narrative abounds, we shall select a few calculated to display (as far as our brief space renders practicable when treating of so copious a subject,) the author's manner, and some of the matter not hitherto placed in a light so distinct and impressive. Our first relate to the French General Junot in Lisbon, and to that unfortunate city while under his oppressive tyranny. The French army

- - "had entered Portugal with so little baggage, that even the generals borrowed, or rather demanded, linen from those upon whom they were quartered. Soon, however, without having received any supplies from home, they were not only splendidly furnished with ornamental apparel, but sent to France large remittances in bills, money, and effects, especially in cotton, which the chief officers bought up so greedily, that the price was trebled by their competition. The emigration had been determined on so late that many rich prizes fell into their hands. Fourteen cart-loads of plate from the patriarchal church reached the quay at Belem too late to be received on board. This treasure was conveyed back to the church, but the packing cases bore witness of its intent to emigrate; and when the French seized it they added to their booty a splendid service for the altar of the sacrament, which had been wrought by the most celebrated artist in France. Junot fitted himself out with the spoils of Queluz, and Loison had shirts made of the cambric sheets belonging to the royal family which were found at Mafra. These palaces afforded precious plunder, which there had been no time to secure. The plate was soon melted into ingots, the gold and jewels divided among the generals, and the rich cloths of gold burnt for the metal, which constituted the smallest part of their value. The soldiers had not the same opportunities of pillage and peculation, but they suf-

ferred no opportunity to escape : those who were quartered in the great convent of St. Domingos pulled down the doors and window-frames, and put up the wood and iron work at auction. Yet their insolence was more intolerable than their rapacity, and their licentious habits worse than both. The Revolution had found the French a vicious people, and it had completed their corruption. It had removed all restraints of religion, all sense of honour, all regard for family or individual character; the sole object of their government was to make them soldiers, and for the purposes of such a government the wickedest men were the best. Junot himself set an example of profligacy : he introduced the fashion of lascivious dances, imported perhaps from Egypt—one of them bears his name ; and the Portuguese say that no man who regards the honor of his female relatives would suffer them to practise it.”

“The situation of Lisbon, at this time, is one to which history affords no parallel : it suffered neither war, nor pestilence, nor famine, yet these visitations could scarcely have produced a greater degree of misery ; and the calamity did not admit of hope, for whither at this time could Portugal look for deliverance ? As the government was now effectually converted into a military usurpation, it became easy to simplify its operations ; and most of the persons formerly employed in civil departments were dismissed from office. Some of them were at once turned off ; others had documents given them, entitling them to be reinstated upon vacancies ; a few had some trifling pension promised. All who had depended for employment and subsistence upon foreign trade were now destitute. Whole families were thus suddenly reduced to poverty and actual want. Their trinkets went first ; whatever was saleable followed : things offered for sale at such a time were sold at half their value, while the price of food was daily augmenting. It was a dismal thing to see the Mint beset with persons who carried thither the few articles of plate with which they had formerly set forth a comfortable board, and the ornaments which they had worn in

happier days. It was a dismal thing to see men pale with anxiety pressing through crowds who were on the same miserable errand, and women weeping as they offered their little treasure to the scales. Persons who had lived in plenty and respectability were seen publicly asking alms—for thousands were at once reduced to the alternative of begging or stealing ; and women, of unblemished virtue till this fatal season, walked the streets, offering themselves to prostitution, that the mother might obtain bread for her hungry children,—the daughter for her starving parents. Such was the state to which one of the most flourishing cities in Europe was reduced !

“As the general distress increased, tyranny became more rigorous, and rapine more impatient. - - - Suicide, which had scarcely ever been heard of in Portugal, became now almost a daily act. There is no inhumanity like that of avarice. The Royal Hospital at Lisbon was one of the noblest institutions in the world. Under the house of Braganza it was the admiration of all who knew how munificently it was supported, and how admirably conducted ; under the usurpation of the French more than a third part of the patients who died there perished for want of food.” - - -

The following is as curious as it is a remarkable account of a great national superstition, and is admirably written—

“The French, in the pride of their strength, and their ignorance of the national character, despised this poor oppressed people too much to be in any fear of what despair might impel them to ; and one remarkable effect of the general misery tended at once to increase their contempt and their security. There exists in Portugal a strange superstition concerning King Sebastian, whose re-appearance is as confidently expected by many of the Portuguese as the coming of the Messiah by the Jews. The rise and progress of this belief forms a curious part of their history : it began in hope, when the return of that unhappy prince was not only possible, but might have been considered likely, it was fostered by the policy of the

Braganza party after all reasonable hope had ceased; and length of time served only to ripen it into a confirmed and rooted superstition, which even the intolerance of the Inquisition spared, for the sake of the loyal and patriotic feelings in which it had its birth. The Holy Office never interfered farther with the sect than to prohibit the publication of its numerous prophecies, which were suffered to circulate in private. For many years the persons who held this strange opinion had been content to enjoy their dream in private, shrinking from observation and from ridicule; but as the belief had begun in a time of deep calamity, so now when a heavier evil had overwhelmed the kingdom, it spread beyond all former example. Their prophecies were triumphantly brought to light, for only in the promises which were held out could the Portuguese find consolation; and proselytes increased so rapidly that half Lisbon became Sebastianists. The delusion was not confined to the lower orders—it reached the educated classes; and men who had graduated in theology became professors of a faith which announced that Portugal was soon to be the head of the Fifth and Universal Monarchy. Sebastian was speedily to come from the Secret Island; the Queen would resign the sceptre into his hands; he would give Buonaparte battle near Evora on the field of Sertorius, slay the tyrant, and become monarch of the world. These events had long been predicted; and it had long since been shown that the very year in which they must occur was mystically prefigured in the arms of Portugal. Those arms had been miraculously given to the founder of the Portuguese monarchy; and the five wounds were represented in the shield by as many round marks or ciphers, two on each side, and one in the middle. Bandarra the shoemaker, who was one of the greatest of their old prophets, had taught them the mystery therein. Place two O's one upon the other, said he, place another on the right hand, then make a second figure like the first, and you have the date

given.* The year being thus clearly designated, the time of his appearance was fixed for the holy week; on Holy Thursday they affirmed the storm would gather, and from that time till the Sunday there would be the most tremendous din of battle that had ever been heard in the world,—for this April was the month of Lightning which Bandarra had foretold. In pledge of all this, some of the bolder believers declared that there would be a full moon on the 19th of March,—when she was in the wane! It was a prevalent opinion that the *Encoberto*, or the Hidden One, as they called Sebastian, was actually on board the Russian squadron!

“Those parts of the old prophecies which clearly pointed to the year 1640, when the event for which they were intended was accomplished, were omitted in the copies which were now circulated and sought with equal avidity. Other parts were easily fitted to the present circumstances. A rhyme, importing that he of Braganza would go out and he of France would come in, which was written concerning the war of the Succession, was now interpreted to point to the Prince of Brazil and Buonaparte; and the imperial eagle which was preserved in the Spanish banners after Charles the Fifth, and against which so many denunciations had been poured out, was the device of this new tyrant. The Secret Island had lately been seen from the coast of Algarve, and the quay distinguished from which Sebastian was to embark, and the fleet in which he was to sail. The tongues of the dumb had been loosed, and an infant of three months had distinctly spoken in Lisbon, to an-

* *Poe dois os hum sobre outro,
E poe the outro a direita,
Poe outro como o primeiro,
Ahi tens a conta feita.*

A Sebastianist was explaining this to P. Jose Agostinho de Macedo, who asked him now he had made out the 808, when the thousand was? The believer pointed to the flag-staff from which the Portuguese colours were flying on the Mint—There it is straight and upright, behind the five wounds, which the voice of the Prophet has converted into ciphers.

Another prophecy gave the date by thirty pair of scissors, the bows standing for ciphers; and the scissors, when opened, each represented a Roman X. I am not sufficiently versed in the arithmetic of the prophets to discover how this is summed up into 1808.

nounce his coming. One believer read prophecies in the lines of those seashells upon which a resemblance to musical characters may be fancied. The effect of this infatuation was that in whatever happened the Sebastianists found something to confirm their faith, and every fresh calamity was hailed by them as a fulfilment of what had been foretold. The emigration of the Prince and the entrance of the French were both in the prophecies, and both therefore were regarded with complacency by the believers. When the French flag was hoisted they cried Bravo! these are the eagles at the sight of which Bandarra, one of the greatest prophets that ever existed, shed tears! During the tumult in Lisbon their cry was, Let them fire! let them kill! all this is in the prophecies. This folly gave occasion to many impositions, which served less to expose the credulity of individuals, than to increase the prevalent delusion. One Sebastianist found a letter from King Sebastian in the belly of a fish, appointing him to meet him at night on a certain part of the shore. A more skilful trick was practised upon another with perfect success. An egg was produced with the letters V. D. S. R. P. distinctly traced upon the shell; the owner of the hen in whose nest it was deposited fully believed that it had been laid in this state, and the letters were immediately interpreted to mean *Five Dom Sebastian Rei de Portugal*. The tidings spread over the city, and crowds flocked to the house. The egg was sent round in a silver salver to the higher order of believers. After it had been the great topic of conversation for three days, it was carried to Junot, by whom it was detained as worthy of being placed in the National Museum at Paris. These things naturally excited the contempt and ridicule of the French; nevertheless, when Junot, as if to put out of remembrance the very names of the Royal Family, ordered the ships that were called the Prince and the Queen to be called the Portuguezee and the City of Lisbon; he altered the name of the St. Sebastian also."

Similar scenes, and indeed more bloody than those we have recorded

from this excellent volume, were re-acted afterwards at Madrid. The misconduct of every individual of the Royal family of Spain, which contributed so much to these sad disasters, is held up to proper scorn and detestation; and no one appears more prominently on the tapis than the Queen in her anxiety for her paramour Godoy, when imprisoned by the predominant faction—Murat being then the representative of Buonaparte in the devoted capital:

"No King ever placed his favour more unworthily than Charles, but there was a sincerity in his friendship which almost amounted to virtue, and would have done honour to a better monarch. The Queen's attachment also, which is more explained, had a character of enduring passion and self-abandonment seldom to be found in one at once so vicious and so weak. From this time she wearied Murat with letters, written in the most barbarous French and most confused manner, wherein she expressed her fears and her resentments.

The massacre of the 2d of May has been frequently described; but the following may be quoted as new features, or if not, as being very strikingly painted:

--- "An Englishman who was in the midst of this dreadful scene, told me the carnage was very great, and that he believed the French lost more than the Spaniards. This gentleman happened to be lodging with the same persons with whom I had lodged in the year 1796. Two women were killed in the house. The mistress (an Irish Catholic) dressed up a stool as an altar, with a crucifix in the middle, St. Antonio on one side, and St. I know not who on the other, and before these idols she and her husband and the whole family were kneeling and praying while the firing continued. This poor woman actually died of fear.—In the *Memoires d'un Soldat* the Mamelukes are said to have made a great slaughter that day. One of them breaking into a house from which a musket had been fired, was run through with a sword by a very beautiful girl, who was immediately cut down by his companions. A man who got his live-

lihood by the chase, and was an unerring shot, expended eight and twenty cartridges upon the French, bringing down a man with each; when his ammunition was spent, he armed himself with a dagger, and rushing against a body of the enemy, fought till the last gasp.

A singular contrivance was resorted to in order to inform Romana of the state of affairs at home, so as to induce him to withdraw the Spanish troops from the Baltic, whither the insidious policy of Buonaparte had transported them.

In proof of Mr. Southey's talents as a historian, we shall adduce only very short examples: these, however, in our judgment, sufficiently attest his qualifications to be of the foremost order, whether as they regard acuteness or comprehensiveness. Treating of the enthusiastic admirers of the early promise of the French Revolution, who in the end adhered so slavishly to the despot who blasted all its delusive prospects, Mr. S. says finely,

--- "More extraordinary was the weakness of those, who having been the friends of France at the commencement of the revolution, when they believed that the cause of liberty was implicated in her success, looked with complacency now upon the progress which opposition was making in the world, because France was the oppressor. They had turned their faces towards the east, in the morning, to worship the rising sun and now when it was evening they were looking eastward still, obstinately affirming that still the sun was there. Time had passed on; circumstances were changed; nothing remained stationary except their understandings; and because they had been incapable of deriving wisdom from experience, they called themselves consistent." ---

The Volume, as we have stated, terminates with the disastrous retreat to Corunna, with the bright halo of victory thrown about its closing day. Among the excesses committed by our desperate soldiery, no longer under the salutary restraints of discipline, we read

with great regret, the account of the destruction of the castle of Benevente, one of the finest monuments of the age of chivalry.

Even more affecting is the next relation: Sir J. Moore having resolved to retreat into Galicia, did not adopt the measures recommended by Romana; accordingly

--- "He desired that the high road of Manzanal might be left to him, saying, he would defend that and the principal entrance to Galicia by Villafranca; and that Romana might take the Foncebadon pass, and enter by way of the Val de Orras and Puebla de Sanabria. And here a proof of Spanish magnanimity was given by these half armed, half naked, and half famished men, for such they literally were. A malignant fever was raging among them, and long fatigue, privations, and disease, made them appear more like an ambulatory hospital than an army. Under such circumstances it might have been supposed they would have sought to secure their retreat under protection of the British to Corunna and Ferrol. But Romana and his forlorn band were too high minded to attach themselves as a burden upon those allies with whom they had so lately expected to co-operate in honourable and hopeful enterprise; and they assented without hesitation to the British General's desire. Romana only requested that the British troops might no longer be permitted to commit disorders which even in an enemy's country ought never to be allowed; it must have been painful indeed for Sir John Moore to have heard of such excesses, and still more painful to feel, that in a retreat so hasty as this was intended to be, it was impossible to prevent them."

To efface in some degree the remembrance of these painful incidents, we take permission to give two or three traits of a different class from the field of Corunna. Corunna was so had a position, "that some of our general officers advised the commander to propose terms to Soult, for permitting the army to embark unmolested. --- Happily for his own memory, upon farther consideration, he rejected the ad-

vice. It is sufficiently disgraceful that such advice should have been given ; and deeply is England indebted to Sir John Moore for saving the army from this last and utter ignominy, and giving it an opportunity of displaying to the world that courage which had never forsaken it, and retrieving the honour which, had this counsel been followed, would irretrievably have been lost. - - -

“ Sir David Baird had his arm shattered with a grape-shot as he was leading on his division. - - Marshal Soult's intention was to force the right of the British, and thus to interpose between Corunna and the army, and cut it off from the place of embarkation. Failing in this attempt, he was now endeavouring to outflank it. Half of the 4th regiment was therefore ordered to fall back, forming an obtuse angle with the other half. The manœuvre was excellently performed, and they commenced a heavy flanking fire : Sir John Moore called out to them, that this was exactly what he wanted to be done, and rode on to the 50th, commanded by Majors Napier and Stanhope. They got over an inclosure in their front, charged the enemy most gallantly, and drove them out of the village of Elvina ; but Major Napier, advancing too far in the pursuit, received several wounds, and was made prisoner, and Major Stanhope was killed.

“ The General now proceeded to the 42d. ‘ Highlanders,’ said he, ‘ remember Egypt ! ’—they rushed on, and drove the French before them, till they were stopped by a wall : Sir John accompanied them in this charge. He now sent Captain Hardinge to order up a battalion of guards to the left flank of the 42d. The officer commanding the light infantry conceived, at this, that they were to be relieved by the guards, because their ammunition was nearly expended, and he began to fall back. The General, discovering the mistake, said to them, ‘ My brave 42d, join your comrades : ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets ! ’ Upon this they instantly moved forward. Captain Hardinge returned, and pointed out to the General where the guards were advancing. The enemy kept up a hot fire, and their artillery played in-

cessantly on the spot where they were standing. A cannon-shot struck Sir John and carried away his left shoulder, and part of the collar-bone, leaving the arm hanging by the flesh. He fell from his horse on his back, his countenance did not change, neither did he betray the least sensation of pain. Captain Hardinge, who dismounted, and took him by the hand, observed him anxiously watching the 42d, which was warmly engaged, and told him they were advancing ; and upon that intelligence his countenance brightened. Colonel Graham, who now came up to assist him, seeing the composure of his features, began to hope that he was not wounded, till he perceived the dreadful laceration. From the size of the wound, it was in vain to make any attempt at stopping the blood ; and Sir John consented to be removed in a blanket to the rear. In raising him up, his sword, hanging on the wounded side, touched his arm, and became entangled between his legs : Captain Hardinge began to unbuckle it ; but the general said, in his usual tone and manner, and in a distinct voice, ‘ It is as well as it is ; I had rather it should go out of the field with me.’ Six soldiers of the 42d and the guards bore him. Hardinge, observing his composure, began to hope that the wound might not be mortal, and said to him, he trusted he might be spared to the army, and recover. Moore turned his head, and looking steadfastly at the wound for a few seconds, replied, ‘ No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible.’

“ As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them frequently turn round, that he might see the field of battle, and listen to the firing ; and he was well pleased when the sound grew fainter. A spring-waggon came up, bearing Colonel Wynch, who was wounded : the Colonel asked who was in the blanket, and being told it was Sir John Moore, wished him to be placed in the waggon. Sir John asked one of the Highlanders whether he thought the waggon or the blanket was best ? and the man said the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the other soldiers would keep the step, and carry him easy. So they

proceeded with him to his quarters at Corunna, weeping as they went. - - -

"The General lived to hear that the battle was won. 'Are the French beaten?' was the question which he repeated to every one who came into his apartment; and he expressed how great a satisfaction it was to him to know that they were defeated. 'I hope,' he said, 'the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice.' Then, addressing Colonel Anderson, who had been his friend and companion in arms for one-and-twenty years, he said to him, 'Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way—You will see my friends as soon as you can:—tell them every thing—Say to my mother,'—But here his voice failed, he became excessively agitated, and did not again venture to name her. Sometimes he asked to be placed in an easier posture. 'I feel so strong,' he said, 'I fear I shall be long dying. It is great uneasiness—it is great pain.' But, after a while, he pressed Anderson's hand close to his body, and, in a few minutes, died without a struggle. He fell, as it had ever been his wish to do, in battle and in victory. No man was more beloved in private life, nor was there any general in the British army so universally respected. All men had thought him worthy of the chief command. Had he been less circumspect, had he looked more ardently forward, and less anxiously around him, and on all sides, and behind,—had he been more confident in himself and his army, and impressed with less respect for the French Generals, he would have been more equal to the difficulties of his situation. Despondency was the radical weakness of his mind. Personally he was as brave a man as ever met death in the field; but he wanted faith in British courage,

and it is faith by which miracles are wrought in war as well as religion. But let it ever be remembered with gratitude, that, when some of his general officers advised him to conclude the retreat by a capitulation, Sir John Moore preserved the honour of England.

"He had often said that, if he were killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th regiment, the aides-du-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured; and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for, about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and they feared that, if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth."

Thus with a solemn splendour and a sad glory closed the career of a gallant but unfortunate Commander; and with this we shall close our necessarily imperfect notice of the Work which pathetically and impartially details the afflicting particulars. From what we have said and quoted, we hope a tolerably accurate judgment may be formed of Mr. Southey's first Volume, the great merits of which will, we think, render the public very impatient for the completion of his design. For *ourselves*, we have only to repeat our almost unqualified admiration of a performance which we are of opinion places its author in the foremost rank of British historians.

PARISIAN ANECDOTE.

The Chace.—A peasant having killed a wild boar in the vineyards on the estate of M. de Charrolais, was arrested and ordered to the galleys. The poor wretch, overwhelmed by the horrible sentence, threw himself at the feet of the enraged lord, and exclaimed, "Ah,

my lord! have mercy on me, I beg your pardon; but I thought it was a man, or I would not have killed it." His excuse was admitted, and as he only intended to destroy one of his fellow-creatures he was pardoned and dismissed.

GRIM'S GERMAN POPULAR STORIES.*

(London Mag. January.)

THIS little book is well timed—for with the wood-fires and long evenings of merry Christmas-tide, what helps on old drowsy Time so kindly with those whose imaginations are just flowering, and whose hopes and joys are in the bud, as the *marvel-Tale*, which an old servant narrates just before bed-time, or over a social cup of tea around the huge and well-logged kitchen fire? When we were young—and despite our gray hairs and tottering feet, we feel young still over a fairy-tale,—we used to sit, per favour, of a winter evening sometimes, and take a story and a sweet dish of brown sugared tea in the kitchen. Those evenings are in our memory as vivid as ever—and we can, in one particular dead fire light, still call them up with all their dark glory and mystery, to make us tremble like children in our old age. There was the square large cell of a fire-place, —and there the long dull grate—with the dull depressing coals—and there the low rush-bottomed chairs—the round deal table, and the single sickly candle, smothering its own light with unmolested wick. And there—there, in that very spot—is our old nurse, with the same gossip voice, telling the story of *Bloody Jack*, with an earnestness utterly terrific. We see the whole like a *Teniers* of the mind.—We hear the thin countrified voice of the nurse sounding still—and *Bloody Jack* is awful yet.

This book, we say, is well timed. It is a collection of traditional stories, translated and purified from the original German, and yet not robbed of the

rich improbability which makes them golden. They are simple in their manners of recital—potent in mystery and innocent extravagance. It is the vice of parents now-a-days to load their children's minds with useful books—books of travels, geography, botany, and history only, and to torture young thoughts with a weight beyond its strength. Why should little children have grown-up minds?—Why should the dawning imagination be clouded and destroyed in its first trembling light? Is the imagination a thing given to be destroyed?—Oh no!—Let the man and the woman have the dry book—the useful leaves—for their food; but give to childhood the tender green and flowers for its yearning imagination. Casuists in go-carts are not for our affections. We love to see the earnest child on a low stool, lost in the wonders of *Goody Two Shoes*;—not straining the thin fibres of its little intellect over villanous 'abridgments. The tiny springs of an infantine mind are not strong enough to sustain the weight of *reasonable* books;—but piled up with airy tales, and driven by the fairies, they pass on and strengthen for better things.

Many of these stories are well known to old children—and some are new even to *us*!—We shall give one,—a pretty one,—to show how pleasantly the work is translated—and how much may be done with light materials, when the fancy goes kindly and cheerfully to work. The following is sweetly told, and as sweetly conceived. What delightful food for a child's imagination!

JORINDA AND JORINDEL.

There was once an old castle that stood in the middle of a large thick wood, and in the castle lived an old fairy. All the day long she flew about in the form of an owl, or crept about the country like a cat; but at night she always became an old woman again.

When any youth came within a hundred paces of her castle, he became quite fixed, and could not move a step till she came and set him free: but when any pretty maiden came within that distance, she was changed into a bird; and the fairy put her in a cage

* German Popular Stories, translated from *Kinder und Haus Marchen*. London 1823.

and hung her up in a chamber in the castle. There were seven hundred of these cages hanging in the castle, and all with beautiful birds in them.

Now there was once a maiden whose name was Jorinda: she was prettier than all the pretty girls that ever were seen; and a shepherd, whose name was Jorindel, was very fond of her, and they were soon to be married. One day they went to walk in the wood, that they might be alone: and Jorindel said, "We must take care that we don't go too near the castle." It was a beautiful evening; the last rays of the setting sun shone bright through the long stems of the trees upon the green underwood beneath, and the turtledoves sang plaintively from the tall birches.

Jorinda sat down to gaze upon the sun; Jorindel sat by her side; and both felt sad, they knew not why; but it seemed as if they were to be parted from one another for ever. They had wandered a long way; and when they looked to see which way they should go home, they found themselves at a loss to know what path to take.

The sun was setting fast, and already half of his circle had disappeared behind the hill; Jorindel on a sudden looked behind him, and as he saw through the bushes that they had, without knowing it, sat down close under the old walls of the castle, he shrank for fear, turned pale, and trembled. Jorinda was singing,

"The ring-dove sang from the willow spray,
Well-a-day! well-a-day!
He mourn'd for the fate
Of his lovely mate.
Well-a-day!"

The song ceased suddenly. Jorindel turned to see the reason, and beheld his Jorinda changed into a nightingale; so that her song ended with a mournful *jug, jug*. An owl with fiery eyes flew three times round them, and three times screamed, *Tu whu! Tu whu! Tu whu!* Jorindel could not move: he stood fixed as a stone, and could neither weep, nor speak, nor stir hand or foot. And now the sun went quite down; the gloomy night came; the owl flew into a bush; and a moment after the old fairy came forth pale and

meagre, with staring eyes, and a nose and chin that almost met one another.

She mumbled something to herself, seized the nightingale, and went away with it in her hand. Poor Jorindel saw the nightingale was gone,—but what could he do? He could not move from the spot where he stood. At last the fairy came back, and sung with a hoarse voice,

"Till the prisoner's fast,
And her doom is cast,
There stay! Oh, stay!
When the charm is around her,
And the spell has bound her,
Hie away! away!"

On a sudden Jorindel found himself free. Then fell on his knees before the fairy, and prayed her to give him back his dear Jorinda: but she said he should never see her again, and went her way.

He prayed, he wept, he sorrowed, but all in vain. "Alas!" he said, "what will become of me?"

He could not return to his own home, so he went to a strange village, and employed himself in keeping sheep. Many a time did he walk round and round as near to the hated castle as he dared go. At last he dreamed one night that he found a beautiful purple flower, and in the middle of it lay a costly pearl; and he dreamt that he plucked the flower, and went with it in his hand into the castle, and that every thing he touched with it was disenchanted, and that there he found his dear Jorinda again.

In the morning when he awoke, he began to search over hill and dale for this pretty flower; and eight long days he sought for it in vain: but on the ninth day early in the morning he found the beautiful purple flower; and in the middle of it was a large dew drop as big as a costly pearl.

Then he plucked the flower, and set out and travelled day and night till he came again to the castle. He walked nearer than a hundred paces to it, and yet he did not become fixed as before, but found that he could go close up to the door.

Jorindel was very glad to see this: he touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open, so that he went

in through the court, and listened when he heard so many birds singing. At last he came to the chamber where the fairy sat, with the seven hundred birds singing in the seven hundred cages. And when she saw Jorindel she was very angry, and screamed with rage; but she could not come within two yards of him; for the flower he held in his hand protected him. He looked around at the birds, but alas! there were many nightingales, and how then should he find his Jorinda? While he was thinking what to do, he observed that the fairy had taken down one of the cages, and was making her escape through the door. He ran or flew to her, touched the cage with the flower,—and his Jorinda stood before him. She threw her arms round his neck and looked as beautiful as ever, as beautiful

as when they walked together in the wood.

Then he touched all the other birds with the flower, so that they resumed their old forms; and took his dear Jorinda home, where they lived happily together many years.

[We only wish we had room for more, but already we have gossipped, like old nurses, late into the night. We must to our more serious avocations! But in closing the book, we cannot help complimenting the publishers on the prettiness of their volume. Cruikshank has given a dozen little sketches, which have more of the spirit of Fairy Tales in them than any others we ever looked at. The book too is published at a reasonable price:—the etchings are worth the money.]

(Lond. Mag.)

THE MISCELLANY.

[We propose to establish a place of refuge for small ingenious productions. A short poem, an original thought, a good jest, an interesting fact, a new discovery (in science or art), anecdotes whether in philosophy, biography, natural history, or otherwise), shall all be welcome. We only stipulate that they shall be good. In a word, we mean to provide for the younger children of the Wits and the Muses, and others, who have been immemorably disabled from sheltering their own offspring. The character of our Miscellany will be *brevery*,—which is the soul of wit, as every body knows. Independently of this, it will of course be very meritorious. We refrain from saying too much in our own behalf, lest our readers should suppose that we intend to do nothing.

Having premised thus much in a general way, we will proceed to our first article.]

FRIAR BACON.

THIS gentleman (as Mrs. Malaprop would have called him) was remarkable for something more than his Brazen Head:—not that his *own* head was made of brass, “quite the reverse.” He had a hard head, to be sure, and a deep one, and one that contained a great deal of learning. So much indeed of this valuable commodity had he, that he was taken (by the vulgar) for a conjuror. The silly monks of his own order would scarcely admit his works into their libraries. The Pope “liked not his learning,” it is said: but kept him many years in prison on a charge of heresy and magic. He lived, however, to the age of 78, and was buried in the Franciscan

church at Oxford.—Bacon was a person of great mind and extensive erudition. He wrote on many subjects,—criticism, chemistry, music, astronomy, metaphysics, astrology, logic, moral philosophy, &c.; and he wrote also (though he did not believe in what is called the *elixir vite*) on the “cure of old age, and the preservation of youth.” The reader, who is not acquainted with the jealous and ignorant folly of those times, will scarcely credit to what straits Bacon was reduced in communicating his discoveries. We will make a short quotation from his book, adding, in italics, the explanation of certain parts, from the key or notes at the end of the essay.

“For my own part being hindered partly by the charge, partly by impatience, and partly by the ruinours of the vulgar, I was not willing to make experiment of all things, which may easily be tried by others; but have resolved to express those things in obscure and difficult terms, which I judge requisite to the conservation of health, lest they should fall into the hands of the unfaithful.

One of which things lies hid in the bowels of the earth (*Gold.*)

Another in the sea. (*Coral.*)

The third creeps upon the earth. (*The viper.*)

The fourth lives in the air. (*Rosemary.*)

The fifth is likened to the medicine which comes out the mine of the noble animal. (Supposed to mean human blood.)

The sixth comes out of the long-lived animal. (*Bone of a stag's heart.*)

The seventh is that whose mine is the plant of India. (*Lignum aloes.*)

This is even more mysterious and quite as unsatisfactory as the semi-animated phrase (neither a living language nor a dead one), which obscures the merit of our modern prescriptions. But “*Vive la Mystère!*”—what would men's heads or hearts look like, if they were stripped as naked as truth?

When Bacon surveyed his various productions, he must have felt a fine and honourable pride. If he read Horace, he might have quoted, apparently with safety, the

Exegi monumentum ære perennius;

but he would have been mistaken after all. “The *Head's* the thing by which he has caught the admiration of poster-

ity. His studies, his writings, his sufferings in the cause of truth, are nothing,—mere ‘leather and prunella.’ He lives in our admiration, enshrined, as the author of the Brazen Head alone.

How ill do people calculate on the deeds by which they are to survive the grave! Petrarch lives in his sonnets, but his more elaborate works are unknown. A pearl added to Cleopatra's fame, and an asp secured it. Canute, the king, is he who gave his courtiers a lesson on the sea-shore. The learning, and the fine qualities of Henry the Second, are little known: he is the paramour of fair Rosamond; nothing more. The pebbles of Demosthenes, the housewife's cake which our great Alfred burned, are conspicuous facts in their several histories. Sometimes, indeed, the works of men are so huge and overwhelming as to crush the name or reputation of their founders,—witness the art of printing, and the invention of gunpowder; to say nothing of our friend Cheops and the pyramids of Egypt. Who hewed out the temple in the caverns of Elephanta? Who built the great wall of China? Who carved the great eagle in the Corinthian palace at Balbec? Who lifted the masses at Stonehenge? What poet first wrote nonsense verses? Who was the inventor of toasted cheese?—We pause for a reply.—When these queries are satisfactorily answered,—we can produce more. In the mean time it is sufficient to say that we are satisfied with our own positions; particularly as our friend, Friar Bacon, is not in the predicament to which we have alluded.

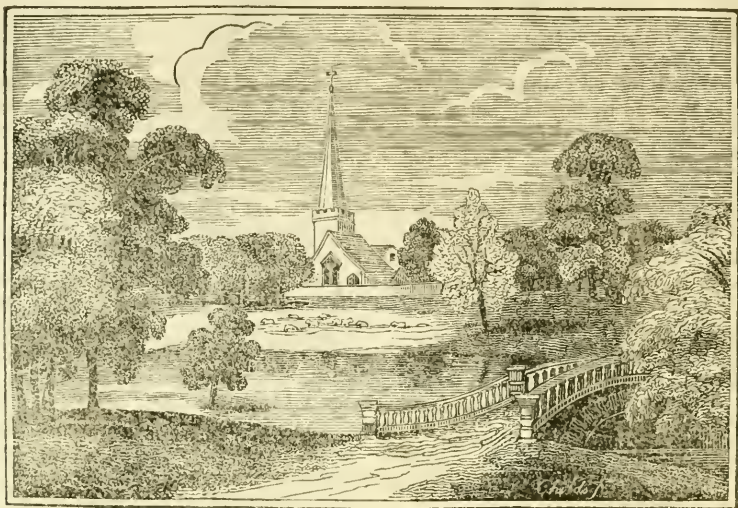
ABSENCE.

Days of absence, sad and dreary,
Clothed in sorrow's dark array;
Days of absence, I am weary,
All I love is far away.

Hours of bliss, too quickly vanished,
When will aught like ye return;
When the heavy sigh be banished?
When this bosom cease to mourn?

Not till that loved voice can greet me,
Which so oft has charmed mine ear,
Not till those sweet eyes can meet me,
Telling that I still am dear.

Days of absence then will vanish,
Joy will all my pangs repay;
Soon my bosom's idol banish,
Gloom but felt when he's away. J.M.



GRAY'S CHURCH-YARD AT STOKE, NEAR WINDSOR.

MR. GRAY wrote his beautiful "Elegy in a Contry Church-yard," and others of his classical poems, while he resided at Stoke, and he was buried on the spot which his genius had immortalized. Elderly people lately living in that village, remembered his retired and secluded character, and they shewed a tree, in which he was accustomed to indulge in reading and meditation. The church and church-yard possess more interest than commonly belongs to such places, from the above associations, and their retired and picturesque situation. Nearly adjoining is

the park of Mr. Penn, from which the above view of Stoke Church has been taken; and on the same site that distinguished scholar and amateur has erected a splendid monument in honour of the Poet, with the following inscription:—"This Monument, in honour of Thomas Gray, was erected A. D. 1799, among the scenery celebrated by that great lyric and elegiac poet. He died in 1771, and lies unnoticed in the adjoining church-yard, under the tomb stone on which he pathetically and piously recorded the interment of his aunt and lamented mother."

SCRAPS OF CRITICISM.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

Gray's Elegy.

There has always appeared to me a vicious mixture of the figurative with the real in this admired passage. The first two lines may barely pass, as not bad. But the *hands* laid in the earth, must mean the identical five-finger'd organs of the body; and how does this consist with their occupation of *swaying rods*, unless their owner had been a schoolmaster; or *waking lyres*, un-

less he were literally a harper by profession? Hands that "might have held the plough," would have had some sense, for that work is strictly manual; the others only emblematically or pictorially so. Kings now-a-days sway no rods, *alias* sceptres, except on their coronation day; and poets do not necessarily strum upon the harp or fiddle, as poets. When we think upon dead cold fingers, we may remember the honest squeeze of friendship which they returned heretofore; we cannot but with violence connect their living

idea, as opposed to death, with uses to which they must become metaphorical (i. e. less real than dead things themselves) before we can so with any propriety apply them.

He saw, but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Gray's Bard.

Nothing was ever more violently distorted, than this material fact of Milton's blindness having been occasioned by his intemperate studies and late hours, during his prosecution of the defence against Salmasius—applied to the dazzling effects of too much mental vision. His corporal sight was blasted with corporal occupation; his inward sight was not impaired, but rather strengthened, by his task. If his course of studies had turned his brain, there would have been some fitness in the expression.

And since I cannot, I will prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Soliloquy in Richard III.

The performers, whom I have seen in this part, seem to mistake the import of the word which I have marked with italics. Richard does not mean, that because he is by shape and tem-

per unfitted for a *courtier*, he is therefore determined to prove, in our sense of the word, a *wicked man*. The word in Shakspeare's time had not passed entirely into the modern sense; it was in its passage certainly, and indifferently used as such; the beauty of a world of words in that age was in their being less definite than they are now, fixed, and petrified. *Villain* is here undoubtedly used for a *churl*, or *clown*, opposed to a *courtier*; and the incipient deterioration of the meaning gave the use of it in this place great spirit and beauty. A *wicked man* does not necessarily hate *courtly pleasures*; a *clown* is naturally opposed to them. The mistake of this meaning has, I think, led the players into that hard literal conception, with which they deliver this passage, quite foreign in my understanding, to the bold gay faced irony of the soliloquy. Richard upon the stage, looks round, as if he were literally apprehensive of some dog snapping at him; and announces his determination of procuring a looking-glass, and employing a tailor, as if he were prepared to put both in practice before he should get home—I apprehend “a world of figures here.”

MONTGOMERY'S “SONGS OF ZION.”

WE will now make an extract from a book, which is lying by our side, called the “*Songs of Zion*.” It is written by Mr. Montgomery who is perhaps the best poet, after Cowper, that the religious classes of society may call one of themselves. They have reason to be proud of him. He is an unaffected, strenuous, and sincere advocate of the cause which he believes to be good. And among the many sneers and objections which we have heard cast upon religious poets, we have never heard a sneer against Mr. Montgomery. This is one of the triumphs of sincerity. He is as free from cant as a pupil of Voltaire can be; and we think that he is at least as well entitled to his own self-respect. We shall extract one of the “*Songs of Zion*,”—the 104th; partly because it is one of the most sublime and difficult to be ren-

dered in rhyme,—and partly because it is one of those in which Mr. Montgomery may be said to have eminently succeeded. He has failed certainly in one or two instances.

This goodly globe his wisdom plann'd,
is no equivalent for “Who laid the foundations of the earth that they should not be removed for ever;” and the simplicity of “Thou covered'st it with the deep as with a garment,” is far beyond the paraphrase of the third stanza. But these are small objections. There is *great* breadth and spirit in the vision. It reminds us “not to speak it profanely,” of Campbell's “*Battle of the Bannock*” (the best thing he has done.) It is a rich and vigorous strain of song. It would become a vast cathedral, and a hundred instruments, harps and dulcimers and choral voices; for it tells finely a tale of earth and the heavens, and of things that shall endure for ever.

PSALM 104.

My soul, adore the Lord of might ;
 With uncreated glory crown'd,
 And clad in royalty of light,
 He draws the curtain'd heavens around ;
 Dark waters his pavilion form,
 Clouds are his car, his wheels the storm.

Lightning before Him, and behind
 Thunder rebounding to and fro ;
 He walks upon the winged wind,
 And reins the blast, or lets it go :—
 This goodly globe his wisdom plann'd,
 He fix'd the bounds of sea and land.

When o'er a guilty world, of old,
 He summon'd the avenging main,
 At his rebuke the billows roll'd
 Back to their parent-gulf again ;
 The mountains rais'd their joyful heads,
 Like new creations, from their beds.

Thenceforth the self-revolving tide
 Its daily fall and flow maintains :
 Thro' winding vales fresh fountains glide,
 Leap from the hills, or course the plains ;
 There thirsty cattle throng the brink,
 And the wild asses bend to drink.

Fed by the currents, fruitful groves
 Expand their leaves, their fragrance fling,
 Where the cool breeze at noon-tide roves,
 And birds among the branches sing ;
 Soft fall the showers when day declines,
 And sweet the peaceful rainbow shines.

Grass through the meadows, rich with flow-
 ers,
 God's bounty spreads for herds and flocks:
 On Lebanon his cedar towers,
 The wild goats bound upon his rocks ;
 Fowls in his forests build their nests,
 —The stork amid the pine-tree rests.

To strengthen man, condemn'd to toil,
 He fills with grain the golden ear ;
 Bids the ripe olive melt with oil,

And swells the grape, man's heart to cheer ;
 —The moon her tide of changing
 knows,
 Her orb with lustre ebbs and flows.

The sun goes down, the stars come out ;
 He maketh darkness, and 'tis night ;
 Then roam the beasts of prey about,
 The desert rings with chase and fight :
 The lion, and the lion's brood,
 Look up,—and God provides them food.

Morn dawns far east ; ere long the sun
 Warms the glad nations with his beams ;
 Day, in their dens, the spoilers shun,
 And night returns to them in dreams :
 Man from his couch to labour goes,
 Till evening brings again repose.

How manifold thy works, O Lord,
 In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought !
 The earth is with thy riches stored,
 And ocean with thy wonders fraught :
 Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
 For Thee their hidden treasures keep.

There go the ships, with sails unfurl'd,
 By Thee directed on their way ;
 There, in his own mysterious world,
 Leviathan delights to play ;
 And tribes that range immensity,
 Unknown to man, are known to Thee.

By Thee alone the living live ;
 Hide but thy face, their comforts fly ;
 They gather what thy seasons give ;
 Take Thou away their breath, they die ;
 Send forth thy Spirit from above,
 And all is life again and love.

Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
 Yet to destruction they return ;
 He looks upon the earth, it quakes,
 Touches the mountains, and they burn ;
 —Thou, God, for ever art the same ;
 I AM is thine unchanging name.

ON SPIDERS.

Insects are very curious ; and the spider is a curious insect. There is first, the Barbary spider, which is as big as a man's thumb. It carries its children in a bag, like a gypsy. During their nonage, the young folks reside there altogether, coming out occasionally for recreation, but dutifully returning. In requital for this, the young spiders, when they are full grown, become mortal foes to the parent, attack him (or her) with violence, and if they are conquerors, dispose of his body in a way perfectly understood by our friends on the other side of the Atlantic—Then there is the American spider (covered all over with hair),

which is so large as to be able to destroy small birds, and afterwards devour them : and also the common spider, which looks like a couple of peninsulas, with a little isthmus (its back) between. But the most remarkable spider of history was the daughter of the dyer Idmon,—Arachne. She, as many of our readers know, was changed into a spider for challenging Minerva to surpass her tapestry. This was impertinent enough, to be sure, whether it deserved its punishment or not is a subject which we leave to the Greeks. There is, however, something in the dauntless behaviour of Arachne, which, we may be permitted to say, strikes us

as fine. On the challenge being given, Pallas (who was as quick as Fine-ear,) stands at once before the culprit. The nurse and damsels fall down; but Archæne herself looks full at the goddess, with a changing cheek certainly, but otherwise firm and unterrified. Surely it would make a fine picture. What says your oracle, Mr. Weathercock? Pallas is before the group—

—Venerantur numina Nymphæ,
Mygdonidesque nurus. Sola est non ter-
rita virgo.

Sed tamen erubuit, subitusque invita notavit
Ora rubor, rursusque evanuit.—*Ovid. Meta.*

We will conclude with an account of two spiders of modern times. It is

said that the sexton of the church of St. Eustace, at Paris, was surprised at very often discovering a certain lamp extinct early in the morning. The oil appeared always to have been regularly consumed. He sat up several nights in order to discover the mystery. At last he saw a spider of enormous dimensions come down the chain (or cord) and drink up all the oil.—A spider of vast size was also seen in the year 1751 in the cathedral church of Milan. It was observed to feed on the oil of the lamps. It was killed (when it weighed *four pounds*!) and afterwards sent to the Imperial museum at Vienna. These stories are said to be facts. S.

We rather admire that our correspondent could forget that wonderful spider, the Tarantula, which perhaps bit St. Vitus, and for whose bite it is said that "Music has charms,"—or that curious half-spider, the Sensitive Catch-fly, or that more marvellous insect, the Caribbean, one of whose webs suffices for a fishing net, capable of catching the largest cod. Perhaps this last is too fabulous; but the two former are sufficiently vouched for to become objects of curiosity.

THE MERMAID.

To use a sporting phrase, the Mermaid has been well *backed*. In the first place, she is detained at the Custom House, and a price of 2000*l.* set upon her ape-like head. Then her picture is sent to Carlton House, and her demi-ladyship is let out of the Custom House:—she next takes a first floor at Tom Watson's Turf Coffee House, and sends round her cards for a daily "at home." The great surgeons pay a shilling for a peep—and she is weighed in the *scales*, and found wanting. Sir A. Carlisle is said to have disputed her womanhood: Sir Everard Home questioned her haddock moiety. One great surgeon thought her to be half a baboon and half a gudgeon: another vowed she was half Johanna Southcote, with a salmon petticoat. Dr. Rees Price thought her a Mermaid clean out: and his opinion was disinterestedly forwarded to us by the proprietor. Lastly, she has become a ward in Chancery, and equity barristers tustle for her rights with all their usual manliness and propriety. She has no comb and glass—but how can a lady in her difficulties regard the care of her person. If she washes herself with her own fins, we ought to expect

no more. Certainly now she is in Chancery, Sir John Falstaff's taunt of Dame Quickly cannot be applied to her, "Thou art neither fish nor flesh, and a man knows not where to have thee!" We have been much pleased with the showman's advertisement about this little Billingsgate woman; he treats the question of her "To be, or not to be," like a true philosopher, and only wishes you to be satisfied that she has a claim upon your shilling.

[Advertisement.]—The Mermaid in the Sporting World.—So much has been said for and against this wonderful animal, and perhaps with a view to bring the period of dissection earlier than is intended by the proprietor, and we understand it his determination to satisfy the public opinion on this important question, by some of our first medical men and naturalists, as soon as the bare expences that he has incurred by bringing it to this country are liquidated, which cannot be long now from the many hundreds of spectators that daily call to view it; among the number many of our noble families; it has also been honoured by visits of royalty. The difference of opinion is now so great, whether it will turn out a natural production or a made-up deception, that a great deal of betting has taken place on the event; and as many persons back the strength of their opinion for and against the Mermaid, the sporting men will have a fine opportunity of making a good book, as

some are laying 5 and 6 to 4 on the Mermaid being a natural production, while others are laying the same odds, and even 2 to 1 against it. A sporting gentleman, who is supposed to have some concern in the Mermaid, has taken many bets and some long odds to a large amount, that it really is what is represented—a Mermaid. It is now exhibiting at Watson's, Turf Coffee House, St. James's-street.

We warrant us when this lady comes to be "what she is represented," that the Lord Chancellor will look upon her as one of the oldest wards under his care.

The *Stirling* paper gives an account of a gentleman every way fit to become Miss Mermaid's suitor. His dabbling propensities—his passion for wet clothes—his great age—all render the match desirable. Ought not a reference to be immediately made to the master to inquire into the settlements?—What an account for the papers! Marriage in wet life! At Shoreditch, on St. Swithin's day, Mr. John Monro, aged 95, to Miss Salmon, the Mermaid. The lady was given away by the Lord Chancellor, and, immediately after the ceremony, the happy pair set off for the Goodwin Sands to pass the honeymoon. Two fish-women attended as bridesmaids.

The account of Mr. Monro is as follows :—

(From the *Stirling Journal*).—There is at present living, at a place called Glenarie, six miles from Inverary, a person of the name of John Monro, at the advanced age of 95, who makes a point of walking daily, for the sake of recreation, the six miles betwixt his residence and Inverary, or to the

top of Tullich-hill which is very steep, and distant about two miles. Should the rain pour in torrents, so much the better, and with the greater pleasure does he perambulate the summit of the hill for hours in the midst of the storm. Whether it is natural to this man, or whether it is the effect of habit, cannot be said; but it is well known he cannot endure to remain any length of time with his body in a dry state. During summer, and when the weather is dry, he regularly pays a daily visit to the river Arca, and plunges himself headlong in with his clothes on; and should they get perfectly dry early in the day, so irksome and disagreeable does his situation become, that, like a fish out of water, he finds it necessary to repeat the luxury. He delights in rainy weather, and when the "sky lowers, and the clouds threaten," and other men seek the "bield or ingle side," then is the time that this "man of habits" chooses for enjoying his natural element in the highest perfection. He never bends his way homewards till he is completely drenched; and, on these occasions, that a drop may not be lost, his bonnet is carried in his hand, and his head left bare to the pattering of the wind and rain. He at present enjoys excellent health; and, notwithstanding his habits, he has been wonderfully fortunate in escaping colds, a complaint very common in this moist climate—but when he is attacked whether in dry weather or wet weather, whether in summer or winter, his mode of cure is not more singular than it is specific. Instead of confining himself and indulging in the ardent sweating potions so highly extolled among the gossips of his country, he repairs to his favourite element, the pure streams of the Arca, and takes one of his usual headlong dips, with his clothes on. He then walks about a few miles, till they become dry, when the plan pursued never fails to check the progress of his disorder. In other respects, the writer has never heard any thing singular regarding his manners or habits.

PSALM LXXVI. VERSIFIED.

In Judah the name of Jehovah is known,
In the chorus of Israel triumphantly swelling;
In Salem's high places is planted his throne,
And on Zion's fair hill is his glorious dwelling.

There brake he the arrows, there brake he the bow,
There brake he the shield and the sword, and the
battle;
And worthier honour the mountain shall know
Than the hills where the shafts of the Plunderers
rattle.

Fall'n are the proud and despoil'd of their store,
And the slumber of death is the sleep they are
sleeping; [more,
And the hands of the strong ones are mighty no
And their triumph is turn'd to despairing and
weeping.

Oh! God of our Fathers! both horseman and car
At the breath of thy pow'r to destruction were
hurl'd;

Who may stand in thy sight, fearful Lord of the war,
When the bolts of thy wrath are abroad on the
world!

From the height of the heavens thy sentence was
heard,
And earth as it trembled grew still at the voice,
When raising to judgment thy glory appear'd
And bade all the meek of thy people rejoice.

The fierceness and scorn of rebellion and pride
Shall but end in thy glory, and perfect thy praise;
Thou shalt turn all the darts of the wicked aside,
And crush all thy foes, oh Thou Ancient of days!

Then pay ye your vows to the great King of kings,
And be faithful all ye that assemble before him;
While each servant of God his peace-offering brings,
And serve him, and magnify, fear, and adore him.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CHRISTOPHE HENRI, KING OF HAYTI.

(European Magazine.)

THIS remarkable person was a negro slave, born in the island of Grenada, on Oct. 6th, 1767. He served in the American Revolutionary War, and was wounded at the siege of Savannah, and, on his return to St. Domingo, was employed as an overseer on an estate called the Lemonade, the property of Dureau de la Ealle, the translator of Tacitus. It is reported that even in this occupation he displayed the natural severity of his disposition. When the measures of the revolutionary parties in France occasioned the insurrection of the blacks of St. Domingo, Christophe became an active partizan of the cause of emancipation, and soon acquired an ascendancy over his fellow slaves, by the daring intrepidity which he displayed in several sanguinary conflicts. Toussaint Louverture, the first supreme chief of the liberated negroes, appointed Christophe a general of brigade, and despatched him to suppress an insurrection which had been fomented against the authority of Toussaint by his nephew, named Moses. Christophe possessed himself of this leader by perfidy, and he was put to death by his uncle Toussaint, who appointed Christophe to succeed him as governor of the northern province. But the execution of Moses occasioned a rebellion, which broke out at Capetown on the 21st of Oct. 1801, and spread to several other places. Christophe at the head of his black troops attacked the insurgents in every direction, and by his personal courage and vigour, contributed greatly to suppress the insurrection. It must be observed, that Moses supported the principle of annihilating the whites, against the uncle whose better policy it was to encourage a mixed association of the different colours. But the principles of Moses had rendered him so popular, that when Christophe became king, he thought it advisable to treat his memory with respect in many public instruments, as well as by means of his confidential agents.

Christophe commanded at the Cape on the arrival of the French expedition under Le Clerc, in 1802. He was summoned to surrender, and in the correspondence which arose out of this summons, there were characteristic expressions, and a generosity of sentiment, which gave the sable chieftain a high superiority over his white opponent. "If," said Christophe, "you use against me the force you threaten, I will resist you with the intrepidity of a soldier, and, if the fate of arms be in your favour, you shall enter the Cape not until it is a smoking ruin, and even on its cinders I will continue to combat you. The troops, which you threaten to disembark, I consider as houses of cards which the slightest breath can destroy; and for your personal esteem, I wish it not at that price to which you attach it—the abandonment of my duty." On another

occasion he writes, "I want but proofs sufficient to assure me of the establishment of liberty and equality in favour of the people of this colony. The laws, by which the mother country has consecrated this great principle, will carry this conviction to my heart, and I protest to you that my submission shall be immediately consequent to my obtaining such a proof by your acknowledgment of those laws."—"You propose to me, citizen General, to afford you the means of securing General Toussaint Louverture. Such conduct on my part would be treasonable and perfidious, and your degrading proposal convinces me of your unconquerable repugnance to believe me susceptible of the least sentiment of delicacy and honour."

The blacks, however, disunited and betrayed, yielded at first to General Le Clerc, almost without resistance. Dessalines and Christophe were almost the only chiefs who offered resistance. They were proclaimed out of the pale of the law, and at length overcome by superiority of numbers. Christophe evacuated Port-au-Prince, firing the town, and effecting a junction with Toussaint Louverture, at the head of about 3000 men. When the perfidy of the French had acquired the possession of Toussaint's person, the war seemed suppressed, but it presently burst forth with renewed energy under the command of Dessalines. The climate favoured the efforts of these heroic blacks, and, before the end of 1805, the French army at St. Domingo ceased to exist. A national assembly met on the 1st Jan. 1804, and restored to the island its primitive name of Hayti. Dessalines was elected Governor-general for life. The island was divided into six military departments, each commanded by a General of division. Christophe was the oldest of Dessalines' officers, and he was put into the government of the department of the Cape. The baneful example of Napoleon's ambition soon spread its influence to St. Domingo, and Dessalines proclaimed himself Emperor, with a right to appoint his successor to the throne. On the 29th of July 1805, the 2d year of their independence, Dessalines appointed Christophe, Commander-in-chief of the army of Hayti. The republican party rose against the usurped government, and under a man of colour named Pethion, a virtuous citizen and a skilful officer, commanding the division of Port-au-Prince, they overthrew the usurpation in Oct. 1806, Dessalines perishing during the commotion. It appears that Christophe was no stranger to his being taken off, and on his death the war became fierce between Christophe and Pethion. The province of the north, and the west, continued in submission to Christophe: while the province of the south, and the second division of that of the west, adhered to the General Pethion. An assembly of dep-

uties was convoked at Port-au-Prince, the majority supported Pethion, but the minority protested against their decision, and at the beginning of 1806, a civil war may be said to have been kindled. A new assembly was convoked at the Cape, under the influence of Christophe, which decreed the constitution of the 17th Feb. 1807, nominating Christophe President for life, and Generalissimo of the military and naval forces of the island: At the same time the province of the south-west established the republic of Hayti, with a constitution similar to that of the United States; Pethion being President for four years. In the mean while Christophe, with admirable dexterity, placed his military, naval, fiscal and civil establishments, in the most vigorous and efficient condition, and pushed the war against his rival with much activity, but with little success.

On the 28th March 1811, Christophe declared himself hereditary monarch of Hayti, under the title of Henry I. and he abolished all councils, except an executive council composed of his officers and courtiers. His wife, Maria Louis, a black woman, married on the 15th July 1793, was styled Queen, and the eldest son was to be called Prince royal of Hayti. From this epoch, the government publications declaimed against demagogues and anarchists; the insignia of royalty, the forms, ceremonies, and most trifling subjects of court etiquette, were regulated by royal ordinances, and, on the 5th of April following, appeared an edict creating an hereditary nobility of princes, dukes, counts, barons, and knights, with an allotment of heraldic devices, and armorial bearings. The instability of human affairs and the vanity of human nature were never more powerfully or more ridiculously displayed, than in this assumption of titles, heraldry, and feudal rights, by negroes, ignorant and rude, who, but a few years before had toiled under the caprice, the insolence, the lash of their mercenary and brutal owners. On the 7th of the month (April) Christophe issued an edict constituting an Archbishopric in the capital of Hayti, and suffragan dioceses in the different cities of the kingdom.

But that which is more honourable to Christophe, was the Code Henri, published by him on the 20th Feb. 1812. The laws of his empire are divided into nine heads, and the complexion of the civil code approximates to the similar division of the Code Napoleon. Divorce is prohibited; death and the confiscation of property is enacted; morals and the catholic religion are especially protected; and the institution of a jury is not admitted. The coronation of Christophe took place on the 2d June 1812; the public functionaries from the Spanish part of the island, and the British naval officers on the station, were present at the ceremony, which rivalled in pomp and magnificence the coronation ceremonies of the most luxurious courts of Europe. M. Brelle, Archbishop of Hayti and Duke of Anse,

consecrated his Majesty with the formula and religious pomp of the Roman Pontificate.

The coronation oath was merely to maintain the then existing order of things, and to resist the re-establishment of white domination. On the senior British officer, drinking Christophe's health at the banquet, the sable monarch rose and drank, "to my dear brother George III.—may he prove an invincible obstacle to the ambition of Napoleon—and may he *always* be the constant friend of Hayti."

In 1813, the numerous defections of his subjects presaged his future fall, and the ultimate triumph of the freer, and consequently better principles of his republican rival. But his military genius gave him a temporary advantage over his more moderate and enlightened adversary. The defections of his subjects exasperated the natural ferocity of Christophe's disposition, and stimulated him to acts of great barbarity. On the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, Christophe flattered himself that his conduct and pretensions would be more favourably viewed by Louis, than they had been by Napoleon. But Louis despatched a commission to St Domingo with proposals tantamount to requiring a gradual recurrence to the old regime. The negro Monarch received the terms with just indignation. He summoned a council of the nation at his palace of Sans Souci, on the 21st Oct. 1814, and the *expose* of the instructions and designs of the French government awakened the utmost enthusiasm in the population. Christophe prepared for the most determined resistance, and, in his instructions to his officers, he ordered them to provide torches and combustible materials sufficient to burn all the towns—on the landing of an enemy to destroy every species of public or private building, to blow up the bridges, break down all dikes and causeways, to devastate the country, and to retire with the whole population into the mountains, and, finally, to spare neither age nor sex of those enemies who fell into their hands, but to inflict upon them the "most horrible species of punishment." These orders were in unison with the general spirit of the people. One of the French agents was taken with his papers, which were published, and himself examined and exposed to the interrogatories of all the people, but no further injury was permitted to his person. The French King with great meanness subsequently disavowed this embassy, in the *Moniteur* of the 28th Jan. 1815. Christophe, to secure the people to his interests, now gave greater liberty to the press; he decreed a gratuitous instruction for the people, made efforts to abolish even the French language, hiring numerous English artists and instructors, and ordering all instructions to be conveyed in that language. On the 20th Nov. 1816, he refused to receive the new commissioners sent to Hayti by the King of France, declaring that he would not treat with France but upon the basis of independence and equality of national rights, and the commissioners, having re-

ceived similar answers from Pethion, returned to Europe. The negotiations with the French had displayed the personal superiority of Pethion over his rival, who saw the necessity of moderating his tyranny; and, on the 14th July 1819, he abolished an odious law confining the proprietorship of land to general officers. Pethion in the beginning of 1818 had died, and was succeeded by Boyer, whom he had nominated his successor; and this new President commenced his government by conquering from Christophe the country called the Grand-Anse, which he attached to the republic. The just and moderate government of Boyer was so strongly in contrast to the sordid, barbarous, and selfish policy of Christophe, as to detach all his subjects from their allegiance. In Sept. 1820, the garrison of St. Marc were so excited at the indignities which Christophe imposed upon their Colonel, by means of the Governor of the city, that they rose *en masse*, put the Governor to death, and sent a deputation to Boyer, offering to form a junction with the republic. Boyer hastily assembled an army of fifteen thousand men, and marched to support the insurgents. Christophe was labouring under a paralytic affection, and, shutting himself up in his fortified palace of Sans Souci, despatched his army against the insurgents of St. Marc; but on withdrawing these troops from the capital, the people of the metropolis rose in rebellion against him; and on the 6th Oct. the General, Richard Duke of Marmelade, proclaimed to the troops, the abolition of royalty, which was received with enthusiasm by all classes of persons. Christophe's body guard of about 1500 picked men, still adhered to his interests. He was borne amongst the troops, addressed them with praises and assurances of reward, and despatched them under command of his brother-in-law to meet the enemy; but news was soon brought to Christophe, that these household troops had gone over to the republicans, demanding the deposition of their former sovereign. Upon hearing this, he retired to his chamber in despair and shot himself through the heart, on the 8th Oct. 1820, being 53 years of age. His body was ignominiously exposed on the high-ways for several days—his son was massacred, but his widow and two daughters were allowed by Boyer to retire in safety; and they immediately sailed for England, and have since lived in the vicinity of London in a state of genteel independence. All titles, and the attributes of nobility were forthwith abolished by Boyer, who established the republican government throughout the former territories of Christophe; and, finally, by his skill and prudence, succeeded in amalgamating the Spanish part of the island with the new republic of the blacks.

Christophe had hoarded 240,000 dollars at Sans Souci, and 46,000,000 of piastres (£10,000,000 sterling) was found at Fort Henri. This sum accords with the boast which the Count Lemonade had officially

made, that the Emperor intended to pave and ceil the rotunda of his palace with coin. Christophe was guilty of the most atrocious cruelties; his pecuniary exactions were enormous; he had been munificent to his superior officers, but as to the great body of his people, he had merely substituted the attachment to them as slaves to the soil, instead of the former system of rendering them the property of white individuals. All the lands of the former proprietors he reserved to himself, except a few estates with which he had rewarded his Generals. The produce in kind, of his reserved lands, the customs, and other taxes yielded him a considerable revenue. The intellect displayed by Christophe was sufficient to relieve the negro from the charge of being of an inferior nature; but how much more exalted was the character of his rival Pethion, who taking his countrymen from the debasement of slavery, converted them into free citizens, established over them an enlightened system of government, and after ten years executing the supreme magistracy with vigour and justice, dies poor, and leaves his country free. Christophe was of Herculean form, and possessed of fortitude, and desperate bravery. In the several conflicts he would animate his ranks by exhibiting the rage and fury of a tiger. He was vindictive in the extreme, and hesitated at no cruelty which gratified his passions, or was calculated to promote his interest. His mind possessed extraordinary vigour, but he appears to have been incapable of profound thought, or of acquiring comprehensive systems. A certain tact of governing had taught him the necessity of public officers being pure, and that their duties ought to be performed with diligence and despatch. His establishments were therefore well conducted. He had learnt that manufactures, agriculture, and commerce, are essential to the prosperity of a state; that large public buildings are necessary to its grandeur, and that morality is essential to its stability. He was therefore always endeavouring to effect these causes of national prosperity by the most arbitrary, and often mistaken ordinances, forgetting that their only sources were the liberty of the subject, and the security of property. The arena of his exploits was hardly large enough to entitle him to a conspicuous place in the page of history, but, considering his attainment to a throne from a state of the most abject ignorance and slavery, considering the barbarous condition of those whom he had to command, and that with such materials, during a period of revolution, he contrived in a few years to found an empire, to build a superb city, and to form both civil and military establishments far surpassing any possessed by the neighbouring colonies of the three commercial nations of Europe, we cannot but allow that his qualities were at least equal to the average of those, who are celebrated as great princes, or as successful warriors.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

[We promised a superb treat to our readers in Mr. Flint's* account of a Methodist conference, at which, to use the French phrase, he assisted in America. The following redeems our pledge, and displays the unique style and odd notions of the writer in perfect accordance with his subject : to point which with more precision, we have interwoven a few Italics and parentheses.—*Lit. Gaz.*]

AN AMERICAN METHODIST MEETING.

I LATELY returned from visiting the camp meeting of Wesleyan methodists, where I remained about twenty-four hours. On approaching the scene of action, the number of horses tied to fences and trees, and the travelling wagons standing in the environs, convinced me of the great *magnitude* of the assemblage. Immediately round the meeting a considerable number of *tents* were irregularly disposed. Some of *them* were *log cabins* [a bit of a bull this, in our Scotch friend] that seemed to have served several campaigns, but most of them constructed by poles, covered over with coarse tow cloth. These tents are for the accommodation of the people who attend the worship for several days, or for a week together. I had no sooner got sight of the area within, than I was struck with surprise, my feet were for a moment involuntarily arrested, while I gazed on a preacher vociferating from a high rostrum, raised between two trees, and an agitated crowd immediately before him, that were *making* a loud noise and *the most singular gesticulations* which can be imagined. On advancing a few paces, I discovered that the turmoil was chiefly confined within a small inclosure of about thirty feet square, in front of the orator, and that the ground occupied by the congregation was laid with felled trees for seats. A railed fence divided it into two parts, one for females, and the other for males. It was my misfortune to enter by the wrong side, and I was politely informed of the mistake by a Colonel P——, of my acquaintance, who, it appeared, had undertaken the duty of keeping the males apart from the females. [The sly rogue ! one of his travelling tricks, to get among the women. Had he gone to Turkey he would have been

invading the Harem.] The inclosure already mentioned was for the reception of those who undergo religious awakenings, and was filled by both sexes, who were exercising violently. Shouting, screaming, clapping of hands, leaping, jerking, falling, and swooning. The speaker could not be distinctly heard, great as his exertions were ; certainly had it not been for his elevated position, his voice would have been entirely blended with the clamours below. I took my stand close by the fence, for the purpose of noting down exclamations uttered by the exercised, but found myself unable to pick up any thing like a distinct paragraph. [A paragraph of exclamations is good.] Borrowing an idea from the Greek mythology, to have a distinct perception of sounds, poured from such a multitude of bellowing mouths, would require the ear of *Jove*. I had to content myself with such vociferations as *glory, glory, power, Jesus Christ*,—with ‘groans and woes unutterable.’

In the afternoon a short cessation was allowed for dinner, and those deeply affected were removed to tents and laid on the ground. This new arrangement made a striking change in the camp, the bustle being removed from the centre and distributed along the outskirts of the preaching ground. Separate tents, in which one or more persons were laid, were surrounded by females who sung melodiously. It is truly delightful to hear these sweet singing people. Some of their tunes, it is true, did not convey, through my prejudiced ears, the solemn impressions that become religious worship, for I recognised several of the airs associated with the sentimental songs of my native land. In one instance a tent was dismantled of its tow cloth covering, which discovered a female almost motionless.

* Flint's Letters from America.

After a choir of girls around her had sung for a few minutes, two men then stood over her, and simultaneously joined in prayer. One of them, gifted with a loud and clear voice, drowned the other totally, and actually prayed him down.

After dinner another orator took his place. The inclosure was again filled with the penitent, *or with others wishing to become so*, and a vast congregation arranged themselves on their seats in the rear. A most pathetic prayer was poured forth, and a profound silence reigned over the whole camp, except the fenced inclosure, from whence a low hollow murmuring sound issued. Now and then, *Amen* was articulated in a *pitiful* [pitiable] and indistinct tone of voice. You have seen a menagerie of wild animals on a journey, and perhaps have heard the king of beasts, and other powerful quadrupeds, excited to grumbling by the jolting of the wagon. Probably you will call this a rude simile; but it is the most accurate I can think of. Sermon commenced. The preacher announced his determination of discontinuing his labours in this part of the world, and leaving his dear brethren for ever. He addressed the old men present, telling them that they and he must soon be removed from this mortal state of existence, and that the melancholy reflection arose in his mind, '*What will become of the church when we are dead and gone?*'—A loud response of groaning and howling was sounded by the aged in the inclosure, and throughout the congregation. He next noticed that he saw a multitude of young men before him, and, addressing himself to them, said, '*I trust in God that many of you will be now converted, and will become the preachers and the pious Christians of after days.*'—The clamour now thickened, for young and old shouted together. Turning his eyes toward the female side of the fence, he continued, '*And you, my dear sisters.*'—What he had farther to say to the future 'nursing mothers of the church,' could not be heard, for the burst of acclamation, on their part, completely prevented his voice from

being heard, on which account he withdrew; and a tune was struck up and sung with grand enthusiasm. The worship now proceeded with a new energy; the prompter in the pulpit had succeeded in giving it an impulse, and the music was sufficient to preserve emotion. The inclosure was so much crowded that its inmates had not the liberty of lateral motion, but were literally hobbling *en masse*. My attention was particularly directed to a girl of about twelve years of age, who while standing could not be seen over her taller neighbours; but at every leap she was conspicuous above them. The velocity of every plunge made her long loose hair flit up as if a handkerchief were held by one of its corners and twitched violently. Another female, who had arrived at womanhood, was so much overcome that she was held up to the breeze by two persons who went to her relief. I never before saw such exhaustion. The vertebral column was completely pliant, her body, her neck, and her extended arms, bent in every direction successively. It would be impossible to describe the diversity of cases; they were not now confined within the fence, but were numerous among the people without. Only a small proportion of them could fall within the observations of any one bystander. The scene was to me equally novel and curious.

About dusk I retired several hundred yards into the woods to enjoy the distant effect of the meeting. Female voices were mournfully predominant, and my imagination figured to me a multitude of mothers, widows and sisters, giving the first vent to their grief, in bewailing the loss of a *male* population, by war, shipwreck, or some other great catastrophe.

It had been thought proper to place sentinels without the camp. Females were not allowed to pass out into the woods after dark. [Sly Mr. Flint.] Spirituous liquors were not permitted to be sold in the neighbourhood.

Large fires of timber were kindled, which cast a new lustre on every object. The white tents gleamed in the

glare. Over them the dusky woods formed a most romantic gloom, only the tall trunks of the front rank were distinctly visible, and these seemed so many members of a lofty colonnade. The illuminated camp lay on a declivity, and exposed a scene that suggested to my mind the moon-light gambols of beings known to us only through the fictions of credulous ages. The greatest turmoil prevailed within the fence, where the inmates were leaping and hobbling together with upward looks and extended arms. Around this busy mass, the crowd formed a thicker ring than the famous Macedonian phalanx [whose ring was a square, Mr. Flint]; and among them, a mixture of the exercised were interspersed. Most faces were turned inward to gaze on the grand exhibition, the rear ranks on tip-toe, to see over those in front of them, and not a few mounted on the log-seats, to have a more commanding view of *the show*. People were constantly passing out and into the ring in brisk motion, so that the white drapery of females and the darker apparel of the men were alternately vanishing and re-appearing in the *most elegant confusion*. The sublimity of the music served to give an enchanting effect to the whole. My mind involuntarily reverted to the leading feature of the tale of Alloway Kirk.

Warlocks and witches in a dance ;

Where Tam o' Shanter

- - - - Stood like one bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd.

Late in the evening a man detached himself from the crowd, walking rapidly back and forward, and crying aloud. His vociferations were of this kind : ' I have been a great sinner, and was on the way to be damned ; but am converted now, thank God—glory, glory ! ' He turned round on his heel occasionally, giving a loud whoop. A gentleman with whom I am well acquainted, told me that he had a conversation with a female who had just recovered from the debility of the day. She could give no other account of her sensations than that she felt so good, that she could press her very enemy to her bosom. [Fie, Mr. Flint.]

At half past two P.M. I got into a tent, stretched myself on the ground, and was soon lulled asleep by the music. About five I was awakened by the unceasing melody. At seven, preaching was resumed ; and a lawyer residing in the neighbourhood gave a sermon of a legal character. [We could wish this sort of sermon explained, for the sake of its novelty.]

At nine the meeting adjourned to breakfast. A multitude of small fires being previously struck up, an extensive cooking process commenced, and the smell of bacon tainted the air. I took this opportunity of reconnoitring the evacuated field. The little inclosure, so often mentioned, is by the religious called *Altar*, and some scoffers are wicked enough to call it *Pen*, from its similarity to the structures in which hogs are confined. Its area was covered over with straw, in some parts more wetted than the litter of a stable. If it could be ascertained that all this moisture was from the tears of the penitent, the fact would be a surprising one. [Fie again, naughty but facetious Mr. Flint.] *Waving* all inquiry into this phenomenon, however, the incident now recorded may be held forth as a very suitable counterpart to a wonderful story recorded by the Methodist oracle Lorenzo Dow, of a heavy shower drenching a neighbourhood, while a small speck, including a camp meeting, was passed over and left entirely dry. In Lorenzo's case, the rain fell all round the camp, but in that noticed by me, the moisture was in the very centre.

- - - Females seem to be more susceptible of the impressions than men are. A quality, perhaps, that is to be imputed to the greater sensibility of their feelings. - - -

The awakenings in Kentucky that were some years ago hailed by the religious magazines of your country as the workings of the *Divine Spirit*, must have been those that occurred at camp meetings of Methodists. These assemblages are now said to be on the decline in Kentucky ; and when meetings were held on a grand scale there, many disorders were committed by immoral persons, tending to the great scandal of religion, and occasioning the precaution-

ary measures already noticed in this detail.

[What could we add to such a picture as this, combining as it does the sensibility of a Wilkie with the honour of a

Hogarth. To the author we can only say *Vale*. He has entertained us much, though his work is not worth a rush : but we are always grateful for a laugh whether *at* or *with*.]

THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONGING LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COOK'S ORACLE.

THIS is the production of an ingenious and rather eccentric personage,—Dr. Kitchener, the author of that work of excellent, practical, *gourmandise*, “the Cook’s Oracle;” and those who possess that work, will assuredly, welcome a further manual that instructs them in the art of prolonging their enjoyment. There is besides in the volume before us, a conversational familiarity and a vein of agreeable humour, which have much conduced to its popularity. The writer has formed a sort of *cento*, of the opinions of the best medical practitioners of the present day, and has commented and confirmed, as he was led, by a very industrious, and long-continued application, to the subject. We are informed upon good authority, that the versatility of Doctor Kitchener’s genius is remarkable, that he is a good astronomer, and frequently turns from a *library* consisting of *five hundred* different books of *cookery*, to one of the finest private collections of *mathematical instruments*, in this country.

Proceeding on the principle that weak constitutions may, by proper management, enjoy life as much, and as long as the robust, (a position the author strikingly words, that “glass will last as long as iron, if we take care of it,”) the invalid will be sure to find in this work some judicious directions for the attainment of an even tone of health. After this recommendation it will be sufficient to add, that the work has been received with great avidity by the public, and that we have known it to be recommended by high medical authority, as a constant companion for the sufferer from indigestion and nervous debility.

We are so thoroughly convinced of the truth of the following remark, addressed to those who fancy *change of air* must effect great wonders, that we

hasten to transcribe it, being ourselves so decidedly of the doctor’s opinion.

“Do not expect benefit from mere change of *air*—the purest breezes of the country will produce very little effect, unless accompanied by plenty of regular *exercise*,* *temperance*, and, above all, *tranquillity of mind*.”

In regard to animal food, Dr Kitchener strongly recommends beef and mutton as the most nutritive and strengthening of any, and declares, that when he, himself, has not made his dinner off one or other of these articles, that he has found himself disposed to renovate his strength with an additional glass of wine.

The following humorous description of those who “murder sleep,” amused us much; it may be well classed amongst the miseries of human life, especially when endured by the nervous.

“If you are so unlucky as to have for next-door neighbours, fashionable folks who turn night into day, or such as delight in the sublime economy of cinder-saving, or cobweb-catching; it is in vain to seek repose before the former has indulged in the evening’s recreation of raking out the fire, and has played with the poker, till it has made all the red coals black; or after *Maldusta*, the tidy one, has awoke the morn with ‘the broom, the bonny, bonny broom.’

“A determined dust-hunter, or cinder-saver, murders its neighbour’s sleep with as little mercy, as Macbeth destroyed Duncan’s; and morning and evening, bangs doors, slams up and down the sashes, and rattles window shutters, till ‘the earth trembles, and air is aghast!’

* “The studious—the contemplative—the valetudinarian—and those of weak nerves, if they aim at health and long life, must make exercise, in a good air, a part of their religion.”
Cheyne on long Life.

"If all attempts to conciliate a savage who is in this fancy, are labour in vain, and the management of its fire is equally the occupation of the morning, and the amusement of the evening; the preservation of a cinder, and the destruction of a cobweb, the main business of its existence: the best advice we can give you, gentle reader, is to send it this little book, and beseech it to place the following pages opposite to its optic nerves, some morning after you have diverted it from sleep every half hour during the preceding night."

What follows reminds us of Hogarth's enraged musician; we refer the readers to the work itself, and doubt not but they will find in the highly finished picture, as much delight as it afforded us.

We are all of us but too well acquainted with the following manner of our bed clothes being put on.

"Of all the customs of clothing, the most extremely absurd is the usual arrangement of *bed-clothes*, which, in order as the chamber-maid fancies to make the bed look pretty in the day time, are left long at the head, that they may cover the pillows; when they are turned down, you have an intelerable load on your lungs, and that part of the body which is most exposed during the day, is smothered at night, with double the quantity of clothes that any other part has.

"Sleep is prevented by an unpleasant degree of either heat or cold, and in this ever-varying climate, where often 'in one monstrous day all seasons mix,' delicate thermonetrical persons will derive much comfort from keeping a counterpane in reserve, for an additional covering in *very cold weather*: when some extra clothing is as needful by night, as a great coat is by day."

The following remarks on the spoiling of our wine, are no less just.

"Wine, especially port, is generally twice spoiled before it is considered fit to be drank.

"The *wine maker* spoils it first by overloading it with *brandy*, to make it keep.

"The *wine drinker* keeps it till time has not only dissipated the superabundant spirit, but even until the ace-

tous fermentation begins to be evident; this, it is the taste now to call '*flavor*,' and wine is not liked till it has lost so much of its exhilarating power, that you may drink a pint of it, before receiving that degree of excitement, which the wine drinker requires to make him happy. We mean a *LEGAL* pint containing 16 ounces."

How often have we not ourselves witnessed that insatiation of vulgar error, concerning "a *thick crust* on the bottle" of *old port*: whereas, as Dr. Kitchener informs us, and which is well known to those who have resided among the merchants at Oporto, that

"A *thick crust* is not always the consequence of the wine having been a very long time in the bottle, but is rather a sign that it was too little time in the cask, or has been kept in a very cold cellar."

There are some very valuable and judicious observations in this little volume on the *night-mare*, and on nervous and hypochondriac cases, which ought to be carefully perused by those persons so afflicted; and, as the editor of this work tells us, "he had from his youth to bear up against an highly irritable nervous system," it forms a yet stronger inducement to nervous persons to read this part with the most undivided attention.

At the conclusion of this work, is a very amusing, and well written article.—The pleasure of making a will. It also contains some very useful information, and there is one part that requires particular attention, for many a female, unfortunately yoked to a worthless husband, has suffered essentially from a want of care in this particular: we extract the passage in question.

"When any estate, effects, or annuity, is given to a *married woman*, it is generally bequeathed to some person in trust for her, or to her, for her sole and separate use, with directions that her receipt alone shall be a sufficient discharge for the same; thereby to prevent what is given being subject to the control or debts of the husband.

"If any legacy be given to a married woman absolutely, without such restrictions, it will be as if the same were given to the husband."

THE LIFE OF THE REV. ARTHUR O'LEARY.*

(Literary Gazette.)

THOUGH twenty years after his decease, this *Life* of the famous Father O'Leary is better late than never. Besides a sketchy biography of that person, the author has introduced historical anecdotes, the memoirs of other Romish Priests (such as Drs. Moylan, Hussey, &c.) and documents to illustrate the condition of the Irish Catholics during the 18th century. These give greater weight and interest to his publication than it could otherwise have enjoyed; and though we find the statements very strongly tainted with his religious feelings, and language sometimes used ill in unison with his principles of moderation, the volume is altogether a performance calculated to be popularly read.

Arthur O'Leary was born in the western part of the county of Cork, in the year 1729. His parents were peasants; and nothing of his early life is recorded. His education we are informed was imperfect, in consequence of the penal laws which then existed against the instruction of Papists; and if we consider the rank and means of his progenitors, another reason for this want of learning might perhaps be surmised. Probably he displayed some talent while yet a boy; as at the age of eighteen, namely, in 1747, we find that he went to France, entered the Capuchin Convent at St. Maloes, and became in due time a brother of that order. Till 1756 he pursued his studies and in that year rendered himself conspicuous by his religious attentions to the British prisoners confined in the prisons of St. Maloes. In 1771 he returned to Ireland, and settled in Cork, where a chapel being erected for him, he preached with considerable reputation. About 1775 he entered the field as a public writer, by taking part in a controversy against a Scottish physician named Blair, who had published a book in favour of the doctrines of Servetus and of free-thinking in re-

ligion. From this period he promulgated several pamphlets on various questions, and always advocated the cause of loyalty, patriotism, and Christianity. Thus in 1779 he vigorously assailed John Wesley; in 1780 wrote an able Essay on Toleration; afterwards entered into a defence of the character of Pius vi. (Ganganelli); and at a later era still, took a leading part in the then celebrated controversy, called the Cloyne Controversy, in which the tenets and acts of the Irish Roman Catholics were arraigned by Dr. Duigenan and the Bishop of Cloyne, and justified by O'Leary and others.

Upon this, as upon all other occasions, our "Holy Friar" displayed some of that jocoseness which marked his character. Dr. Woodward had exposed the belief in Purgatory, and was animadverted upon as follows by his humorous antagonist:

"We cannot in reason late a catholic for his speculative creed. His belief of the real presence affects us no more than if he believed Berenice's tresses were changed into a comet. Nor are we much concerned, whether in that immensity beyond the grave, there may be an intermediate place between the two extremes of complete happiness and complete misery—a place where the soul atones for venial lapses, and pays off a part of the debts it has contracted here. It is equal to us where a man pays his debts, whether here or in purgatory, provided he pays ourselves what he owes us; and however clamorous a mitred divine may be about a popish purgatory, HE MAY PERHAPS GO FURTHER, AND SPEED WORSE."

"The proctor's pound, where the cottager's cow or calf is imprisoned, is a greater nuisance to the living than thousands of subterraneous caverns beyond the grave."

Such hits were not uncommon with Father O'Leary, and his genuine Irish fun mingled in his gravest arguments, as well as in his social enjoyments and

* The Life of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, &c. &c. By the Rev. T. R. England. London 1822.

less important concerns. We remember hearing an anecdote of him, with which we shall head two or three furnished by Mr. England, with whom we should not have quarrelled if he had introduced a few more.

At a review in Hyde Park, O'Leary had stopped to speak to the Prince of Wales, when an Aid du Camp came up with his horse's head so close over the reverend Father's shoulder, that the foam from his mouth was communicated to the Friar's muzzle. Indignant at the accident at such a moment, O'Leary wheeled round, and with his nervous grasp of the bridle threw the animal on his haunches, and his rider almost upon the ground, exclaiming, "I shaved this morning already, Sir, and I won't be *luthered* again by you."

Our author says, amongst other traits of humour that distinguished his residence in England, his acquaintance with the well known Daniel Danser, of penurious notoriety, is not the least remarkable. The retired habits and low cautious avarice which characterised that strange man, rendered an introduction to him difficult, and an intimacy of any continuance a matter almost out of the range of possibility. The obstacles to both were overcome by O'Leary. During a visit which he made in the neighbourhood where Danser resided, he found means to gain admittance into the ruined dwelling where the miser passed his life. Some strange communication, which he contrived to have conveyed to the object of his search, got him admittance to a filthy apartment, where the haggard lord of the mansion anxiously awaited his arrival. O'Leary introduced himself as a relative of the *Danser* family, and in a most amusing strain of brilliant and delightful detail of the origin of the name, and the exploits of the early founders of the race from David, who *danced* before the Israelites, he traced the progress of their descent to the collateral branches, the Welsh *jumpers*, then contemporaries of *dancing* notoriety. His wit triumphed : for a moment the sallow brow of avarice became illumined by the indications of a delighted mind, and *Danser* had courage enough to invite his visitor to partake of a glass

of wine, which, he said, he would procure for his refreshment. A cordial shake of hands was the return made for O'Leary's polite refusal of so expensive a compliment ; and he came from the house followed by its strange tenant, who, to the amusement of O'Leary, and the astonishment of the only other person who witnessed the scene, solicited the favour of another visit.—

"At one of the meetings of the English catholic board, whilst O'Leary was addressing the chairman, the late Lord Petre, it was suggested by the noble president that the speaker was entering on topics not calculated to promote the unanimity of the assembly. O'Leary, however, persevered ; on which Lord Petre interrupted him, adding, ' Mr. O'Leary, I regret much to see that you are *out of order*.' The reply was equally quick and characteristic—"I thank you for your anxiety, my lord ; but I assure you *I never was in better health in my life*." The archness of manner with which these words were uttered was triumphant, and every unpleasant feeling was lost in the mirth which was necessarily excited."

The wag was himself sometimes played upon.

"The angry themes of religious disputation were, through life, sedulously avoided by O'Leary. He never published any thing professedly controversial. His sermons, as has already been noticed, frequently turned on points of religious belief ; and, in some of his writings, his vindication of many of the doctrines and practices of the catholic church was equally learned and successful. Once, however, notwithstanding his declared aversion to polemics, he was led into its thorny way. The circumstance was as follows :—Some time before he quitted Cork, he received a letter, through the post office ; the writer of which, in terms expressive of the utmost anxiety, stated that he was a clergyman of the established church, on whose mind impressions favourable to the catholic creed had been made by some sermons of O'Leary's ;—he was an enemy, he said, to angry controversy ; but as a ray of light had broken in on his mind,

he yielded to a conscientious impulse to seek further and fuller information on some articles of the catholic creed, than the course of his early education had permitted or enabled him to acquire. His name he forbore to reveal. O'Leary, who was ever alive to the claims of duty as well as humanity, replied in a manner perfectly satisfactory to his anonymous correspondent. Other doubts were expressed and dissipated; and, through a series of eight or ten long letters, every point of difference between the catholic and protestant churches was urged, on the one hand, with the utmost force, and refuted by the other, in the ablest and most convincing manner. The triumphant controvertist had, in the joy of his heart, whispered the important secret, (a discovery of which subjected him, by the laws then in force, to transportation or death,) to a few ecclesiastical confidants; amongst whom was his bosom friend, the late Rev. Lawrence Callanan, a Franciscan friar, of Cork. Their congratulations and approbation were not wanting to urge forward the champion of orthodoxy. His arguments bore all before them: even the obstacles arising from family and legal motives were disregarded by the enthusiastic convert; and he besought O'Leary to name a time and place at which he might lift the mysterious visor, by which he had, hitherto, been concealed; and, above all, have an opportunity afforded to him to express his sentiments of gratitude and veneration to his friend and teacher.

"The appointed hour arrived:—O'Leary arranged his orthodox wig; put on his Sunday suit of sables, and sallied forth in all the collected gravity of a man fully conscious of the novelty and responsibility of the matter in which he was engaged. He arrived at the appointed place of meeting some minutes after the fixed time—was told that a respectable clergyman awaited his arrival in an adjoining parlour—thither he goes, and finds seated at a table, with the entire correspondence before him, *his brother friar Callanan*. The joke in O'Leary's opinion was carried too far, and the subject was too serious to be trifled with; and it re-

quired the sacrifice of the correspondence, and the interference of mutual friends to effect a reconciliation. Any allusion to the matter afterwards he looked upon to be personally offensive; and it may be doubted whether his friendship for Mr. Callanan ever entirely recovered from the wound inflicted on it by this circumstance."

The following, relating to the time of Lord George Gordon's riots, is deserving of being classed with the above.

"An Italian, who had come to London for purposes of trade, and whose notions of an English mob were not much tempered by common sense or experience, was anxious, during the heat of the riots, to get safe to his lodging from a distant party of the city; but as he feared lest his being a catholic and his ignorance of the English language should subject him to insult, if not to a chance of being knocked down, he prevailed with an acquaintance of his to teach him some vulgar and popular denunciation of *popery*. After some very successful repetitions of this *pass word*, he ventured into the streets. He had not, however, proceeded an hundred yards on his way, when he perceived eight or ten athletic fellows, armed with bludgeons, and apparently under the influence of intoxication, coming towards him. These he guessed to be members of Lord G. Gordon's association; and, of course, he immediately took off his hat, waved it in the air, and vociferated, in a painful screech, '*Damn the pope and popery.*' His uncovered head was too tempting an object not to attract the leader of the party, (which consisted of Irish chairmen, who, taking courage from despair, and who, fully charged with gin, had sallied forth, the devoted champions of *Pope and popery*;) a blow of a cudgel felled the recreant to the earth, which was quickly followed by others, at every effort of '*Damnation*,' till their victim was rescued from his assailants by an Irish gentleman, to whom he was fortunately known; and whose influence with his infuriate countrymen probably saved the life of his Italian friend."

But to return to our subject. O'Leary was with Dr. Hussey attach-

ed to the Spanish Embassy in London, and during the last years of his life preached at the chapel in Sutton-Street, Soho Square, whither curiosity as well as admiration attracted many hearers. He also latterly received a pension, from the liberality of Government, of £200 a year.

“One circumstance (says his biographer) remarkable during his residence in London, was, that in the midst of the distractions by which he was occupied, he still retained the love of religious solitude, which he had early imbibed in the exercises of the cloister; and he frequently, towards the close of his life, deeply and earnestly regretted his having ever quitted the peaceful retreats of piety and learning. If the circumstances in which he was placed would have permitted such a line of conduct, there is reason to believe that, notwithstanding his social attractions and disposition, his wishes led him to end his life in retirement:—but such a choice was denied to him; and he had no alternative but that of occasional retreat for the purposes of personal sanctification.”

His early feelings, habits, and religion, led him to be a strenuous hater of the French revolution. He pitied the unfortunate emigrants, and frequently exercised his pen to plead their cause; and in a pithy description of a visit

which he paid to France, depicted the effects of the change that had taken place by saying, that “there was not *now* one gentleman left in the whole country.” A pamphlet against perjury, suggested by the shocking disregard to oaths at the Westminster election, was never published; and the last production of his pen was a memorial in behalf of the Fathers of La Trappe, then fugitives on the face of the earth. On the day after his arrival in London from France he died, 8th January, 1802, aged 72, and was buried in St. Pancras Church-yard.

We shall not prolong this paper with any remarks. Mr. England, as we have hinted, occasionally speaks rather coarsely of those from whom he differs in opinion; in other respects he has performed his task satisfactorily enough. He signalizes the year 1774 as the first dawn of relaxation towards the Catholics, by the passing of the Act whereby they were admitted to certify their allegiance to the King; and he mentions that Dr. Egan, at Clonmell (who died in 1797,) “was the first catholic clergyman in Ireland, since the Revolution, who was permitted to assist criminals under sentence of death, previously to their execution.”

These are about all the benefits we are told of—they seem to be written in water; the injuries in brass.

(*Lond. Mag.*)

PLΛ DAUT NAE MAIR A POSIE.

1.

ONCE I loved a lily hand,
A cheek baith ripe and rosie;
Once I loved a ruddie lip,—
I'll daut nae mair a posie;
Sweet is a rose to smell and pu',
When opening is its fragrant mou,
But there's a worm among the dew—
I'll daut nae mair a posie.

2

Once I met a rosie cheek
Among the dews of even,
An ce that kenn'd nae ill but love
Could wiled a saint frae heaven,

Though love's divine delicious lowe
Warm in those rosie cheeks did glow,
Where pity has forgot to grow,
'Tis but a posie living.

3.

Woman, thou art a bairnly playke
Wi' nought but beauty's blossom;
But thou'rt a flower of heavenly power,
Wi' pity in thy bosom.
Wi' a' thy smiles and a' thy charms,
Wi' a' thy failings and thy harms
Thou'rt lovelier in a bodie's arms
Than ought that bears a blossom. C

(Literary Gazette.)

A SELECTION OF POPULAR AIRS, &c. No. IV.

THE WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

THE style in which this number is finished is most praiseworthy; but we reserve our chief applause for the beautiful lyrical effusions of Mr. Moore, whose Muse seems to drink at an inexhaustible Hippocrene of Song. We have here twelve of its overflowings, not all indeed of equal merit, but some of them charmingly sparkling, others delightfully pure, and only two or three of a turbid inferiority.

Of the eleven Airs of which the Number consists, four are also harmonized: and there is one harmonized which is not given as a simple air. It is the most touching of them all in sentiment, and does honour to the Minstrel who pays so feeling a tribute to the Bard of Scotland, whose race is o'er—Poor Burns!

Here sleeps the Bard, who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell;
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died like distant streamlets on the ear.

Sleep, sleep, alike unheeded now
The storm and zephyr sweeps thy lifeless brow,
That storm, whose rush is like the martial lay,
That breeze, which like thy love-song dies away.

This is from a Highland Air: the others are Venetian, Sicilian, Savoyard, Mahratta, Swedish, Neapolitan, French, German, and Italian; and more or less characteristic of the music of those countries.

The first in the volume is a playful *jeu d'esprit* to a Swedish tune—the thoughts are perhaps better suited to more southern climes, but we will admire them *in se*.

Come, listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some perhaps may sigh.
Tho' Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth sometimes, like Eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, Maids, come listen, &c.

Young Chloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none, in all our vales and groves,
E'er caught so much small game.

While gentle Sue, less given to roam,
When Chloe's nets were taking
These flights of birds, sat still at home,
One small, neat Love-cage making.
Come listen, Maids, come listen, &c.

Much Chloe laugh'd at Susan's task,
But mark how things went on,—
These light caught Loves, ere you could ask
Their name and age, were gone!
So weak poor Chloe's nets were wove,
That tho' she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the smallest Love
Was able to break through them.
Come listen, Maids, come listen, &c.

Meanwhile young Sue, whose cage was wrought
Of bars too strong to sever,
One Love, with golden pinions, caught,
And cag'd him there for ever.
Instructing thereby all coquettes,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That though 'tis pleasant weaving nets,
'Tis wiser to make cages.

Thus, Maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply;
May all who hear, like Susan smile,
Ah! not like Chloe, sigh.

The two next pieces, to Venetian and Silician strains, are not only less poetical, but in our opinion, far below the writer's standard. The fourth Song, however, makes amends: it is a pretty anacreontic of Neapolitan origin.

Take hence the bowl, tho' beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
Oh! it but sets me dreaming
Of days, of nights now gone!

There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection
Like shades before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some friend who once sat by;
Bright lips, too bright to wither,—
Warm hearts, too warm to die!

Till, as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanish'd years,
Then, then the cup before me
Seems turning all to tears!

Passing over the next, as not much, if at all, above the middling class, we arrive at a sweet amatory composition, to a Savoyard tune.

How oft when watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my easement lean.

"Oh come, my love!" each note it utters seems to say

"Oh come, my love! the night wears fast away."

No, ne'er to mortal ear
Can words, though warm they be,
Speak Passion's language half so clear
As do those notes to me!

Then quickly my own lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest swell,
And though they ought to others speak,
He knows their language well.

"I come, my love!" each sound they utter seems
to say,

"I come, my love! thine, thine till break of day."

Oh! weak the power of words,
The hues of painting dim,
Compar'd to what those simple chords
Then say and paint to him.

The following is of the same genus,
and equally sweet, with a warmer glow,
though to a German Air:

When the first summer bee
O'er the young rose shall hover,
Then, like that gay rover,
I'll come to thee.

He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim—
What a meeting, what a meeting, for me and for him!
When the first summer bee, &c.

Then to every bright tree
In the garden he'll wonder;

While I, oh! much fonder,
Will stay with thee!
In search of new sweetness thro' thousands he'll run,
While I find the sweetness of thousands in One!
Then to every bright tree, &c.

The eighth possesses no peculiar recommendation; and the ninth is one of those sparkling conceits which glitter more than they charm. The tenth is about Neapolitan liberty: the words are brandy, the theme whey; or, the former the crater of Vesuvius, the latter its surrounding snow, neither to be warmed nor melted. The last is more successful; and being set to a striking Mahratta Air, will, we think, be a favourite, as it is a fanciful anacreontic.

Ne'er talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools,
Give me the Sage, who's able
To draw his moral thoughts and rules
From the sunshine of the table;
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
This world and all that's in it,
From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
And is gone again next minute.

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water,
While truth, more precious dwells in wine,
The grape's own rosy daughter!
And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
Through sparkling floods to gain her!

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

And the muffled drum rolled on the air,
Warriors with stately step were there;
On every arm was the black crape bound,
Every carbine was turned to the ground:
Solemn the sound of their unmeasured tread,
As silent and slow they followed the dead.
The riderless horse was led in the rear,
There were white plumes waving over the bier:
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,
For it was a Soldier's funeral.—

That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,
Where every step was over the slain;
But the brand and the ball had passed him by,
And he came to his native land to die.
'Twas hard to come to that native land,
And not clasp one familiar hand!

'Twas hard to be numbered amid the dead,
Or ere he could hear his welcome said!
But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,
And to lay his bones on his own lov'd shore;
To think that the friends of his youth might weep
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep!

The bugles ceased their wailing sound
As the coffin was lowered into the ground:
A volley was fired, a blessing said,
One moment's pause—and they left the dead!—
I saw a poor and aged man,
His step was feeble, his lip was wan:
He knelt him down on the new raised mound,
His face was bowed on the cold damp ground,
He raised his head, his tears were done—
The Father had prayed o'er his only Son! L.E.L.

PARISIAN THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

A Lady in one of the boxes alone waited for a friend with whom she had intended to spend the evening, when to her surprise the door was opened, and a stranger was admitted. She remonstrated, and asked whether it was intrusion or the fault of the door keeper, as she had given the only cheque to

her particular friend?—but the stranger assured her there was neither mistake nor error, as he had paid 25 francs for the admission. The Paris Editor exclaims humorously against the spirit of commerce, which could thus tempt a favoured swain to sell his mistress's gift.

WELCH MELODIES, &c.

AND CHARACTERISTIC WORDS BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE SEA-SONG OF GAVRAN.*

Air—"The live-long night."

Watch ye well! The moon is shrouded
On her bright throne;
Storms are gathering, stars are clouded,
Waves make wild moan.
'Tis no night of hearth-fires glowing,
And gay songs and wine-cups flowing,
But of winds, in darkness blowing,
O'er seas unknown!

In the dwellings of our fathers,
Round the glad blaze,
Now the festive circle gathers,
With harps and lays;
Now the rush-strewn halls are ringing,
Steps are bounding, bards are singing,
—Ay! the hour to all is bringing
Peace, joy or praise!

Save to us, our night-watch keeping,
Storm-winds to brave,
While the very sea-bird sleeping,
Rests in its cave!
Think of us when hearths are beaming,
Think of us when mead is streaming,
Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming,
On the dark wave!

THE HALL OF CYNDDYLLAN.

Air—"The Door-Clapper."

The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to night,
I weep, for the grave has extinguish'd its light;
The beam of its lamp from the summit is o'er,
The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no more!

The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless and still,
The sound of its harpings hath died on the hill!
Be silent for ever, thou desolate scene,
Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath been!

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and bare,
No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there!
Oh! where are the warriors who circled its board?
—The grass will soon wave where the mead-cup was pour'd!

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,
Since He is departed whose smile made it bright!
I mourn, but the sigh of my soul shall be brief,
The pathway is short to the grave of my chief!

* Gavran was a British Chief, who in the fifth century undertook a voyage to discover the islands which, by tradition, were known under the appellation of Gwerddonant Llion, or Green Islands of the Ocean, This expedition was never afterwards heard of. See *Cambrian Biography*.

We shall only add Owain Glyndwr's War-song (which is accompanied by a very well conceived and well executed plate by H. F. Rose,) a martial and inspiring theme:

WAR-SONG.

Saw ye the blazing star?
The heavens look down on freedom's war,
And light her torch on high!
Bright on the dragon-crest
It tells that glory's wing shall rest,
When warriors meet to die!
Let earth's pale tyrants read despair,
And vengeance in its flame.
Hail ye, my bards! the omen fair
Of conquest and of fame,
And swell the rushing mountain-air,
With songs to Glyndwr's name.

At the dead hour of night,
Mark'd ye how each majestic height
Burn'd in its awful beams?
Red shone th' eternal snows,
And all the land, as bright it rose,
Was full of glorious dreams!
Oh! eagles of the battle, rise!
The hope of Gwynedd wakes!
It is your banner in the skies,
Thro' each dark cloud which breaks,
And mantles, with triumphal dyes,
Your thousand hills and lakes!

A sound is on the breeze,
A murmur, as of swelling seas!
The Saxon's on his way!
Lo! spear, and shield, and lance,
From Deva's waves, with lightning glance,
Reflected to the day!
But who the torrent-wave compels
A conqueror's chain to bear?
Let those who wake the soul that dwells
On our free winds, beware!
The greenest and the loveliest dells
May be the lion's lair!

Of us they told, the seers
And monarch-bards of elder years,
Who walk'd on earth, as pow'rs
And in their burning strains
A spell of might and mystery reigns,
To guard our mountain-towers!
—In Snowdon's caves a prophet lay,
Before his gifted sight
The march of ages pass'd away,
With hero-footsteps bright,
But proudest in that long array
Was Glyndwr's path of light!

Varieties.

(London Magazines, January.)

PROVERBS.

"AS EQUAL AS A HERRING-BONE."

In the Isle of Man a proverbial expression forcibly indicates the object constantly occupying the minds of the inhabitants. The two Deemsters or judges, when appointed to the chair of judgment, declare they will render justice between man and man 'as equally as the herring bone lies between the two sides;' an image which could not have occurred to any people unaccustomed to the herring fishery.

"RULED BY THE RUDDER OR RULED BY THE ROCK."

There is a Cornish proverb, 'Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock.'—The strands of Cornwall, so often covered with wrecks, could not fail to impress on the imagination of its inhabitants the two objects from whence they drew this salutary proverb against obstinate wrong-heads. - - -

"AND REVENGE 500 POUNDS."

The philosophical antiquary may often discover how many a proverb commemorates an event which has escaped from the more solemn monuments of history, and is often the solitary authority of its existence. A national event in Spanish history is preserved by a proverb. *Y vengar quinientos saeldas*; 'And revenge five hundred pounds!' An odd expression to denote a person being a gentleman! But the proverb is historical. The Spaniards of Old Castile were compelled to pay an annual tribute of five hundred maidens to their masters, the Moors; after several battles, the Spaniards succeeded in compromising the shameful tribute by as many pieces of coin; at length the day arrived when they entirely emancipated themselves from this odious imposition. The heroic action was performed by men of distinction; and the event perpetuated in the recollection of the Spaniards, by this singular expression, which alludes to the dishonourable tribute, was applied to characterise all men of high

honour, and devoted lovers of their country. - - -

"HAND OVER HEAD, AS MEN TOOK THE COVENANT."

Among our own proverbs a remarkable incident has been commemorated; *Hand over head, as men took the Covenant!* This preserves the manner in which the Scotch covenant, so famous in our history, was violently taken by above sixty thousand persons about Edinburgh, in 1638; a circumstance at that time novel in our own revolutionary history, and afterwards paralleled by the French in voting by "acclamation."

"TESTERS ARE GONE TO OXFORD, TO STUDY AT BRAZEN-NOSE."

An ancient English proverb preserves a curious fact concerning our coinage. *Testers are gone to Oxford, to study at Brazen-nose.* When Henry the Eighth debased the silver coin, called *testers*, from their having a head stamped on each side; the brass, breaking out in red pimples on their silver faces, provoked the ill-humour of the people to vent itself in this punning proverb, which has preserved for the historical antiquary the popular feeling which lasted about fifty years, till Elizabeth reformed the state of the coinage.

"THERE IS NO BROODING OUT OF THE NEST."

The Italian history of its own small principalities, whose well-being so much depended on their prudence and sagacity, affords many instances of the timely use of a proverb. Many an intricate negotiation has been contracted through a good-humoured proverb,—many a sarcastic one has silenced an adversary; and sometimes they have been applied on more solemn, and even tragical occasions. When Rinaldo degli Albizzi was banished by the vigorous conduct of Cosmo de' Medici, Machiavel tells us, the expelled man sent Cosmo a menace, in a proverb, *Lagallina covava!* 'The hen is brooding!' said of one meditating vengeance. The undaunted Cosmo re-

plied by another, that 'There was no brooding out of the nest !'

" I HAVE PAID MY ENGLISH."

Among these historical proverbs none are more interesting than those which perpetuate national events, connected with those of another people. When a Frenchman would let us understand that he has settled with his creditors, the proverb is, *J'ai payé tous mes Anglois* : 'I have paid all my English.' This proverb originated when John, the French king, was taken prisoner by our Black Prince. Levies of money were made for the king's ransom, and for many French lords ; and the French people have thus perpetuated the military glory of our nation, and their own idea of it, by making the *English*, and their *creditors* synonymous terms. Another relates to the same event—*Ore le Pape est devenu François, Jesu Christ Anglois* : 'Now the Pope is become French and Jesus Christ English ;' a proverb which arose when the Pope, exiled from Rome, held his court at Avignon in France ; and the English prospered so well, that they possessed more than half the kingdom. The Spanish proverb concerning England is well known—

*Con todo el mundo guerra,
Y paz con Inglaterra !*

"War with the world,
And peace with England !"

Whether this proverb was one of the results of their memorable armada, and was only coined after their conviction of the splendid folly which they had committed, I cannot ascertain. England must have always been a desirable ally to Spain, against her potent rival and neighbour. The Italians have a proverb, which formerly, at least, was strongly indicative of the travelled Englishman in their country, *Inglese Italianato è undiavolo incarnato* : 'The Italianised Englishman is a devil incarnate.' Formerly there existed a closer intercourse between our country and Italy than with France. Before and during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, that land of the elegant arts modelled our taste and manners ; and more Italians travelled into England, and were more

constant residents, from commercial concerns, than afterwards when France assumed a higher rank in Europe by her political superiority. The cause will sufficiently account for the number of Italian proverbs relating to England, which show an intimacy which could not else have occurred. It was probable some sarcastic Italian, and perhaps, horologer, who, to describe the disagreement of persons, proverbied our nation—"They agree like the clocks of London !"

We were once better famed for merry Christmasses and their pies ; and it must have been Italians who had been domiciliated with us who gave currency to the proverb—*Ha piu da fare che i fornì di natala Inghilterra* : 'He has more business than English ovens at Christmas.' Our pie-loving gentry were notorious, and Shakespeare's folio was usually laid open in the great halls of our nobility to entertain their attendants, who devoured at once Shakespeare and their pasty. Some of those volumes have come down to us, not only with the stains, but enclosing even the identical pie-crusts of the Elizabethan age.

NEW SOLAR THEORY.

Dr. Hoyer of Minden, has published in the Sunday Journal of that town, a detailed account of his hypothesis that the Nucleus of the Sun consists of molten gold.

HEIDEGGER.

One of our Wine and Walnut papers described the extraordinary ugliness of Heidegger : we have since heard the following anecdote of it. A Nobleman dunned by his tailor, who was not only a very ill-favoured person, but perhaps made still more disgraceful by his business, said to him in a humorous pet, "Gad curse it—you are the ugliest rascal in London. Show me but a man as ugly as yourself, and I'll pay your bill." Our ingenious tradesman departed, reflecting on this hard condition, when by good luck it struck him to enlist Heidegger on his behalf ; but this was no easy job ; Heidegger was a high Don, and it was absolutely necessary to employ finesse. So he went to the Count as

with a message from my Lord, desiring to see him immediately. Heidegger hesitated, but at length went; and the Tailor watching his opportunity, popped his own ugly face in at the door along with the hideous visage of the foreigner. The Nobleman could not resist the appeal, but bursting into a fit of laughter, worth all the money, gave a cheque for his bill.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE *of* LONGEVITY.

At Feodosia, in the Crimea, lives a porter named Soast Oglu, born at Erzerum in Armenia in 1702, who is still so strong, that he can go up stairs like a young man, and last year was able to carry a sack of flour up a hill. His appetite and memory are good, and his grey beard begins to turn black at the roots, a phenomenon which, it is said, has been noticed before in other persons of an advanced age. He has likewise cut three new teeth since he was a hundred years old. He has, however lost his hearing, probably from being obliged, through poverty, to sleep in the streets thinly clothed during the very severe weather.—Mr. Busche, the Counsellor of State, has taken a portrait of this old man; and Count Langeron, the Military Governor, and his lady, have had him presented to them, and given him relief.

THE BLOOD : NEW THEORY.

Sir Everard Home has delivered a lecture, in which he maintains that Carbonic Acid Gas forms a large proportion of the blood, and that this fluid is a *tubular* structure. We know not by what experiments he justifies the latter hypothesis, so contrary to received opinions. He imputes the germination of grain to the same cause, viz. the shooting of a tube of the Gas through the globular juice of the grain.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

Another of those manufactured monsters, a Mermaid, (supposed to be one of the *male* species) is now exhibiting in the Strand, and rivals, in its infamous ingenuity of construction, the *Ward in Chancery* in St. James's-street. It was brought by a Captain Forster to England, and sold to Frith and Bradley, Pawnbrokers in St. Catharine's, and was publicly exhibited 29

years ago in Broad-court. It differs from its rival, not in beauty, but in a lateral fin. Are not the exhibitions of notorious impostures liable to immediate investigation by the Police? and if so, ought not this to have been examined by dissection, and if fabricated, which cannot be doubted, the parties interested in it punished? The Society for the suppression of Vice attacks less impious appeals to the public than the declaration of those vagabonds, that it is a *natural production, and one of the wonderful works of God.*

ANECDOTE.

A man who boasted that he knew how to employ his time to the best advantage, told a friend that he never walked out without a book in his hand: "Well!" replied the other, this is the best way to read without advantage, and walk without pleasure."

BONAPARTE'S MOTHER.

The foreign newspapers announce, during the last month, the death of an extraordinary personage. Her last words were singular; and as it is not impossible that they may one day turn out prophetic, we give them a place in our record for more purposes than that of mere amusement. The evening preceding her death she called together all her household; she was supported on white velvet pillows; her bed was crimson damask, and in the centre hung a crown decorated with flowers. The whole of the apartment was superbly decorated and illuminated. She called her servants, one after another, to her bedside, who knelt and kissed her hand, which was one blaze of gems! To her chief director of finances, Juan Berosa, she said,—“Juan, my blessing go with thee and thine.” To Maria Belgrade, her waiting-maid, she said, “Go to Gerome, he will take care of thee. *When my grandson is Emperor of France, he will make thee a great woman.*” She then called Colonel Darley to her bedside; he had attended her in all her fortunes, and in Napoleon's will was assigned to have a donation of 14,000*l.* “You,” said she, “have been a good friend to me and my family; I have left you what will make you happy. *Never forget my grandson—and what he and you may*

arrive at is beyond my discerning—but *you will both be great.*" She then called in her junior servants, and as their names were mentioned, marked down with a pencil, on a sheet of paper the pecuniary donation which she intended for each. When they were dismissed, she then declared, that she had done with this world, and demanded some water, in which she washed her hands. Her attendants found her dead, with her hand under her head, and a prayer-book on her breast. "Thus," says the account, "perished the mother of one who has been a meteor upon earth, and a blazing star to direct others." Madame Mere, as she was called, died immensely rich; the bulk of her fortune goes to young Napoleon. She was latterly a very religious woman, and much under the influence of her brother, Cardinal Fesch.

AN INQUIRY.

MR. EDITOR,—During a short stay in Paris in 1815, I was one day passing by the Quai du Louvre, where a grimacier caught my attention, who was grinning for customers to his master's course of Philosophical experiments: the price of admittance into a temporary shed, which served for an Exhibition room, was two sous. I gave half a franc, and my munificence was rewarded by a situation very near the philosopher. His apparatus was excellent. With a large air-pump he froze water by a rapid exhaustion, without the assistance of absorbents; and by a converse experiment he produced fire by sudden condensation of the air. But his most amusing and interesting experiments were performed with a powerful plate electrifying machine. Many of those which are usual were shewn—one was very diverting: a girl taken from the crowd, was placed on the insulated stool, and the young fellows were challenged to kiss her; several attempted it, but before their lips could come into contact, sparks from her nose always drove them off, to the great amusement of the spectators and the discomfiture even of some young soldiers who made the attempt. But the object, Mr. Editor, of this communication, is to make inquiry through the medium of your paper, respecting

one of the experiments that I witnessed. A pot of mould was placed on the stool, on a table; the exhibitor took from a bottle a mouthful of liquid, which I then believed to be water, and blew it over the surface of the mould to moisten it; he then sprinkled some cress and mustard seed on the surface, and placed on them a round piece of tin, apparently the bottom of an old kettle; on this the chain was laid, and the machine was worked strongly, for a time, not exceeding a minute. When the tin plate was removed, it was discovered that the seed had sprouted to a sallad an inch long! I was struck with the experiment, never having seen it before, and examined every thing about it, not to detect imposture, for there was none intended, the exhibitor professing philosophy not necromancy, but that I might be enabled to repeat the experiment when an opportunity occurred. Since my return to England, I have tried it, without success, and consulted friends who are conversant with electrical facts, yet ignorant of this very interesting and useful one. If this account should meet the eye of any gentleman who can communicate to you further information upon the subject, I think it may prove of general interest.

O.

POPULATION RETURNS.

By the late population returns, the principal places in Great Britain appear as follows: London 1,225,694; Glasgow, 147,043; Edinburgh, 138,235; Manchester and Salford, 133,788; Liverpool 118,972; Birmingham 106,722; Bristol 97,779; Leeds 83,796; Newcastle 46,948; Aberdeen 44,796; Hull with Sculcoates 39,040; Bath 36,811; Norwich 50,288; Plymouth 61,212; Portsmouth and Gosport 51,832; Sheffield 42,157; Nottingham 40,415; Dundee 30,475.

ADVENTURES OF A THIEF:

IMPROMPTUS.

Tom Treadmill from a jeweler's shop one day
A silver tea-pot stole, and ran away:
Pursued and caught, he in the dock was placed,
And hanged on proof how thief and pot were chased.

A thief stole a tea-pot, in a window placed:
Both pot and thief excessively were chased;
And after being taken, as they tell,
Were both of them directly sent to cell.
Still they were both alike, both still were suited,
For each of them was highly executed.

PUN LEGAL.

A short time before the removal of the Irish Courts to their present splendid buildings, one of the walls of the old Court-house was in a very tottering condition.--- While a law argument was going on one day in full Court, this assumed so dangerous an appearance as to check the proceedings for a short time; during which a young Wag at the Bar addressed the Court, saying, "My Lord, I move for an *injunction to stay the proceedings* of that wall,"—"There is no need, (replied Curran)—a *temporary bar* will be sufficient.

MUSIC.

Proposals are circulated for publishing by subscription, in two folio volumes, a Selection from the most admired Works of that eminent Composer, the late Dr Callcott, including several Manuscript Pieces never before presented to the public, and a Memoir of the Author, written by Mr. Horsley. This desirable Work is expected in the course of the summer; and when we add not only the price is moderate, being only 52s. but that it is for the benefit of a family deprived of their chief stay, we are sure the

friends of musical genius will not be slow in giving it their support.

CHINESE FRIENDSHIP.

An officer in Irkutsk having bought something of a Chinese in Kiachta, called him his friend several times, and at parting invited him to visit at his house if ever he came to his country. Several months after, the Chinese arrived at Irkutsk, and took up his abode with *his friend* the officer. He remained there seven days, and when he went away took all that pleased him, furniture, paintings, clocks, &c. saying, "Adieu, friend." Not long after, the Russian had need of 3000 rubles. As he could not well raise the money at Irkutsk, he travelled to Kiachta, went to the Chinese and begged him to lend him 3000 rubles. "Lend! lend and good friend!" murmured the Chinese: "here, go to my desk and take as much as you want; but if you say any thing more about lending and repaying, our friendship is at an end." The Russian took the sum he wanted, and as he was going away the Chinese shook him heartily by the hand, and cried "Adieu, my dear friend!"

THE FEMALE CONVICT.

(Literary Gazette.)

[Suggested by the interesting description in the Memoirs of John Nicol, mariner, quoted in the Review of the *Literary Gazette*, and extracted into the last No. of the *Athenaeum*, p. 481.]

She shrank from all, and her silent mood
Made her wish only for solitude:
Her eye sought the ground, as it could not brook,
For innermost shame, on another's to look;
And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear
Like deadliest words, that were curses to hear!—
She still was young, and she had been fair;
But weather-stains, hunger toil and care,
That frost and fever that wear the heart,
Had made the colours of youth depart
From the fallow cheek, save over it came
The burning flush of spirit's shame.

They were sailing over the salt sea foam,
Far from her country, far from her home;
And all she had left for her friends to keep
Was a name to hide, and a memory to weep!
And her future held forth but the felon's lot,
To live forsaken—to die forgot!
She could not weep, and she could not pray,
But she wasted and withered from day to day,
Till you might have counted each sunken vein
When her wrist was prest by the iron chain;
And sometimes I thought her large dark eye
Had the glisten of red insanity.

She called me once to her sleeping place;
A strange wild look was upon her face,
Her eyes flashed over her cheek so white,
Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,
And she spoke in a low unearthly tone—
The sound from mine ear hath never gone!

"I had last night the loveliest dream:
My own land shone in the summer beam,
I saw the fields of the golden grain,
I heard the reaper's harvest strain;
There stood on the hills the green pine tree,
And the thrush and the lark sang merrily.
A long and a weary way I had come;
But I stopp'd, methought, by mine own sweet home—
I stood by the hearth, and my Father sat there,
With pale thin face, and snow-white hair!
The Bible lay upon his knee,
But he closed the book to welcome me.
He led me next where my Mother lay,
And together we knelt by her grave to pray,
And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,
For it echoed one to my young days dear.
This dream has waked feelings long, long since fled,
And hopes which I deemed in my heart were dead!
—We have not spoken, but still I have hung
On the northern accents that dwell on thy tongue;
To me they are music, to me they recall
The things long hidden by memory's pall!
Take this long curl of yellow hair,
And give it my Father, and tell him my prayer,
My dying prayer, was for him. - - -"

Next day -

Upon the deck a coffin lay;
They raised it up, and like a dirge
The heavy gale swept o'er the surge;
The corpse was cast to the wind and wave—
The Convict has found in the green sea a grave.

L. E. L.

[The writer of these charming effusions, under the signature of L. E. L., is a young lady in her teens, whose genius bids fair long and successfully to irradiate the temple of the Muses.]

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1823.

(Monthly Magazine, Feb.)

ANECDOTES OF DIPLOMACY.

Communicated by a *ci-devant* Ambassador, now resident at Brussels.

MARIA LOUISA.

WHEN Napoleon, in the year 1809, entered Vienna as a conqueror, he chose the beautiful castle of Schonbrunn, near Vienna, for his residence on the occasion. One morning, after breakfast, to gratify his curiosity, he proceeded to take a general survey of the apartments, which had been deserted, some weeks before, in haste by the imperial family.

The tale is simple, and turns on one incident. Napoleon, the hero of it, attended only by Meyer, one of the castle inspectors, entering one of the apartments, observed the portraits of the Emperor's children—Maria Louisa, Leopoldina, and Clementina. Napoleon's attention was most powerfully attracted to the first, and he demanded of the inspector, if Maria Louisa was as handsome and agreeable as there represented, telling him to state his opinion fairly and clearly. The answer he received was satisfactory: "Sir, (replied the old man,) she is indeed as beautiful as her portrait; and what is still more excellent and engaging, she possesses the amiable qualities of the heart in a very eminent degree: she is virtue herself, and her goodness makes her beloved by every one that approaches her." "Well, then," (said the Emperor,) "let the portrait be put in my cabinet, and placed before my writing-table." This order was instantly

obeyed; and, when he left Vienna, he carried the portrait with him, and the Princess found it in his rooms on her arrival at Paris, at the time of her marriage.

When the Emperor Francis had determined upon the union between Maria Louisa and Napoleon, he was not ignorant of the animosity borne by his daughter, wife, and mother-in-law, (Maria Beatrix d'Este,) against his intended son-in-law. He had not the courage to make the first overture to his daughter; but charged the Countess Chanclos, governess to the Princess, to use every persuasion to prepare her for a close and near alliance with the French emperor.

The countess, thinking she had found one evening a proper occasion for introducing this subject, informed the princess, that the emperor her father had affianced her to the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. No words could do justice to the princess's emotions upon hearing this declaration: she fell down upon the sofa, screaming, fainting, and crying, "No, no, never will I be married to such a monster;" and she forbade the countess, once for all, ever to repeat his name in her presence.

The countess having reported to the emperor the ill success of her overture, his wishes and feelings inclined him to undertake the matter himself. On

the day and hour appointed, accompanied by his daughters Leopoldina and Clementina, he repaired to the apartments of the princess; and, with that paternal affection which characterises this sovereign, with candour and sincerity stated the necessity of such an alliance, as being the only means left to save the imperial family, and the whole country from subjection; that, should she persist in her refusal, they would be obliged to abandon the empire a second time to the conqueror.

This conversation took place in a room, the windows of which opened upon the ruined walls and demolished fortifications of Vienna. Maria Louisa, taking her father by the hand, led him to the view of what that devoted city had already experienced,—a scene of wide-extended desolation. “Can you (said she,) give the hand of your beloved child to such a destroyer?” “True (said Francis,) but the evils which you deplore—all the misfortunes of the country,—arise from the laws of war; the destructive machinations of which will begin with more fury than ever, involving the state, and all of us, perhaps, in one common ruin.”

The emperor, observing the repugnance of his daughter, yet feeling the necessity of this sacrifice, besought the princess with tears, and with so much importunity, that she could no longer resist. “Be composed, my beloved father, (said she;) and weep not so bitterly, my good sisters; you shall be obeyed; and from this moment I will do every thing that you require of me.”

It is asserted by the Countess Chanclos, who was present, that when the Princess Leopoldina (then between thirteen and fourteen years of age,) had seen the aversion of her eldest sister to this union, she said she would be married to the Emperor Napoleon, to deliver them all out of their painful situation. The Emperor Francis, tenderly smiling, replied, “You are a child; you don’t understand what you say.”

The Princess Maria Louisa was then married by proxy to her uncle, the Archduke Charles; after which she was accompanied by the whole imperial family to Branau, the frontier town.

There she was confided to the care of the Queen of Naples, Napoleon’s sister, and Murat’s wife. Proceeding on her way through France, the Emperor Napoleon met her near Compiègne, and, in the open road, entered her travelling coach.

In the month of June, 1810, Count Joseph Metternich, brother to the Austrian prime-minister, and one of the chamberlains that accompanied the princess to Vienna, and with other dispatches for the imperial family, was charged by the Empress Maria Louisa with an autograph letter, in German, for the old Count Edling, her quondam governor. The following is a translation of, and extract from, the same:—

My dear Count Edling,

I have received from you so many testimonies of your kind care and affection, that I feel an ardent desire to inform you, by Count Joseph Metternich, of the particulars of my present situation. When I left you, and all my friends in Vienna, I saw the good people plunged in deep sorrow, from the persuasion that I was going as a sacrifice to my new destination. I now feel it an agreeable duty to assure you, that during three months’ residence at this court, I have been, and am, the happiest woman in the world. From the first moment I saw, and met the Emperor Napoleon, my beloved husband, he has shown me on every occasion such respectful attentions, with every token of preventing kindness and sincere friendship, that I should be unjust and ungrateful not to acknowledge his noble behaviour.

Believe not, my dear Count, that this is written by any order from my husband; these sentiments are dictated from my heart: nor has any one so much as read the letter.

The emperor, who is at this moment by me, but will not know the contents, has desired me to send you, in his name, the insignia of the order of the Legion of Honour. This he had promised you as a mark of his high esteem for you.

Respecting your wish to visit me at Paris, my husband and I will be very glad to see and receive you, in the month of September, at the Tuilleries; we shall then have returned from a little tour. You will then be a witness of my satisfaction, which I cannot describe to you in this letter.

Adieu, my dear and good Count Edling, remember me to all my beloved family and friends; tell them that I am happy, and that I thank God for this felicity. God bless and preserve you, my dear Count; and believe me that I remain for ever, your affectionate

MARIA LOUISA.

Paris : June 16, 1810.

This letter was communicated with the consent of the Emperor Francis, to some friends of Count Edling; and the writer of this had a true copy taken from the original. The copy was sent, in an official despatch to the Emperor Alexander at St. Petersburg, in the first days of July 1810.

INTERVIEW OF THE SOVEREIGNS ON
THE RAFT AT TILSIT.

After the battle of Friedland in 1807, when war had done its utmost to annoy the respective antagonists, and the merits of the question of peace were to be decided, an interview was agreed upon between the Emperors Alexander and Napoleon, and the King of Prussia. The conference was to be held on a raft, in the middle of the river at Tilsit. To avoid the formalities which etiquette has accumulated, on points that bear a relation to ceremony, it had been decided that, at a signal given, the sovereigns should start in their boats from their respective positions on the banks, and arrive in the same instant at the raft, that one might have no occasion of waiting for another.

It so happened, whether from chance or design does not appear, that the Emperor Napoleon and his suite arrived the first; it was some minutes before the other two sovereigns arrived. In discussing this courtly subject, it is but a fair statement to observe, that Napoleon accosted them in courtly language, that is, with a polite address and a profusion of compliments. The Emperor Alexander, seeing Napoleon a little vexed at the delay, was anxious to bring it forward, with an apologetic notice for the want of punctuality, adding, with his usual gentleness of manner, that nothing could have been more gratifying to his feelings, —more interesting to his curiosity, than such an opportunity of testifying his esteem for the French emperor's person and eminent character.

Alexander proceeded to present his friend, the King of Prussia, to Napoleon; it was allowed, however, by those present,—as it might, indeed, almost have been expected from the exigencies of the times, that the Prus-

sian monarch did not dwell so long on general compliments, and received Napoleon's rather coldly. The latter was dissatisfied with this manner, and observed to the marshals of his suite, with great tartness of language, "*Voyez vous, comment il me traite ?*"

During the residence of the parties at Tilsit, Napoleon often intimated a wish, and not without strong expressions of curiosity, to see the Queen of Prussia. Her aversion to see Napoleon had been noticed as a fact of public notoriety, and her journey was constantly deferred under the pretext of indisposition. But Napoleon was not to be diverted from the inclination which he had avowed; and, persevering in his endeavours, he exclaimed one day, in great good humour, to the Emperor Alexander: "I see I must send Davoust, with his *corps d'armée*, to Memel, to get a sight of this beautiful queen!" The necessary consequence was, that the Emperor and King of Prussia secretly despatched their chamberlains to Memel, with letters entreating her majesty to repair speedily to Tilsit, as feeling it to be their common interest to court Napoleon's good graces by every possible exertion.

The queen consented, and arrived at Tilsit at the day and hour agreed upon. The sovereigns went to meet her. Napoleon entertained high sentiments of her personal merits, and the attentions which he directed to her, were not such as to reflect dishonour on his conduct. Turning to Marshal Duroc, he ejaculated, "*Vous m'avez bien dit, Duroc; elle est vraiment belle !*"

Napoleon gave, one day, a dinner to the queen, which might modestly lay claim to rank and precedence before any other ever given in that poor little town. This may rationally be presumed from the time and sums expended in the provision. Every delicacy of the French kitchen, the most exquisite fruits of France and Italy, were served up in profusion; and with the dessert, on a plate which Napoleon's chamberlain presented to the queen, was a letter for her majesty the Queen of Prussia. "What! (exclaimed the queen, in surprise,) a letter for me!" "Yes, (replied Napoleon) but it is an open

letter.' The queen unfolded it, and found another inclosed within it, in like manner unsealed, with an order to King Jerome Bonaparte, who commanded the French army in Silesia, to evacuate a certain part of that province, as therein specified; the same to be at the disposition of her majesty, the Queen of Prussia, agreeably to a secret article in the Treaty of Tilsit.

This liberal and beneficial donation was highly approved of and extolled by the queen; who, after a few introductory compliments, politely proceeded to tender her sincere thanks to the French emperor.

Prussian Silesia was instantly evacuated by the French commandant, and taken possession of by the Prussian general, the Prince D'Anhalt Pless.

EFFECTS PRODUCED ON THE FEELINGS OF CERTAIN ELEVATED CHARACTERS AT ST. PETERSBURGH WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED OF THE DEATH OF THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.

It was in the month of March, and year 1804, that a gentleman brought a brief notice of that event to the empress dowager or mother. He had been despatched by her brother-in-law, the Duke of Oldenburgh, Bishop of Eutin, with some general but correct information relative to the above statement. It was such a circumstance as could not fail to attract the notice of politicians in general, whether benevolent and disinterested, or savage, audacious, and abandoned.

Many were the evils which the times had then to complain of: the tranquillity of peace every-where disturbed, war obtaining its malignant triumphs, and the demons of mischief deluging every country with misery, Royal families were not in too great security; and among others of the French dynasty, the Duc d'Enghien had been familiar with humiliations and danger. His, too, was a portion of that misery, to which the lot of humanity seems, alas! predestined.

The news of that fatal tragedy was like pouring vinegar into wounds already probed. The mind of the em-

press was disturbed and irritated at so singular and extraordinary an event beyond measure. With considerable alarm and consternation she communicated it to her son, the Emperor Alexander, who, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, would not give it credit. A transaction so odious and disgraceful could never, he said, find its perpetrator in Bonaparte; and his uncle, the Duke of Oldenburgh, must have been misinformed.

But here, as it happens on other occasions, the surprise of novelty was rekindled by the introduction of Prince Czartorinsky, minister of foreign affairs, who had arrived at the palace, and demanded an audience. This was instantly granted; and the minister proceeded to lay before their majesties all the circumstances of a proceeding, which, with every political philanthropist, has something in it monstrous or disgusting. The emperor, eagerly seizing the letters, was so struck with an action so completely Catalinarian, that he tore them to pieces, execrating Bonaparte as an implacable foe, glutted with injustice and cruelty, and calling for vengeance and ignominy to be heaped tenfold on his head. Driven, as it were, to madness, the empress-mother and prince had much ado to calm his perturbed spirit, to confine his hatred, reflections, and antipathy, within the bounds of moderation.

While the emperor was expressing his hatred, so cordially, that he might seem to be repelling some personal injury, the Grand Duke Constantine arrived. The emperor put into his hand the despatches, which so clearly detailed the particulars, that it was needless to add any thing on the topic. The grand duke, after perusing the letters, and collecting the substance of them, said, with great carelessness, that he could easily admit the fact, so positively stated, from its probabilities. In this case, he observed a conformity between the person and the transaction, for he had always had good reason to believe, (founded on common authority, and the received histories of his life,) that Napoleon's real character was that of one destitute of integrity, benevolence,

and a sense of religion ; that of an armed savage in a state of intoxication and madness.

After this, every arrangement was taken in the Russian capital and provinces, to commence a sort of indirect hostilities against the criminal and sanguinary character of the French emperor. To testify his abhorrence of the crime, and that it might serve the longer, as a sort of beacon to the whole nation, and leave an impression for the recollection to dwell upon, a grand court-mourning, with funeral obsequies, and dirges in all the churches, was ordered. A very spirited Ode, also, was printed on vellum, in folio, wherein the life and death of the unfortunate prince, the innocent victim of Napoleon's cruelty, were brought together, as a leading subject for the whole empire, seriously, to contemplate and cherish. In that Ode, the outrages of Bonaparte were severely censured ; he was drawn, flushed with crimes, and in the wantonness of power, spreading desolation and anarchy over every land : in brief, as "a vile assassin, a tyrant, a monster." The Russian public pronounced its verdict in favour of the general tendency of the Ode. Copies of it, which, at St. Petersburg, only cost five copagues, in lieu of a rouble, were soon so multiplied, that ten thousand were sold in a few hours. The Russians, as a nation, were sufficiently enlightened to shudder at the excesses and abhor the crimes of Bonaparte, notwithstanding the triumphs with which he had dazzled the world.

The Marquis d'Hedouville, then ambassador from the French govern-

ment at the court of St. Petersburg, had gained the cordial approbation and favour of the imperial family, and was generally respected by all with whom he had concerns, as well in the social intercourse of life, as in its public business. This minister complained, in an official note, to Prince Czartorinsky, of the above Odes, as extremely injurious in many respects ; and, from their general cast and spirit, likely to do harm among the poorer and more ignorant of the community. The answer which he received was in strict conformity to truth, though not such as he had been accustomed to ; that his excellency might readily form a judgment as to the sentiments that pervaded the court and government, when, in an empire like that of Russia, wherein a vigilant police was in permanent activity, the sale of such publications was permitted, in the very capital. To this notification the prince superadded, as an occasional observation of his own, that his majesty, the emperor, and all the imperial family, had expressed the deepest concern at this outrage of his master, and that it might lead to a rupture between the two governments.

Hereupon the French ambassador demanded a private audience of the emperor ; but, as the court mourning had not terminated, and the ambassador would not submit to the etiquette, there was a necessity for his taking leave, which he did, in a missive to the emperor and imperial family. His general conduct, grounded on principles of dignity and moderation, had conciliated universal esteem.

(London Mag. Feb.)

The following Letter is from the pen of the Author of the succeeding article :—and, as it seems (although addressed to ourselves directly,) intended for the eyes of others, we beg leave to read it confidentially to our readers. The public, of course, though standing near, will be too polite to listen.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

SIR,—Having travelled and resided during some years in countries but little visited by Europeans (namely, Siberia and Persia,) I imagined that some description of these travels might be interesting at home. I had confined my observations to some branches of Natural History, and the manners, customs, and domestic life of the people with whom I daily associated, and thus had an opportunity of observing accurately : in short, I followed my own studies, and was willing to communicate to my gentle reader what I had seen in the pursuit of them ; leaving the precise boundaries, with the course of the rivers, to the geographers, from whom I learnt them ; the sites of ancient cities and tem-

ples, which have and have not existed, to antiquarians ; and the laws, religion, government, politics, commerce foreign and internal, &c. &c. &c. to the next fortnight tourist, or six weeks resident ! !

On my return to England I produced my materials, the technical phrase, I believe, among book-makers for compilations, abridgements, sketches, and notes. Alas ! these materials proved deplorably light in the balance of modern quarto voyages and travels ; scarcely would the whole have occupied the space of the heads of chapters : these heads and chapters, however, I was rather scandalized to observe, frequently reminded me of the pompous bills of fare in certain poor taverns on the continent, where every delicacy of the larder and cellar is ostentatiously announced ; the cloth is spread, the table covered, you fall too with appetite, but soon discover that all the superior dishes are served up half hot from a neighbouring cook's shop, while the only genuine produce of the house is washy soup, stale bread, and small wine.

Fallen from my high estate of quarto-ly importance, I am reduced humbly to intreat you, Mr. Editor, now and then to receive a tale founded on personal adventure, or illustrative of the manners, and domestic (if you will, *savage*) life of the countries which I have visited.

Dec. 17, 1822.

J. W. W.

A DAY OF A PERSIAN JEW.

IN the city of Tabreez dwelt the Jew Jouad, active and intriguing in traffic, with all the attributes of his race, despised of men, and abhorred even of women, as it was said ; though an accurate observer might perceive, in his quarter of the town, that one or two of the little urchins dabbling in the broken water-pipe before the doors, or, on cooler days basking on the arched roof, or revelling on the ash-heap of the bath at the corner, had the interval between the nose and mouth remarkably short, with a peculiar expression about the eye, belonging neither to Persian, Courde, nor Turkoman. Be it as it may, many husbands in the neighbourhood winked, looked wise, and blessed the mouths and eyes of their own swarthy likenesses. His various avocations of wine-seller and brandy-maker in private, and dealer in odds and ends publicly, had so completely and profitably occupied the day, that a cup or two of wine extraordinary with Arratoon, an Armenian neighbour, seemed to Jouad an allowable recreation at night.

Arratoon was a merry hand, welcome every where, protected by Mirza Abdoul, and consequently taking his glass, and cracking his joke without fear. It was generally whispered, that his cellar (as a Christian, he was entitled to have one,) was more frequently replenished and emptied than any other in Tabreez ; and it was remarked, that during the ebb tide of the cellar, the Hadji's wits were more than usually

brilliant, scattering snatches of Hafiz on all that approached him, where the rose and the nightingale shone less conspicuous than the sparkling wine of Schiraz.

At night the two friends met, and were seated on the same carpet together. The usual inquiries after, and wishes for each other's health and welfare being finished, Jouad clapped his hands two or three times, and immediately the head of Anna his wife (for he was a family man) appeared from behind the purdah, or door curtain, of the inner room, but so closely veiled, that only one eye was visible to the guest. "Anna," cried Jouad, "knowest thou the great damjan, standing in the corner behind the rice bag and the tent poles ?" "I do," answered Anna, "by the token that thou hast so often warned me to take care of it, and forbidden me to touch it." "I forbid thee no longer then," rejoined Jouad, "go thy way, look into the Russian box, which I brought on my last journey from Teflis ; there thou wilt find two bottles ; take one of the bottles, fill it carefully from the damjan, and bring it hither, with three glasses, for thou also shalt taste." "'Tis ever so ;" muttered Anna ; "men may sit to smoke, and think the very stooping forward to eat is a trouble, when the meat is set on the ground before them ; but women, alas !" — A look from Jouad dispersed the gathering storm, caused the purdah to drop, and the head of Anna to disappear. She shortly after,

however, entered with the bottle and glasses, one of which happening to slip as she placed them on the carpet, again disturbed her bile. "The devil or the gins are in our house to day," she cried, "every thing has miscarried." "There is often a bone in thy dog's throat, Anna, but what has befallen thee to-day?" demanded her husband. "Much to vex me, but I must bear all (whimpered Anna,) all falls on me, for thou, Jouad regardest not." "Silence!" cried Jouad, "thou hast talked enough—woman, know thy duty. Silence! I say." "I have talked" retorted Anna, "I am a woman, and I will talk." "Then I will give thee fit subject for noisy declamation," replied Jouad, half serious and half in jest, "by thrusting a stout cat into thy trowsers, and trying her therein, as Abdollah the Tartar says they treat refractory wives in Turkey; and they are a wise people in many things, and worthy of imitation, though our Persians do curse Omar, and scoff at them for blind misled Soonites. But come, Anna, forget thy troubles. If I meddle not much in the affairs of the house, thou hast more of thy own will; and when thou hast maid servants, as perchance one day thou wilt have, they will lessen thy toil, and keep things in order." "Let the maids but keep them as Anna now does," (continued Arratoon, taking up the discourse) "and thou wilt have a well ordered house. No two women in the town do so much; and now I can believe what I have often heard, that the notable housewife is assisted by the kindly gins." This well timed compliment, with a glass of cordial from the Russian bottle, completely soothed Anna's wrath, which in general was but transient, as she really loved her husband, and was vain of his success; often boasting that they had little to buy for the house, as the presents her husband received for his cures supplied them with the best that the country afforded. This was not literally true, as supplies sometimes arrived in a mysterious manner, without any positive explanation where they came from, and, perhaps, the least explanation was best. The only subject of discontent to her was, the indif-

ference of Jouad to their household cares. The clarified butter might fall half a batman short of the expected weight after boiling. The youourt might mould instead of drying, and twenty similar accidents occur, to her great annoyance, but no sympathy or consolation could ever be expected from her husband. A mishap in the store-room, had in fact caused the little display of temper which she had just exhibited in the Anderoon. A band of rats had gained admission, and committed fearful ravages upon her tallow cakes; and, perhaps assisted by her darling son little Nathan, had nearly demolished one of her finest honey-combs. She now, however, re-appeared before her what might justly be termed the pride of her heart, a large round copper tray, covered with dishes of the same metal, all well tinned, containing her choicest specimens of culinary science. Kabobs of wild kid, covered with youourt, dolmas of mutton, and a delicate fowl stuffed with raisins of the sun and pistachio nuts, partly surrounded the pillau placed in the centre, concealed from view under the high tapering cover of Hamadann workmanship. The China bowl of Sherbet, with its slender curiously wrought spoon lightly floating on the surface, occupied the other side, leaving only room to set in two little plates, one containing powdered ewe-milk cheese, and the other small cucumbers, preserved with vinegar and honey.

When she had deposited her burden on the ground, the two friends drew nearer, gathered their legs closely under them, then bringing their noses within six inches of the dishes, commenced the attack with their fingers, having previously poured a little water over their right hands, from the ewer which Jouad reached from a niche in the wall. As soon as Anna saw their hands fairly in the gravies, she proudly raised the centre cover, and displayed the fair pyramids of snow-white rice, encircled with a saffron ring, and crowned with a sprinkling of dried barberries. She then retreated, and sat down at a little distance to regale on the praises that her ragouts elicited from

her two friends, who enjoyed the more substantial satisfaction of swallowing them. From time to time she arose to bring a bottle of choice wine from the inner room, place the glasses, or to trim the pee soo (or tallow lamp): occasionally she pressed her guest to eat, drank a few glasses of wine with him and her husband, and became rather more loquacious after she had removed the tray, poured water again on their hands, served coffee, lighted their pipes, and sipped a bumper from her own favourite cup, till she saw the Arabic verse of the Koran engraved at the bottom, cursing unbelievers, and exhorting the faithful to exterminate their race, which she believed to be a charm against poison and the evil eye, and delighted to look upon. The Jew and the Christian, forgetting for the moment the cruel oppressions and humiliating insults, hourly endured by their degraded and despised sects, talked of enjoyments, boasted of family, and hazarded wit, that might have cost them their lives, had the lowest Mussulman overheard it; flinging wine in the beard of Mahomet, and roundly asserting that Cadija and Fatima were no better than they should be. The festivity continued much to the satisfaction of all parties till Arratoon, heated by the wine that he had drunk begged a draught of cold water; Anna immediately arose, filled a cupful, and after having carefully looked into it by the light of the pee soo presented it to him; at the same time expressing her fears that it was not so cool as it might be. "Hasten, hasten, good Anna," cried Arratoon, "to the kitchen of thy neighbour the Vizir, nothing is found therein but water, and it is the coolest place in all the city: a consumptive mouse, and three hectic little ones, were found famishing in the corner but the other morning by Ibrahim, when he went to seek a few ashes to wash with." This sally was received with infinite applause by the husband and wife, which continued till Arratoon had finished his draught. He then returned the cup to Anna, who once more carefully inspected the interior of it. "Woman," exclaimed Jouad, "art thou mad; why lookest thou in the cup when the guest has drunk?"

"Chide not, good husband," replied Anna, "I looked but to see if the two beetles were yet therein which swam so lustily in the water when I presented it to our neighbour." Long and loud bursts of laughter followed this brilliant display of Anna's wit, which, like the nimblest whirls of the Gipsy dancing boys, concluded the entertainment. Shortly after Arratoon arose, lighted his pocket paper lantern, pulled his cap stronger on his head than it had lately been, thrust his feet into his walking slippers at the threshold, traversed the court-yard, and, with a farewell to his hosts, disappeared through its narrow low door into the street.

Jouad yet slept soundly on his bed when the rapping of the Christian bedel's rattle to collect his congregation before day, half awoke him to conscious existence. The last sounds of Arratoon's hearty laugh again indistinctly vibrated on his ear, and excited a corresponding smile on his own countenance. Then a cross, a rosary, and a cup, dimly floated before his eyes, and seemed to occupy the Tabernacle, while the seven-branched Candlestick lay prostrate before them. His features again contracted, a frown replaced the late smile, and a half articulated curse passed his lips; he suddenly turned his head aside as if to avoid the hateful sight, and again sunk in forgetfulness. The notes of the horn sounding before dawn from the roof of the neighbouring bath, to notify that the hour of ablution for the Faithful was arrived, next resumed the connexion between external impressions and the dormant faculties. He was on the road to the bath, bearing with him the jewel which he had purchased the day preceding, an easy bargain, from Kara Hussein, the Courde: he entered; his clothes were in the alcove; he was in the bath, no longer the poor dark mud building that he remembered, but shining with painting and the veined alabaster of Tabreez. His loins were girded with shawl and embroidery, instead of his own poor checked cotton wrapper; but he was alone; none came with hot water as was usual to rub and knead him, and apply the dyeing materials to his beard or shave his

head : he fled to the outer hall, for the silence appalled him. No longer alone, he was surrounded with the fairest of the King's Harem ; every arm extended towards him in welcome ; joy spread over every countenance and penetrated to his heart. Suddenly a voice was heard denouncing vengeance on the degenerate daughters of Islam, and destruction to the insolent intruding Jew. The fountain in the middle gushed forth in streams of blood, and the rippling of the late crystal water rolled over the edges of the tank in crimson waves. The two edged sword of Ali, guided by an invisible hand, and flashing fire at every blow, commenced the dreadful execution : the tremendous voice still roared its fearful denunciations, whilst some irresistible power restrained the efforts of Jonad to regain his beloved jewel, which floated before him on the purple tide. The struggle at length became more than imaginary, and he awoke as the last long note from the bathman's horn died away in the silence of early morn. Hastily thrusting one hand into his bosom to ascertain the safety of his jewel, and seizing with the other the basin of water that stood by his bedside, he gulped down a few mouthfuls, and once more endeavoured to regain his tranquillity, and recompose his nerves, still a little shaken by the potations of last night, and the fearful recollection of Ali's flaming sword. Scarcely had he turned his thoughts from the dreams of the past night, to the profits of the coming day, when the deep full tones of the muzzim from the next mosque were heard solemnly chaunting, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." " 'Tis false," pettishly growled Jonad, "false as the heart that imagined or the tongue that utters it : " and he angrily pulled the thick quilted coverlet over his ears, to avoid hearing the conclusion and repetition of the sentence.

He lay for some time in that happy state, between sleep and waking, confusedly turning over in his mind medical herbs, old iron crooks, and stirrups, the working of his wine jars, ferusas or Turquoise stones, a goat-skin pair of bellows, and a packet of emeralds, all

bought cheap, and each, in his dozing speculations, returning aniple profit according to its value. From these pleasing reveries he was roused by the voice of Anna, who rushed hastily into the room, exclaiming as she hasped the door, "God of my fathers ! sleepest thou when the hyena growls without, and the accursed boar whets his tusk to gore thee ? Up, man ! Up, for know that the Ferashes of Mirza Mahmoud, are even now in the wine vault of Ar-ratoon ; and where will their next visit be ? " It required no further explanation to dissipate the gentle visions of Jonad, and cause him to leap from his bed. " Blessings on thee, Anna, for thy timely notice ; but despised among women be the mothers of them, that cause thee to bring such evil tidings," hentered as he tightened his girdle, and rushed into the inner chamber, followed by Anna. This chamber, which served as a kitchen, storehouse and retirement for Anna when strangers occupied the outward room, they hastily traversed, Jonad snatching up a few parcels enveloped in skins, whilst Anna, having replaced the bottles and glasses, in the Russian box, followed her husband with it down some irregular steps into the cellar. In a few seconds she returned, lighted a lamp, and rapidly re-descended the steps, bearing with her the above mentioned damjan, and one or two little articles of luxury unfit for the inspection which she expected shortly to commence. In the cellar, she found Jonad dragging with all his force a buffalo skin full of wine towards the rugged entrance of a still further descent, where three other similar skins were already deposited. "Haste, haste, Anna," he cried, disappearing into the dark abyss with his burthen ; "the lamp !" he continued, almost breathless with exertion, "spare not thy strength, good Anna ; it is well ; I have it : " as the second buffalo, assisted by the powerful efforts of Anna, followed its companion. All the four skins of wine, together with the two goat-skins of brandy, nearly the whole stock of the house, were thus safely deposited below, together with the damjan, the Russian box, and a few silver

saucers for coffee cups. Jonad, first, handing up the lamp, nimbly leaped forth, and then pushing the unwieldy trap door of boards, covered with cemented marl, over the aperture, completely concealed the entrance of this secret repository. They had only just concluded their operations by raking with their hands the loose earth of the cellar floor into the crevice surrounding the trap door, and had smoothed the whole to a uniform surface, when voices were heard in the court-yard without. In an instant, Joud was in the outward room adjusting a buckle to the belt of an old musket which lay by the window, where a hole torn in the oiled paper permitted observation of what passed without. Anna extinguished her lamp, and was apparently busied in heating the stones for baking her dough, which, already neglected beyond its time, lay heaving and swelling before the fire in an earthen pan. A slight jingle, as the door chain unhooked and fell, and the salutation from Jonad of "Ye are welcome!" announced to her the inauspicious arrival of her unbidden guests. The murmuring sounds of indistinct voices succeeded, gradually increasing in force till Joud was heard loudly declaring his innocence of drunkenness, his ignorance where to find, and his own utter inability to produce a single goatskin of wine. All this, asserted with the utmost vehemence of declamation, and supported by frequent appeals to the head of his father and the beard of the king, in confirmation of his veracity, failed to convince the Ferash Bashee, who, for reasons of his own, wished to confer a few minutes in private with Joud apart from his companions; he, therefore, insisted upon searching the house, but in consideration of his friendship for the master of it, he ordered Joud to precede him alone into the inner room, and his attendants to remain at the door. Joud raised the purdah and they entered alone.

A few broad hints not producing any offer on the part of Joud, the Ferash Bashee proceeded without more circumlocution to explain his purpose. His master, the Governor, was in great necessity for money, having lost consider-

able sums lately at gaming, and now was causing all the Christian and Jewish houses to be visited in order to suppress drunkenness, and the selling of wine to Mussulmans. Some from fear, some from conscious guilt, and some to purchase favour, presented the expected peace-offering, and imprudently betrayed an abundance most alluring to the future rapacity of their oppressors. The fifteen tomaun present at first demanded had dwindled down to five, but Joud remained inexorable, and obstinately pleaded poverty, which all around seemed sufficiently to attest. The Ferash, finding that no harvest could be reaped for his master, turned his attention towards his own small gleanings with as little success. Nothing more could be obtained from Joud than the repetition of inability, the numerous extortions which he had lately suffered, and the loss of Ala Bash, his longest eared mule, with an entire load of wine, in his last journey—lamenting almost with tears the loss of the poor creature;—and then for confirmation of his assertions, appealing to Anna, who, on the entrance of the Ferash Bashee, had couched down in a corner of the room, with her face close to the wall, and now, closely concealed in her veil, might have been mistaken for an inanimate bundle, had not an impatient start, or angry snarl, of disapprobation from time to time escaped her. Delighted that the restraint was now removed from her lips by the sanction of her husband, she broke forth in absolute despair for her dear Ala Bash, and bewailed his untimely end with such unfeigned sorrow, that the Ferash, although unwilling to believe, was at last convinced of the reality of the accident. The truth is, that the wine had been sold in the tents of a Courdish Chief, and Ala Bash, the mule, purchased at an exorbitant price by an Armenian merchant, who had the misfortune to lose one of his own in descending a difficult pass in the mountains. Finding that nothing could be gained by expostulation, the Ferash commanded Joud to light the lamp and show the way to the cellar: in doing which, he contrived to drop a small purse, containing the Courde's

jewel and several gold coins, into the high narrow water jar standing in the corner. It was well that he took this precaution, for on returning to the outward room, after a fruitless search in the cellar, Jouad's person underwent so minute a scrutiny, that a few pieces of silver and copper were detected, and, for want of richer plunder, detained by his visitors. Each then swallowed a large cup of execrable wine, and quitted the house, loudly exhorting him to sobriety, and denouncing the wrath of the king's son on his head (loud enough to be heard by the neighbourhood) if he permitted a Mussulman to taste of the forbidden liquor under his roof. "Deceiving, deceived slaves!" muttered Jouad as he fished up his jewel out of the water jar; then throwing on his walking coat, or cloak, and thrusting his pen-case into his girdle, he set out on his way to the bazaar.

The winter had commenced: the sun no longer glowed in a cloudless sky, or scorched the earth with his fiery rays. The red hills were already covered with snow, and large flakes were now fast falling in the town; the ministers and mirzas going to the Defa Khonar hastened their horses, and their attendants half running, half walking, dropped a hasty salutation to their friends. A party of peasants buying hot beet root, at the door of a cook's shop, pointed to the wretchedly lean carcasses of sheep which hung before a butcher's at a little distance, and pronounced the frost to have been some time severe in the mountains, the sheep having been already killed to prevent their dying by starvation. The pomegranate and the withering kishmish occupied the place of the autumn fruits; here and there a little pan of charcoal burned upon the board, where sat the tailor, or the public writer; a few Courdes with their long spears in their hands, and completely armed, now strolled indolently along, nor seemed now impatient of a town. Snow and icicles whitened the caps and stiffened the beards of travellers arriving from the country. Every thing announced the first winter storm, as Jouad pulled down the few shattered planks from before the aperture of his little shop, and

disclosed its miserable interior; indeed it bore more the appearance of a receptacle for the refuse and sweepings of other shops, than of actually laying claim to the title of one itself. Jouad set about displaying to the best advantage his curious stores, the whole value of which might amount to a very few rupees. This collection of non-descripts being at last arranged to his satisfaction, he sat down to wait for customers, sometimes smoking his own pipe, or accepting a whiff or two from a neighbour's argilla; sometimes watching a decoction of dried herbs, which he asserted to be infallible for healing bruises & green wounds,—patching holes, darning rents, polishing old rusty swords and daggers: in short, endeavouring to render again useful, or at least saleable, that which had long been thrown aside as useless and worthless, occupied the remainder of his time. An unusual bustle at length induced him to put his head forward to learn the cause. Fools part with their money rather than suffer a little vexation or pain, he thought to himself; but he speedily withdrew from public observation, on perceiving the Ferashes of the Kaimakaum, who haughtily received some pieces of silver which a Greek humbly offered to them. His retreat was too late, for immediately one of the satellites advanced towards him exclaiming: "The snow lies on the roof of the Kaimakaum; where is thy shovel, and wherefore loiterest thou here when thou mayest serve my Lord?" This was accompanied by so fearful a flourish of the djereed which he carried in his hand, that Jouad's head most probably would have suffered, had he not adroitly bent it to the earth, and presented a more enduring part to the shock. He was quit for the fear; the djereed was again poised on the ground, whilst a few indistinct words, and a knowing grin from its bearer explained, that the master's service might be compromised for a small gratification to the servant. This Jouad perfectly understood, but firm to his principle of not parting with money, he only whined out that he hoped some recompense would be made him for the loss of his time; or at least that he might be permitted to

shut up his shop, and secure his property, before he had the honour of mounting on the roof of my Lord the Kaimakaum. An angry sneering laugh was his only answer; another imposing flourish of the djereed enforced immediate obedience, and indicated the direction in which he had to move. He resignedly stepped forth into the covered way of the bazaar, and joined three or four of his brethren already assembled there. They all proceeded to the house of the Kaimakaum, and commenced their work of throwing the snow from the flat mud-terraced roof. They had only just cleared the yard of the snow which they had previously thrown there, when another party of Ferashes laid hands on them, and led them to perform the same operation on the house and yard of the Topchee Bashee. They then had the good fortune to escape and returned home.

Jouad returned to his den, and found all safe as he had left it; indeed he was always careful to leave nothing worth losing. As he sat refreshing himself after his fatigue with a little youourt (curdled milk) and bread, he saw, passing one of the entrances of the bazaar, a number of women on horseback, conducted by an old man on foot. From their number and the whiteness of their veils he supposed them the women of some man of rank, and his wrath kindled against them on the bare supposition.

"Accursed race," he grumbled, as he sought the little bottle of brandy, which he usually kept concealed in the stuffing of an old ass saddle; "did heaven but give you your merited reward, your bones would be ground to powder, fine as the flour from between the mill-stones." After this toast to their welfare, he crouched down in a corner, as if seeking something, and gulped a reviving draught from his bottle; then cautiously looking round, to be sure that he was not observed, he replaced his comforter in the old saddle, and began striking a light for his pipe. He was interrupted in this pleasing occupation by a violent screaming and commotion, every one running towards the gate by which the women on horseback had passed.

"Were I sure that they had broken their limbs, or fractured their skulls, I might be tempted to move and enjoy the sight," he continued; "but rest is now acceptable;" and he drew the first comfortable whiff from his pipe, replacing the flint and steel in the little bag with the touch-wood. This was not to be a day of rest for Jouad, his name resounded on all sides. "Haste, Jouad, good Jouad," sobbed the old guide of the ladies, panting in breathless speed, "Kind Jouad, prince of learned physicians, come to the lady Nabottee, the beloved wife of Asker Khan; she has fallen from her horse on one of the black stones, and much I fear that she is killed." "Then there is no need of a physician," quietly observed Jouad, pouring out a volume of balmy smoke, and unwilling to interfere in such a critical case. "O Jouad, friend Jouad," cried the half-distracted old man, "come, O! come, I will reward thee, my brindled greyhound is thine."—No reply.—"My horse's silver nose chain that thou lovest, I will give thee, if thou wilt come; holy Allah, my head answers for her safety." "Then thou wilt lose it if she is killed as thou sayest;" Jouad maliciously answered; "and the loss will not be great, friend Ishmael, for thou art old, and worth little, save carrying the pitcher and bath clothes of the women to the bath on a Thursday." A most powerful pull by the ear from Sali Beg, silenced Jouad, and sent him on his way to the house of Asker Khan, where the wounded lady had already arrived. Upon enquiry, he found that her hip was dislocated, and he gave directions to take off her veil and part of her garments, in order to attempt setting it immediately. He was advancing towards her, when the voice of Asker Khan himself, half choaked with fear and rage, thundered out as he entered the chamber, "Wretch, slave, dog, dare but defile the hem of her robe by thy impure touch, and I will cleave thy head in two!" "How would my Lord the Khan that I set a bone, without touching the patient?" demanded Jouad. "I care not, I know not," screamed the infuriated Khan, stamping and gnashing his teeth, "cured she shall be

or thou diest; were she of thy own accursed tribe she would now be well, I believe." "I trust most submissively," Joud replied, "that I can cure the daughter of Jaffir Khan, but I must touch her." "Then thy head rolls on the carpet before thee, dog; commence thy work quick, ere two hours she is well, or thou art not alive to mock her sufferings." "God of Abraham!" groaned Joud, pacing the chamber in an agony of despair, "when wilt thou cease to chastise thy people? where seek help if thou desertest me! are my hours then numbered? Hah! By the tombs of my ancestors I will attempt it! I can but die.—Instantly lead me a buffalo before the window; one of them that now feed on clover in the outer court." Strange as the order appeared, it was immediately obeyed. Joud then directed the attending women to place their mistress on the back of the animal, and tie her feet with a silken shawl together under its belly: he then ordered water to be set before the buffalo, who drank plentifully. In a short time, the clover and water produced the usual effects of distending the body of the animal which had been unlucky enough to feed on them. Nabottee rent the air with her piercing shrieks: her women consoled and howled in sympathetic chorus, the Khan blasphemed, prayed, and menac-

ed all around, whilst the poor suffering beast uttered low deep moans. The operation with all its accompaniments, continued to advance, till Joud believing the limb sufficiently extended for his purpose by the increased circumference of the buffalo's body, with a sharp dagger suddenly cut the shawl which restrained the legs of Nabottee. A loud snap, or report, announced that the bone had sunk into its socket, and that the cure was effected. The confusion which ensued cannot be described; congratulations and condolences on every side. Joud was dog or deity alternately, as Nabottee decried his experiments or praised his skill. At length she was safely deposited upon her bed, and, after swallowing a composing draught of his prescribing, she seemed inclined to sleep. Joud was then permitted to retire receiving from the hands of the overjoyed Khan ten pieces of gold; a scanty recompence for all that he had effected and endured.

The sun had already set when he quitted the house, and the short twilight barely enabled him to reach the bazaar, shut up his shop, and again enter his own door to recount the adventures of the day, and partake of the savoury pilau of Anna, as the last streak of golden light disappeared in the west.

J. W. W.

THE HISTORY OF CLAUDINE MIGNOT, SURNAMED LA LHAUDA.*

(Literary Gazette.)

[The hints for the following have been taken from M. Jouy's new volume of the *Hermit in Provence*.]

A SHEPHERDESS becoming a queen is a very pretty incident in a fairy-tale; but alas! for the common-places of reality, these delightful events are of rare occurrence. Such things, however, have happened, and as what has been may be again, the history of La Lhauda will be quite a romance of hope to any fair shepherdess who may like to indulge in dreams of exchanging her crook for a sceptre. Amid the many admirers of the rustic beauty, the most favoured was Janin, who though, like herself, by birth a peasant, was,

from being secretary to M. d'Ambleieux, considerably above her in present station and future expectation. Claudine had soon penetration enough to perceive that what he sought in her was a mistress not a wife. This was a mortifying discovery to one accustomed to consider her hand the highest pledge of happiness;—piqued vanity is a sure guard to woman's virtue; and day after day passed, and Janin found La Lhauda colder than ever. It was in vain he told her, Love without kisses was a garden without flowers; her re-

* The unerring aim of the Peasants in the South of France with the Sling, is like that of David of old, and of equally fatal force.

ply constantly was, "I would imitate the moon, which receives the light of the sun, yet avoids him, though day and night his course is around her." When alone, she soliloquized bitterly on the hesitation of her lover: "Why does he not marry me? I am fifteen, nay, actually near sixteen;—must I wait till I am thirty? Sweeping my father's house, managing the household of others, my companions will be all wedded before me. Does Janin think I cannot get a husband?—he shall see he is mistaken." Janin's jealousy was soon raised; fear accomplished what love could not; and his offer of marriage was accepted coldly by Claudine, with pleasure by her father, discontentedly by her mother, who, to the great displeasure of her husband, has higher views for her daughter, and recurs to the prediction of a gipsy, that the child was born to be a queen. However, the marriage-day is named, when the Secretary thinks it necessary to introduce his intended bride to his master, who becomes deeply enamoured of the beautiful peasant. Janin, under pretence of pressing business, is sent out of the way, and M d'Amblérieux, in the presence of her mother, offers La Lhauda his hand, giving them the next day to reflect on his proposal. Thiévena scarcely waited for his departure to begin expiating on her honours in perspective. "Ah, my dear Claudine, think of sitting in the old family pew; of how the curate will present the incense to you at high mass; to overhear as you pass, 'That is Madame d'Amblérieux who is coming in—Madame d'Amblérieux who is going out—Madame d'Amblérieux—Room for Madame d'Amblérieux—Respects to Madame d'Amblérieux—Long live Madame d'Amblérieux!' And what an honour for me to say, Madame d'Amblérieux, my daughter!" She was here interrupted by Claudine's remarking on the age of her present lover; and while exerting all her eloquence to remove what seemed so trifling an objection, in comes Pierro, who, far from entering into her grand schemes, puts a decided negative on the marriage. "I will have no son-in-law," said La Lhauda's father, "at whose table I

cannot take my seat without ceremony, and who will come and do the same at mine. I hate your fine people who eat up your own wheat, without knowing the cost of its sowing or reaping; to whom you must always give the first place and the best bit; and who declares open war upon you, unless their rabbits are let quietly to eat up your best cabbages and lettuces. Accustomed to act the great lady, my child will soon forget all that was once her duty and happiness. Lhauda living, will yet be dead to us. The husband for her, to please me, will be a man who works for the bread he eats." M. d'Amblérieux was not to be discouraged by this refusal; making Thiévena and Claudine his confidantes, introduces himself disguised as a labouring man to Pierro, and under the name of Lucas becomes such a favourite as to be promised the hand of La Lhauda. The discovery is soon made, and by all married gentlemen the denouement may be easily anticipated—his wife and M. d'Amblérieux carry the day. The news soon got spread about; the marriage was wondered at, sneered at, cavilled at, disputed about, attacked, defended, till it came to the ears of Janin, who had from time to time been detained on various pretences at Lyons. The injured lover arrives at the village the very day of the wedding; music, the ringing of bells, sounds of rejoicing fill every place—one and all confirm the tale. The cottage of Pierro is deserted, and at the Castle he is repulsed as an impostor, assuming a name to which he has no title. There is no hatred like the hatred of love;—with his sling in his hand, the miserable Janin remains concealed in the gardens of the Chateau. At length his perfidious mistress, and her still more perfidious husband, pass by;—a stone is thrown, which glances against a tree: La Lhauda alone perceives the hand from which it came. If M. d'Amblérieux returned to the Castle infuriated against the unknown assassin, his bride was no less, though differently, agitated. The characters of first love can never be wholly effaced; like the name Sostratus graven on the Pharos, plaster might for a while conceal it, but still the orig-

inal traces remained; and Claudine had really loved Janin. His letters had all been suppressed; accounts of his careless dissipation had been studiously conveyed to her. But here was a fearful proof—how wildly and how well she had been remembered! and with woman there is no crime equal to that of forgetting her; no virtue like that of fidelity. Janin continued wandering about till night; the sound of music had gradually died away; one light after another was extinguished, till the Castle became dark as the starless heaven that surrounded it. He was standing on the brink of a precipice over which a foaming torrent rushed: it was close by the Castle. Should he throw himself from it, his body would the next morning float on the stream before the window of the bride. Discharging a pistol he carried into the midst of the accumulated snows above, he threw himself into the abyss of waters. A terrible avalanche instantly followed; the noise awoke all in the Castle, but to Claudine the report of the pistol was the most deadly sound of all. It soon fell out as Pierro had foreseen—he was sent to his vineyard, and his wife to her household; and La Lhauda's visits to her parents were seldom and secret. She was soon released from every constraint by the death of M. d'Amblerieux, who left her all he possessed. Her first use of riches was to secure independence to her parents, and to erect a modest monument to the memory of Janin. It was of white marble, representing a veiled female throwing flowers into an empty urn. Her low birth furnished a pretext to the relations of M. d'Amblerieux for disputing her marriage and her rights to the succession. A journey to Paris became necessary;—young and beautiful, Madame d'Amblerieux was soon in no want of powerful protectors. The Marshal de L'Hopital, seventy-five years of age, was one of the most active. His influence was amply sufficient to turn the scale of justice in her favour; but he deemed it necessary to have a right to interfere. He well knew the malice and wicked wit of those about the court; people might suspect he had his reasons—a connexion might be supposed, and he should be in despair at

hazarding the reputation of one as prudent as she was fair. These one-word-for-my-neighbour and two-for-myself kind of fears would have only appeared ridiculous to Madame d'Amblerieux, had not the rank of the Marshal backed his scruples. Again interest took the place of love in leading her to the altar. L'Hopital soon followed in the steps of his predecessor, and in the course of a few months La Lhauda was again a youthful and lovely widow. The exultation of her mother was now beyond all bounds: "My daughter, Mad^e la Marchale de L'Hopital," was the beginning and ending of almost every sentence; and morning, noon, and night, the gipsy's prophecy was recurred to. But Pierro could not forget that the elevation of his daughter involved her separation from him. A prince, who had in turn been jesuit, cardinal, and king, John Casimir the second of Poland, having abdicated, was then residing in France at the Abbey Saint Germain des Pres, which Louis the Fourteenth had given him. This prince, no longer jesuit or king, but the gay and gallant man of the world, saw the lovely Marechale, and succeeded in winning her heart and losing his own. A fortunate but conscientious lover, he married his mistress privately. The secret was soon betrayed, and though publicly she had not the title of Queen, yet every one knew she was wife to the King of Poland. The tidings reached her native village—her mother died of joy, her father of grief; and John Casimir soon followed, leaving La Lhauda with one daughter, whom his family always refused to acknowledge. Such was the end of three marriages contracted and dissolved in the short space of fifteen years. La Lhauda's good fortune was not left as a heritage to her descendants—she lived to see them returning to her own former obscurity. Many an old man in Grenoble can remember a little Claudine, who used to solicit public charity with the word, "Pray give alms to the grand-daughter of the King of Poland!" What a vicissitude to "point a moral and adorn a tale!" This history is well remembered in the little village of Bachet near Huglau, where La Lhauda was born. L. E. L.

THE PHYSICIAN---NO. IV.

(New Month. Feb.)

GENERAL RULES FOR ATTAINING LONG LIFE.

THERE dwelt in ancient times on the Palus Mæotis, a barbarous people, called the Alani, whose god was a naked sword, which they set up in the ground and worshipped, and whose greatest glory and happiness consisted in slaughtering their fellow-creatures, and employing their skins for horse-covers. This brutal nation was, as far I can recollect, the only one that considered it ignominious to die of old age. This maxim, nevertheless, seems to have identified itself with the character of martial nations, the members of which are anxious to die for their country; and it may be viewed in a milder light where it loses all that is rude and barbarous, and appears in the rank of real heroic virtue. It is truly absurd to regard natural death that is to say, the only way in which man can die of old age, as ignominious: but still it is a real virtue to sacrifice one's life for the public weal; a virtue in which the ancient heroes and philosophers were great, and in which those of modern times are mostly very little. The more effeminate and luxurious a nation becomes, and the more it is depraved by indulgence and voluptuousness, so much the more it dreads death and is attached to life. In vain would you show the debauchee the lustre of immortality that must surround his name, if he sacrifice his life for his fellow-citizens and his country. To no purpose would you promise him the pure joys of heaven, and the everlasting glories on which his soul will feast itself. He would rather be utterly forgotten from the present moment, and renounce a future state altogether than give up a single year of his voluptuous life. Between these two extremes the wise will choose a middle course. We must not hold life so lightly as to throw it away, neither ought death to appear so terrible as to make us hesitate to surrender it, when important occasions demand the sacrifice.

Such are my sentiments, though I am a physician, and a physician ought al-

ways to espouse the cause of life. The duty of a physician extends no farther than to take care that life be not lost till natural necessity or higher purposes require it. For this reason we combat the diseases which carry off men before they have attained the natural term of life; but not to render our patients immortal: just as we should pay the most assiduous attention to a sick general, without being offended if, after his recovery, he should go forth and seek honour or death in the turmoil of battle. Besides, a physician is best qualified to determine the real value of life, and to form a comparison of the advantages and inconveniences of age, with the degree of attachment or indifference to long life, which deserves to be termed, not only a duty but a real benefit to mankind. For, how melancholy is that life, every moment of which is embittered by the fear of losing it!—and how grievous that death, which a hopeful youth draws upon himself by culpable neglect! Old age is subject to a thousand inconveniences. It is a lingering death, which causes us to survive ourselves, and deprives the world of the melancholy pleasure of tenderly deploring our loss. The death of one, who, in his best years, sacrifices himself for the State, is a peal of thunder that shakes all who hear it: and how grateful to his spirit must be the heart-felt sorrows of all on his account! It is evident from the expressions of Horace that he preferred the early death of Achilles, far above the melancholy immortality conferred by Aurora on Tithonus:

*Abstulit clarum cito mors Achillem,
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus.*

I am well aware, however, that all this imposes on no man the obligation to die a moment sooner than his destiny calls him, and that an old man ought not to grieve because he survives those who would have done him the honour to deplore his early end. So right and proper as I esteem it in every one, not to set too high a value on life, and not to fear death; so little can I

And fault with him who is solicitous to attain advanced age, even though he has but little honour and enjoyment to expect from it: for one of the first laws of nature enjoins the love and preservation of life; and it is the interest of the State itself that men should not be too careless on this point. The enemies of religion are frequently told, that no power on earth would be strong enough to restrain the wicked without the fear of a future state, which is promised by religion. In like manner we may argue in opposition to those who preach up the contempt of life that not one individual in the world would enjoy more peace and safety, if the wicked had not some regard for their lives and some horror of death. I can therefore have no scruple to show my readers the way to attain longevity, without in any manner injuring either themselves or the State. I am not an apostle of voluptuousness; I desire of my readers nothing more, than that life shall be dear and death not terrible to them. I shall now tell them how they must act to preserve life as long as possible, without falling into the absurdities of the alchemists, to which I shall presently advert.

The way to long life is, like that to everlasting happiness, arduous and difficult. There are many rules that are disagreeable, to be observed; and these even it is useless to observe, unless a person be descended from healthy parents and have brought into the world with him a sound constitution. I will suppose that this is the case; and then the first care of him who desires to attain old age must be, in early youth not to waste or exhaust his energies in any way whatever. With this view he must avoid too severe bodily exertion, by which he will either bring on himself infirmities or premature age. I can never see but with pain, how the common people keep young children to laborious employments to which their strength is inadequate. Young colts are spared and not set to work till they have attained a certain age, when their strength is proportionate to the labour required of them; because their owners know from experience that they

are spoiled, and become prematurely old and unserviceable, unless this indulgence be allowed them. It is most unreasonable that we should spare children less than horses; for though they are not so dear as those animals, yet they are of far greater importance to the State; and parents ought not to forget, that their children are part of themselves though existing independently of them, and that it is therefore their duty to be as tender of them as of their own persons.

All too lively sensations, the too free use of the senses, violent passions, excesses of every kind, by whatever name they may be called, severe exertion of the mental faculties, assiduous study, deep meditation, and nocturnal vigils, consume the vital spirits, weaken the powers, and bring on premature old age. Indolence and total inactivity, either of the corporeal or mental energies, are nevertheless equally to be avoided. Bacon has well expressed this where he says—"the vital spirits must not be left to stagnate till they clog up their vessels; neither ought they to be wasted or so expended as to injure those vessels." Experience confirms incontestably the truth of this doctrine. It is proverbial, that children remarkable for precocity of intellect or acquirements die prematurely. Boerhaave knew a boy who was a miracle of erudition, but scarcely attained his fifteenth year. Another learned youth, who passed night and day in study, died in his nineteenth year without any previous illness, merely of premature age. Debauchery, not war, put an end to the life of Alexander the Great in the flower of manhood. Most of those who have exceeded the term of human longevity, were thoughtless, easy, insensible persons who were in no hurry with the labour to which poverty doomed them, and strangers to all kinds of excesses. Such as have cultivated the sciences merely for their amusement, and opened their hearts only to the gentler passions, have in consequence attained advanced age. "Look you," says a writer of the last century, "at the old dames, who have lost all their teeth: let them relate to

you their course of life, and they will tell you how merry they were in their youth: you will find that their anger dwells rather in the tongue than in the heart. These have enjoyed favourable gales, and have reached the haven where they would never have arrived either with a total calm, or with violent tempests. Whoever wishes to become old, must endeavour to resemble them in this point."

Go through the whole catalogue of excesses in pleasure, and you will find that they have precipitated their votaries into a premature grave. Boerhaave justly observed, that few who are intemperate in the use of wine, brandy, and other spirituous liquors, survive the age of fifty. With these votaries of Bacchus, the votaries of Venus proceed *pari passu*; and immediately after them come the immoderate eaters. Plato and Socrates grew old upon very frugal fare; and Maimonides, the Arabian physician, says, that it is necessary to avoid overloading the stomach with too much food: for though a person might take the most wholesome aliments, yet if he were to take too much of them, he could not remain in good health. Bread and water are an admirable diet for those who would rival Methusalem in longevity; and fasting itself is an excellent promoter of their views.

A regular way of life, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, is absolutely requisite for those who would flatter themselves with the hope of living to be old. They must live in a free, serene, and healthy air. That of high mountains is best suited to this object. In mountainous countries you meet persons verging on a century and a half, though living in poverty and subsisting on the coarsest fare. How much temperance in eating and drinking contributes to the attainments of old age, I shall have occasion to show hereafter by a variety of examples.

In respect to bodily exercise, I have already observed that it must be moderate, otherwise it will tend to abridge life. In this point, then, the system of life of those who wish to be old, differs a little from that of the persons who merely desire to enjoy bodi-

ly strength and health is their best years. The object of the latter is promoted by violent exercise, for fatigues harden the body, but they also render the fibres rigid before the time, and too rapidly exhaust the vital spirits, the principle of life.

A due alternation of sleep and watching is an essential maxim for those who desire longevity. If you sleep much, you collect a superabundance of juices; for sleep feeds the body more, if any thing, than alimentary substances. It is an indispensable rule for such as wish for long life, that they keep the body as nearly as possible of equal weight. Now, by rest it soon becomes heavier, and by fatigues it is rendered lighter. Both militate against the hope of long life.

Of the labours of the mind and of the passions I have already treated; and as to the natural evacuations, they might be constantly kept up, but on no account too strongly excited by the use of frequent or powerful medicines. "No cathartics are necessary," says Boerhaave; "for there are people of eighty who have never taken any, and yet have always kept their bodies in a proper state." The same remark applies to all artificial evacuations, to blood-letting, perspiration, and the like.

To attain advanced age, a man must enjoy uninterrupted health, for all diseases gnaw at the germ of life. If then the rules for regulating our mode of life in general enable us to avoid diseases, it follows of course, that we must observe all these rules if we would attain advanced age. It is most commonly the case, that people care too little about the future, to submit for the sake of it to the observance of so many rules: and yet there is no other way of becoming old than this. How, for instance, can a man expect to live long, if he injures the viscera, or suffers his juices to be tainted by a corruption which exposes him to a thousand dangers in his mortal pilgrimage! Boerhaave relates a remarkable instance in elucidation of this truth. A young man of a distinguished family, and of a melancholy temperament, fancied without any cause, that the effects of youthful indiscretions were still lurking in his consti-

tution. So strong was his conviction on this subject, that all the arguments of his physicians could not persuade him to the contrary. At length he found one—and why should he not meet with such a man?—who coincided in his opinion, and prescribed salivation. He submitted twice to this process, and after this cure of his imaginary disease, lived without ailment till his eightieth year, though none of his family had ever attained an advanced age. By this operation all the juices are cleansed, and whatever of impurity they contain is expelled from the system. Bacon first discovered that such a purification of the juices contributes greatly to longevity. He observes, that those medicines which consume all the juices of the body promote long life, if the viscera be but strong enough to concoct new and healthy juices from the new salutary aliments; otherwise, it would certainly be better to have bad juices than none at all.

Such are the most important points to be observed, by those who desire to attain an advanced age. There are few people who pursue this course, and most of those who are found there have struck into it by accident, or been driven thither by necessity. A very small number indeed voluntarily choose this way, which keeps them aloof from the gratifications and indulgences of early life. It must not, however, be imagined, that those who continue to be the slaves of their passions, are indifferent to the length of life, or have voluntarily renounced the hope of enjoying it. This is far from being the case. The more pleasure we find in life, the more ardently we desire its prolongation. No man is more unwilling to die prematurely than the debauchee; none sighs more anxiously for length of years; none feels a greater horror of death than he who knows not how to die well, which art consists

solely in the consciousness of having lived well. As, however, the direct road to life is too dull and too arduous to such a person, he seeks the means of immortality in secret things, and hopes to find it in absurdities. Helmontius flattered himself with the expectation of discovering it by extracting the *ens primum* from the cedar of Mount Lebanon; because, forsooth, as the cedar is an almost imperishable tree, its juice or spirit must contain the essence of immortality! Paracelsus sought it in the herb of lungwort, which was said to expel all bad juices from the body. Many others, equally silly, imagined that it was possible to extract from gold a *spiritus rector*, which would be a remedy for all diseases and a medium of immortality. Arterphius caused a youth to be killed, and, as we are told, extracted from his blood the magnet of the human spirit, by means of which he attained a great age, and after he had become weary of life, laid himself down of his own accord in the grave, but not without taking along with him some of this volatile spirit in a bottle, to which he occasionally smells, merely to protract his life, which has now lasted upward of a thousand years. Others again have sought the means of immortality in animals; and the stag, on account of its longevity, has had the honour of being preferred by those fools, who fancied themselves possessed of the greatest wisdom. In short, there is nothing so ridiculous that has not been tried as a preservative against death; because the devisers of these experiments forgot that the human body is a machine, which, though it may have gone correctly for a long time, yet gradually decays, till at last its powers become completely exhausted. Is it, then, any wonder that not a single individual, out of all those who have invented elixirs of life and immortality, should have survived the ordinary age of man?

(New Monthly Magazine, Feb.)

HARRY HALTER THE HIGHWAYMAN.

I've cast your Horoscope—your natal star
Is Ursa Major—a most hanging sign.

Old Play.

THE indefatigable author of the Scottish novels, and his innumerable imitators, have not only commemorated all the reeves, robbers, borderers, black-mailmen, brigands, rebels, outlaws, cut-throats, and other heroes of Scotland, but have begun to make incursions into England; while another set have landed upon the shores of Ireland, where they bid fair to reap an abundant harvest of riot and robbery. It is really scandalous, that the citizens of London should not have availed themselves of their rich records of rascality to immortalize some of their more celebrated felons; but, with the exception of the Newgate Calendar, an imperfect and obscure publication, I am not aware of any attempt to do proper justice to these characters, beyond the very simple process of hanging them. This desideratum in literature I purpose to supply, by a series of traditional or recorded tales, wherein, according to established usage, I shall introduce frequent dialogues, imitations of the old ballads, songs, and other poems, and have made such arrangements that every one shall contain a crazy, doting, semi-prophetic old crone, upon whose fatuous auguries the whole plot shall be forced to depend. I need not more fully develop my mode of treatment, since I enclose you, as a specimen, the tale of

HENRY HALTER THE HIGHWAYMAN.

IN the whole populous range of Dyot-street, St. Giles's, and Seven Dials, it would have been impossible to find a more dashing youth, or one who at once illustrated and defied the dangers of his profession with a look of more resolute slang, than Harry Halter the Highwayman. Sixteen-string Jack, with the bunches of ribbons at his knees, and the ends of his neckcloth fluttering in the air of St. George's Fields, had a more swelling swagger, and Abershaw might carry in his face a more stubborn and insolent assurance of the gallows; but Harry, with his hat on one side, his quid in his left cheek, and his bludgeon in his right hand, contrived to associate such a real air of high birth and fashion, that it was impossible to distinguish him from the nobility and gentry with whom he was constantly intermingled at boxing-matches and cockpits. Even the Bow-street officers were sometimes deceived, and many a lord and member of parliament going to receive his dividends at the Bank, has been tapped on the shoulder, with a—"Come, come, Mr. Harry, this is no place for you—you're nosed, so bundle off." The Wig and Water-Spaniel in Monmouth-street was

his favourite haunt in London; none but "Booth's best" was ever dispensed from that savoury bar, which, not being above six feet square, was exactly big enough to admit Mrs. Juniper the fat landlady, a dozen or two of dram glasses, and a small net of lemons, which, with a delicacy of feeling that did her honour, she declined hanging from the roof, as customary, lest it should awaken any dangling pre-sentiments in the minds of her guests. Here with his two friends Ned Noose and old Charley Crape,—one of whom ultimately emigrated to Australasia, and the other, after being kept sometime in suspense as to his final fate, was admitted of Surgeons' Hall,—Harry has sate behind many a pint of purl, arranging the plans of innumerable burglaries which figure in the annals of those days, or singing the ballad of

TURPIN AND THE BISHOP.

Bold Turpin upon Hounslow Heath
His black mare Bess bestrode,
When he saw a Bishop's coach and four
Sweeping along the road.
He bade the coachman stop, but he,
Suspecting, of the job,
His horses lash'd—but soon roll'd off,
With a brace of snags in his nob.

Galloping to the carriage door,
He thrust his face within,
When the Chaplain cried—sure as eggs is eggs,
That is the bold Turpin.
Quoth Turpin, You shall eat your words
With sauce of leaden bullet,
So clapp'd his pistol in his mouth,
And fired it down his gullet.

The Bishop fell upon his knees,
When Turpin bade him stand,
And gave him his watch, a bag of gold,
And six oright rings from his hand.
Rolling with laughter, Turpin pluck'd
The Bishop's wig from his head,
And popp'd it on the Chaplain's poll,
As he sate in the corner dead.

Upon the box he tied him then,
With the reins behind his back,
Put a pipe in his mouth, the whip in his hand
And set off the horses smack!
Then whisper'd in his black mare's ear,
Who luckily wasn't fagg'd,
You must gallop fast and far, my dear,
Or I shall be surely scragg'd.

He never drew bit nor stopp'd to bait,
Nor walk'd up hill or down,
Until he came to Gloucester gate,
Which is the Assizes town.
Full eighty miles in one dark night,
He made his black mare fly,
And walk'd into court at nine o'clock
To swear to an Alibi.

A hue and cry the Bishop raised,
And so did Sheriff Foster,
But stared to hear that Turpin was
By nine o'clock at Gloucester.
So all agreed it couldn't be him,
Neither by hook nor crook;
And said that the Bishop and Chaplain was
Most certainly mistook.

Here it was, that on a dark and tempestuous night of November, when the wind struggling amid the thick-clustered chimneys of St. Giles's responded to the signal whistle of the thieves below, and the rain dashed with fitful violence against the windows of the private room in which they were stationed, that our hero and his companions arranged the plan of their attack upon Farmer Bruin's house, of Finchley Common. "I tell you," cried Harry, anxious to silence the objections of his comrades, "It's as lone and snug a dwelling as man need wish to break into. I was all over it vonce, and knows the rigs on't. No alarms—no vatch—and as for the dog in the yard, we must physick him, that's all."

"And are you sure that he keeps five hundred guineas in the bed-room?" enquired Noose.

"Pshaw, man! d'ye think I doesn't know vot's vot? Didn't he brag on it to his club at Barnet? Will the vaiter told me so himself. Besides there's a silver tankard worth twenty flimsies, and a gold sneezer."

"Vot men sleeps in the house?" said old Charley, with a thoughtful look.

"Only one spooney chap of a rustic,—and old Bruin."

"Who isn't no flincher," resumed Charley.

"But we've our bulldogs and barkers, and arn't we three to two?—you're 'nation squeamish, Charley."

"I fears no man but the hangman," said Noose, scratching his neck; "but there's no call for us to be nabb'd and pull'd up."

"Never fear," exclaimed Harry, slapping him on the back, "you shall have many a bout yet at stand and deliver."

"But," said Charley enquiringly, "if we have to stand at the Old Bailey, I should like to know who's to deliver us?"

"Betty Martin! never fear, man—you may live these three months yet—so cheer up, cheer up, my hearty."

"You're like a sparrow," mutter'd Crape, "you would cry chirrup if a chap was going up the gallows' ladder—Hush! hark! I heard some one snoring."

"Stuff," cried Harry, "you're always thinking of the watchman: we're all snug."—"Zounds!" added Noose, making towards the door, "vot noise is that there?"—Here there was an audible snorting and rustling, as of some one awaking, and Harry suddenly drawing a pistol from his pocket, and seizing the solitary candle by which they had been sitting, rushed to the corner of the dim chamber, where, behind a low screen, he discovered a female figure, stretching and yawning in apparent emergence from a sound sleep.—"Ranting Moll, by Jingo!" he exclaimed, "the old drunken fortune-teller of Dog and Bear-yard. What are you after here, you infernal——? are you lurking for blood-money—do you mean to peach—have you heard our palaver?—speak, you crazy old cat, or I'll pop my barker down your muzzle."

The figure whom he thus addressed, while he held his pistol hardly an inch from her mouth, was not calculated to

awaken suspicions of any very treacherous intentions, for she bore an expression of mental fatuity, which it would have been difficult to divide between the triple claims of nature, sleep, and intoxication. Her cap was off, her dress disordered, her hair wildly spread over her haggard features, and her eyes, one of which was black from some recent contusion, were fixed upon Harry in a stolid, unmeaning stare. But suddenly her recollection and intellects seemed to flash upon her, her countenance lighted up with a sort of prophetic orgasm, her eyes, particularly the black one, glared with a preternatural lustre, and without offering to move the pistol she cried out in a harsh voice—"Away, away! I have heard nothing of your plots and plans; but he that fears leaves, let him not go into the wood—good swimmers at length are drowned. Thou art young, Harry; but green wood makes a hot fire—thy doom is fixed, spite of these knaves, thy companions. He that lies with the dogs riseth with fleas—not a day passes but thou takest a step up Jack Kerch's ladder: punishment is lame, but it comes. Mark me, boy; I have read what the stars have written in the palm of thy hand—under the sign of the Bear wert thou born, and under that sign shalt thou perish. Stand aside—he who spitteth against heaven, it falls in his face." So saying, she put on her cap, gathered up her garments, and with a wild look of inspiration, as of an ancient Pythoness, stalked out of the room.

"Bravo!" cried Harry, "bravo, ranting Moll!—Egad! it is as good as a tragedy." "Better," said Charley, "for there's nothing to pay—but what did the old witch mean by your perishing at the sign of the Bear? There's the Black Bear in Piccadilly, as well as the White; but you never goes to neither."—"Mean," replied Harry, "there's seldom much meaning comes out of the mouth, after fourteen or fifteen tosses of blue ruin have gone into it; and I warrant she hasn't had a drop less." So saying, they resumed their conversation, and finally arranged the time and method of their attack upon the farmer's house at Finchley Common.

The unconscious object of their deliberation was one of those stout, surly, stubborn yeomen of the old school, who are about as amiable as one of their own bulls in a pound. He quarrelled with his wife if she let him have his own way, stormed outright if she thwarted him, and, though he was notoriously miserable before his marriage, did nothing but extol the happiness of his bachelor days. He would not let his daughter Dolly marry young Fairlop, to whom she was attached, simply because he had not first proposed the connexion himself; and insisted upon her having Mr. Gudgeon, a smart London fishmonger, who drove down to his cottage upon the Common in his own gig, not out of regard to the man, but out of opposition to his daughter. On the very evening of the meeting at the Wig and Water-Spaniel, he came growling home to his house, when the following colloquy ensued between him and his wife.

"Thought you were all dead—couldn't you hear me at the garden-gate?"

"Where's Clod?"—"Gone out, my dear, but he'll be back directly."

"Always sending him out of the way on some fool's errand or other."—"He is gone to the village, to get your favourite dish for supper to-night."

"Get the devil for supper to-night—Shan't eat any: you never get one any thing to drink."—"Yes, my dear, I tapp'd the ale on purpose."

"Shan't drink any. What are you staring at?—why don't you help me off with my coat?—And then having eaten and drunk most copiously of the food which he had just said he would not touch, he drew his easy chair to the fire, stretched his legs, and to the old tune of the Hunting of the Hare roared out his favourite song, of

BACHELOR'S FARE.

Funny and free are a Bachelor's reveries,
Cheerily, merrily passes his life;
Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
Troublesome children and clamorous wife.
Free from satiety, care, and anxiety,
Charms in variety fall to his share;
Bacchus's blisses, and Venus's kisses,
This, boys, this is the Bachelor's Fare.

A wife like a canister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,

All bespattering, bumping, and battering,
Hurries and worries him till he is dead;
Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,
Young ones are new devils raising despair,
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and Bachelor's Fare.

Through such folly days once sweet holidays
Soon are embitter'd by wrangling and strife;
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
All perplexing and vexing one's life.
Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
Polly is squalling, and Molly is bawling,
While Dad is recalling his Bachelor's Fare.—

When they are older grown, then they are bolder
grown,
Turning your temper, and spurning your rule,
Girls through foolishness, passion or mulishness,
Parry your wishes and marry a fool.—
Boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate,
All that your busy pate bearded with care;
Then tell me what jollity, fun, or frivolity,
Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare?

The following Wednesday, which was the night fixed on for the robbery, happened to be the monthly meeting of Bruin's club, whence he seldom returned till a late hour, on which account it had been selected by Dolly's lover Fairlop as a favourable opportunity for paying his mistress a visit to concert measures for procuring her father's consent to their marriage. No sooner had he seen the farmer stumping out of the garden-gate with his dog Growler by his side, a lantern in one hand and a pistol in the other, his usual accompaniments when he had occasion to go to Finchley by night, than he tapped at the window, was ushered into the parlour up-stairs, received the renewal of Dolly's assurances that she never would marry Mr. Gudgeon, and devised plans for their support, if, as he implored, she consented to wed him without her father's approbation: all which she participated with so much satisfaction, that in the unconscious happiness of the moment they both began singing, and their thoughts involuntarily arranged themselves into the following duet:

Dolly.—I care not a fig for all their clacket,
I never will marry the London fop,
Fairlop.—A jackadandy! I'll lace his jacket.
Over the Common I'll make him hop.

Dolly.—'Tis sad, no doubt, to quarrel with father,
What can a loving maiden do?
Sad as it is, I own I'd rather
Quarrel with him than part with you.

Fairlop.—I care not a straw for all your money,
Ill-temper'd Dad may pocket his pelf;
I'll toil like a bee to gather honey,
And leave the old wasp to sting himself.

Both.—Love shall afford us wealth and pleasure,
Every hour shall bring delight,
While the great folks who roll in treasure,
Gamble all day and toss all night.

Lovers are the worst chronometers in the world. When they meet, Cupid seems to lend Time his wings; and the old gentleman, upon the occasion we are recording, plied his double pinions with such velocity, that Fairlop, startled by the sound of the midnight clock, was just pronouncing a hasty adieu when he heard the gruff voice of Bruin growling at the foot of the stairs for a candle. Escape was impossible—Dolly, frightened out of her wits, had none left to employ when they were most wanted: and Fairlop, who knew that her father, always violent, generally returned from his club with a pistol in his hand and liquor in his head, was really terrified for the personal safety of his mistress. The only place of concealment that offered itself, was the chimney, up which he hastily climbed, begging Dolly, when the coast was clear, to return and apprise him by the signal of a sneeze.

"Where's your mother?" growled Bruin as he entered the room. Dolly informed him, that she had retired to bed some hours before. "Then I'll sit up," was the reply; "but the night's raw, so light a fire here and I'll smoke a pipe."—"Had I not better light it in the bed-room?" said the trembling girl. "You had better do as you're bid," he answered. "What are you gaping and shivering at? Here, give me the candle, I'll light it myself."—Dolly, knowing his spirit of contradiction, had presence of mind enough to exclaim—"On reflection, I think it would be better to light it here, and I'm glad my opinion agrees with yours."—"You think, Miss Saucebox! what do *you* know of the matter? I say it shall be lighted in the bed-room; so away with you, and don't be half an hour about it."

Harry Halter in the mean while, with his two companions, having broken into another part of the house, without discovery, entered the parlour

shortly after on tiptoe, Crape carrying a dark lantern, and all armed with pistols. "Hist! Hist!" said Harry; "they're not all abed yet;—I heard a door open and shut. However I've got the shiners safe in this here canvass bag."—"And here's the gold snuff-box," said Noose—"and the silver tankard is in my pocket," whispered Charley—"Vell then," added Harry, "suppose we all keeps vot we've got—I ought to have the largest share for finding out the job."—"Gammon!" said Noose, "I'll have my fair share, or may this pinch of snuff be my last!" So saying, he applied some to his nose, which, not being used to so much gentility, resented the application by a loud sneeze; and Fairlop, thinking he heard Dolly's signal, began to detach himself softly from the chimney.—"Come, come," added Charley, "we're not to be queer-ed:—I'll have my rights; if I don't, may the devil come for me this very instant!"

At this juncture, Fairlop, all blackened with soot, and thinking he was approaching Dolly, placed himself exactly opposite the dark lantern, exclaiming "Here I am, are you ready?"—and Charley, letting fall his booty, and bawling out—"O Lord, the devil! the devil!" scampered out of the room, followed by Noose. Harry fired his pistol, but, finding he had missed his aim, thought it prudent to decamp as well as the others.

Possessing abundance of personal courage, and having a sort of natural antipathy to thieves, weazles and rats, the young farmer commenced instant pursuit, calling lustily for assistance, and pressing hard upon Harry, who in attempting to cut across the garden, tumbled over a gooseberry bush, and after a desperate resistance against both Fairlop and Bruin, who speedily joined in the chase, was at last secured and handcuffed. Noose was discovered in the cow-house, and similarly manacled, and though Charley, who had entered the premises with a provident eye to retreat, succeeded in gaining the Common, he surrendered next day when he learnt the fate of his companions, on condition of being received as king's evidence.

Arrangements were now made for marching the prisoners to the cage at Finchley, the rustic servant heading the detachment with a pitchfork and lantern, the housebreakers coming next securely tied together, Bruin following with a blunderbuss, while Fairlop with a brace of pistols brought up the rear, receiving the assurance of Bruin, as they walked along, that on account of his courage, a quality of which he was a huge admirer, he should have the hand of Dolly, with the bag of guineas for her portion.—The night was stormy. Immense masses of black clouds, driven rapidly athwart the sky, enveloped the earth in darkness, or, if the moonlight struggled through them for a moment, her beams served but to disclose the dreary and desolate features of the Common over which they were passing. Harry was endeavouring to fortify himself with a desperate resolution, when suddenly the loud and wailful howl of a dog met his ear, at the same time he heard a harsh creaking, and looking up he beheld close to him a gibbet, with the remains of a highwayman who had been hung in chains, swinging and rattling in the blast. His heart sank within him, but erecting his head, and clenching his teeth with a look of defiance, he was passing on with a firm tread, when his attention was arrested by two shining objects at the foot of the gibbet, which he conjectured to be either glowworms, or the eyes of some animal. Presently they raised themselves from the ground, and at that moment a ray of light fell upon the wild and baggard features of Ranting Moll, who, stretching out her long bony arm to the moon, exclaimed in a sepulchral voice—"Look at it, boy, look at yonder moon—it is the last thou shalt see, for ere her face is again full, thine shall be dust, and thy body shall be like the jingling bones of this murderer, that dance in the night-wind to the music of their own irons. Said I not right? He who is an ass, and takes himself to be a stag, finds his mistake when he comes to leap the ditch. Thou wouldst not heed me when I said an idle man is the devil's bolster, and another man's bread costs more than our own. But we may save a man from

others whom we cannot save from himself; when the pear is ripe it must needs fall to the ground. I told thee, Harry, thou shouldst flourish under the sign of the Bear, and who is he that marches behind thee with thy life in his hand, that it may be laid down at the judge's bar? Is it not Bruin? What! Cannot I read a palm? yet thou wouldst neither heed me when I bade thee fear the Bear, nor believe me when I said—he who would be rich in a year, gets hanged at six months' end. —Away! Away!" H.

(Mon. Mag. Feb.)

THE NEW YEAR.

I saw a fine girl on her mother's knee,—
They were laughingly blushing and joyous;
Love sung with their lips, "So delighted are we!
Is there aught in this world can destroy us?"
It was worship to see and to hear them in bliss,
It was hope to inherit their story;
But Death kill'd the innocent girl with a kiss,
And recall'd her to silence and glory.

What's the Year but a child on the lap of Time,
That is dear in its youth and creation!
Round our hearts and our passions its months will climb,
And detain us at home in Love's station:
But the Seasons, its parents, advance it to prime,
And 'tis pleasant, to solace the story,—
That years, like our children in nature sublime,
In their death are exalted to glory.

The woodbuds are blown in the rain and wind,
And the Sun and the Moon are their lovers;
They are warmed into leaves, and their fruits are assign'd,
While mortality lingers and hovers:
The blush and the savour, the beautiful form,
Are promoted and gather'd in glory;
The lightning awakes in the voice of the storm,
And they live but in memory's story.

The lyrics of birds and the sweetness of sound,
Like music in passionate dreaming,
Sink deeper the heart as they circle its bound
In the praise of security beaming:
How short!—for the months number'd into a year
Pass onward their glory forgetting;
Creation fresh objects gives Nature to bear,
To eclipse with their rising its setting.

Cold freezes the air, and the nights are lone;
It is pain for the poor and forsaken!
How happy the heart that can give with a tone
And a spirit of freedom unshaken!
Joy never is brighter than shining on grief,
Never dearer than soothing her story,
Never sweeter than yielding the balm of relief,
Nor purer than witnessing glory.

I would value each moment,—caress every morn,—
I would link them in pulses of feeling,
Though I witness ten thousand to Erebus borne,
And Eternity rapidly stealing;
Still, still, should my faith, like a star that is bright,
Rely on the truth of this story:—
"That years are he heralds which lead me aright
To possession, and infinite glory."

Islington, Feb. 1822.

J. R. PRIOR.

JOHNSON'S FIELD SPORTS OF INDIA.

(Literary Gazette.)

WE have in our first day's course, last Saturday, enjoyed with our readers the chase of several animals; but the animal *par excellence* in India is the Tiger; of whose ferociousness and exploits our author tells us many terrific tales. We cannot copy more than a sample, from the midst of a cluster.

"An occurrence nearly similar happened to me soon after, which put an end to my shooting on foot. From that time to the period of my leaving *Chittrah*, which was many years after, I always went out to shoot on an elephant. The circumstance I allude to was as follows:—Fifty or sixty people were beating a thick cover as before described; I was on the outside of it, with a man holding my horse, and another servant with a hog's spear; when those who were driving the cover called *Suer! Suer!* which is the *Hindustanee* name for hog. Seeing something move the bushes about twenty yards from me, and supposing it to be a hog, I fired at the spot with ten or a dozen small balls; instantly on the explosion of my gun, a tiger roared out, and came galloping straight towards us. I dipped under the horse's belly and got on the opposite side from him; he came within a few yards of us, and then turned off growling into the cover.

"When the people came out, they brought with them a dead hog partly devoured. These two cases, I think, shew clearly that tigers are naturally cowardly. They generally take their prey by surprise, and whenever they attack openly, it is reasonable to conclude that they must be extremely hungry, which I believe is often the case, as their killing animals of the forest must be very precarious. It is the general opinion of the inhabitants, that when a tiger has tasted human blood he prefers it to all other food. A year or two sometimes elapses without any one being killed by a tiger for several miles round; although they are often seen within that space, and are known to

destroy cattle; but as soon as one man is killed, others shortly after share the same fate; this, I imagine, is the reason why the natives entertain an idea that they prefer men to all other food. I account for it otherwise. Tigers are naturally afraid of men, and in the first instance seldom attack them, unless compelled by extreme hunger. When once they have ventured at attack, they find them much easier prey than most animals of the forest, and always to be met with near villages, and on public roads, without the trouble of hunting about for them through the covers.

"A tigress with two cubs lurked about the *Kutkumsandy* pass, and during two months killed a man almost every day, and on some days two. Ten or twelve of the people belonging to government carriers of the post-bag,) were of the number. In fact, the communication between the presidency and the upper provinces was almost entirely cut off. The government therefore was induced to offer a large reward to any person who killed the tigress."*

* The dread of the tiger in other animals is curiously exemplified in a mode of breaking in bullocks to the yoke in Hindostan. Mr. J. states,

"The natives of India have a very strange method of breaking in their bullocks for ploughing. The cattle with which they plough the ground are in general small, yet they are strong enough for the purpose, the earth being only turned up a few inches deep. The larger cattle are selected for carriage, or for drawing hackeries [carts.] They are first yoked to an experienced bullock, and as most of them are of an obstinate restless disposition, they soon lie down. To make them rise, the men twist their tails, and if that does not succeed, a man throws a tiger or leopard's skin over his head, and runs towards the bullock, which never fails of making him get up immediately. After three or four repetitions of this, they seldom ever attempt to lie down. It has the same effect on bullocks which have never been in a country inhabited by tigers or leopards, and therefore they could never have seen a skin of the kind before.

"It is remarkable that horses which are bold in disposition, and quiet in manage-

She was fired at, and, adds Mr. J., never —“ heard of after; from which it may be presumed she was wounded. It is fortunate for the inhabitants of that country, that tigers seldom survive any wound; their blood being always in a state predisposing to putrefaction, a consequence of the extreme heat, and their living entirely on animal food.—

“Two *Biparies*† were driving a string of loaded bullocks to *Chittrah* from *Palanow*: when they were come within a few miles of the former place, a tiger seized on the man in the rear, which was seen by a *Gualah* [Herdsman] as he was watching his buffaloes grazing. He boldly ran to the man's assistance, and cut the tiger severely with his sword; upon which he dropt the *Biparie* and seized the herdsman: the buffaloes observing it, attacked the tiger, and rescued the poor man; they tossed him about from one to the other, and, to the best of my recollection, killed him, but of that I am not quite positive. Both of the wounded men were brought to me; the *Biparie* recovered, and the herdsman died.

“An elderly man and his wife, (of the lowest cast of *Hindoos*, called *dooms*, who live chiefly by making mats and baskets,) were each carrying home a bundle of wood, and as they were resting their burdens on the ground, the old man hearing a strange noise, looked about, and saw a tiger running off with his wife in his mouth. He ran after them, and struck the tiger in his back with a small axe: the tiger dropt the wife, who was soon after brought to me. One of her breasts was almost entirely taken away, and the other much lacerated: she had also several deep wounds in the back of her neck, by which I imagine the tiger

ment when first they come into the hilly country, should soon become timid, and frequently start at trifling objects. I can account for it in no other way, than their having at some time or other smelt a tiger or leopard, and natural instinct causes that fear.”

† *Bipar* signifies merchandise, and *Biparies* are people who buy grain and other articles, which they transport from one part of the country to another on bullocks.

struck at her with his two fore paws; one on the neck, and the other on the breast—this, if I may judge from the number I have seen wounded, is their usual way of attacking men. The old woman was six months under my care, and at last recovered.

“As an old Mahometan priest was travelling at mid-day on horseback, within a few miles of *Chittrah*, with his son, an athletic young man, walking by his side, they heard a tiger roaring near them. The son urged his father to hasten on; the old man continued at a slow pace, observing, that there was no danger, the tiger would not molest them. He then began counting his beads, and offering his prayers to the Almighty. In the act of which he was knocked off his horse, and carried away by the tiger; the son ran after them and cut the tiger with his sword; he dropped the father—seized the son, and carried him off. The father was brought to *Chittrah*, and died the same day; the son was never heard of afterwards. In this instance, I think, the tiger must have been ravenously hungry, or he would not have roared when near his prey; it is what they seldom or ever do, except in the very act of seizing.—

“Some idea may be formed how numerous the tigers must have been at one period in Bengal, from the circumstance that one gentleman is reported to have killed upwards of three hundred and sixty. I heard Mr. Henry Rams at the time he was Judge of the circuit of *Bahar*, declare that he had killed that number, and I was told that others fell by his hand before his death. He kept a particular account of every one which he killed; of which, I suppose, his friends are now in possession. Having charge of the Company's elephants for many years at a time when the *Cosumbazar* Island and *Patellec jungle* were run over with tigers, he enjoyed better opportunities of killing them than has fallen to the lot of any other man, even of the German Paul, of whom Captain Williamson has said so much.”

The Cheetah hunting, that is the chase of animals by that kind of small

tiger (or rather panther, perhaps,) which we see in the Tower of London seems to partake more of cruelty than of sporting :—

“ It is (says our author) distressing to see them catch the deer ; they are led out in chains with blinds over their eyes, and sometimes they are carried out in carts, and whenever antelopes or other deer are seen on a plain, should any one of them be separated from the rest, the *cheetah*’s head is brought to face it, the blinds removed, and the chain taken off.

“ He immediately crouches, and creeps along with his belly almost touching the ground until he gets within a short distance of the deer, who, although seeing him approach, appears fascinated, and seldom attempts to run away. The *cheetah* then makes a few surprising springs and seizes him by the neck. If many deer are near each other, they often escape by flight ; their numbers, I imagine, giving them confidence, and preventing their feeling the full force of that fascination which to a single deer produces a sort of panic, and appears to divest him of the power or even inclination to run away, or make any resistance. It is clear that they must always catch them by stealth, or in the manner I have described, for they are not so swift even as common deer.”

But we must now conclude our Sporting annals, even though tempted to transgress our bounds still farther, by a very striking account of the magnificent Nawaub Vizier’s method of pursuing game at the head of a retinue of 70,000 in number. There is also a well drawn character of this native sovereign. There is, however, more fascination in the subject of serpents ; and from the author’s statements respecting them, we shall select a few paragraphs.

Trying experiments on these creatures, the author says,

—“ I well remember that I could find no medicine to counteract entirely the effect of the poison. I had dogs, cats, poultry, and other animals bitten, and all the cases tended to prove, that the power of the animal to destroy vi-

talities, became considerably weaker after every bite. It required a tolerably large cobra de capello to destroy a cat ; a second cat bitten by the same snake about half an hour afterwards recovered. I shall here remark that a cat withstood the poison better than any other animal, excepting the *Mongoose* [*Ichneumon*]. The commonly received opinion that the latter animal is never killed by the poison, is certainly erroneous ; and that it repairs when bitten to the grass, and eats of some particular herb, which acts as an antidote, is also imaginary. I have seen several *Mongoose* die almost immediately after being bitten by snakes, and have often observed them after the bite to appear for a time sick, and tumble about in the grass, without ever attempting to eat any ; perhaps they may sometimes eat grass, but I am confident it is not of any particular kind, and they do it merely as dogs, in order to cause vomiting. As soon as the sickness and effects of the poison are abated, they renew the attack, and with more apparent violence, but with considerably more caution.

“ It is curious to observe with what dexterity these little animals conduct the fight, always attacking the tail first, and by that means disabling their enemy with the least danger to themselves ; they then approach nearer and nearer towards the head, taking off a scale or two at a time ; at last they seize him behind the head and destroy him. I have reason to think that the people who exhibit the fight, in most cases, first deprive the snake of his venomous teeth, as they very unwillingly allow the *Mongoose* to attack a snake fresh caught. I have had a dozen fowls bitten by the same snake ; the first died in a few seconds, and so on, each in a proportionably longer time, to the twelfth, which was more than an hour in dying.—

—“ A man exhibited one of his dancing cobra de capellos before a large party. A boy about sixteen years old was teasing the animal to make it bite him, which it actually did, and to some purpose, for in an hour after, he died of the bite. The father of the boy was astonished, and protested

it could not be from the bite, that the snake had no venomous teeth, and that he and the boy had often been bitten by it before without any bad effect. On examining the snake it was found that the former fangs were replaced by new ones, not then far out of the jaw, but sufficient to kill the boy. The old man said that he never saw or heard of such a circumstance before, and was quite inconsolable for the loss of his son.

"The method these people adopt to catch snakes is as follows:—As snakes never make holes for themselves, but inhabit those made by other animals, such as lizards, rats, mice, &c. In order to ascertain if they are occupied by snakes, they examine the mouths of the holes, and if frequented by them, the under part is worn smooth by the snake passing over it, with sometimes a little sliminess; whereas if frequented by any animal having feet, they cause a roughness in the earth. When they discover a hole frequented by a snake, they dig into it very cautiously, and if they can lay hold of its tail, they do it with the left hand, at the same instant grasping the snake with the right hand, and drawing it through with the left, with astonishing rapidity, until the finger and thumb are brought up by the head, when they are secure. I have seen them catch them in the same manner when gliding fast on the ground.

"They never could catch for me a cobra de monilo alive, although I offered them a large reward for one; they said it was too small and active for them to attempt to lay hold of it,* their bite being certain death. It is thought by the natives of India and by many Europeans, that snake catchers possess secrets that enable them to cure the bites of all snakes. I questioned them frequently on the subject, both when sober and intoxicated, and at last, for a small reward, I believe they disclosed all they knew, which I shall relate, and that they do not know of any infallible remedy: their refusing to catch cobra de monilloes is a proof.

"Whenever they attempt to catch snakes, there are always more than one present, and a second person carries with him a *goor goorie*, which is a smoking machine, made generally of a cocoa nut below, with an earthen funnel above, containing fire balls. In this fire they have always secreted a small iron instrument, about the size of a prong of a table fork, curved into the shape of a snake's tooth," tapering from above, and whenever they are bitten, they first put on a tight ligature above the bite, then suck the part, and as soon as blood appears, they introduce this instrument red hot into the two orifices made by the teeth, and take some bazar spirits, if they can procure any, in which they infuse a small quantity of *bang*, [a species of wild hemp,] which mixture by the natives is called *gongeh-ah*, but sometimes they use tobacco instead of *bang*.

"As far as I could learn, these are the only remedies that they ever adopt, and according to their account, often succeed. ---

"From the experiments which I made in Calcutta, it appears clear that snakes do not always possess the same power of destroying life. It is however, a doubt with me whether they expend any of their venomous fluid in swallowing and digesting their food, as they do in killing it; if they do, their bite soon after eating will not be so mortal as after long fasting; in fact, whatever they do eat I believe they first kill; at all events, I conceive, the longer it has been contained in their bodies the more venomous it is, and the hotter the weather the thinner the venomous fluid.

"I have teased them with a piece of cotton, and made them expend their poison into it, and then gave them a fowl to kill, which was a considerable time in dying. It is not fabulous, but true, that they sometimes take their prey by fascination. I once witnessed it in company with Captain Trench, of the Bengal Native Infantry.—Sitting on a terrace near the house, we observed a small bird on a tree at a little distance, shaking his wings and trembling: we could not imagine the reason of it.

"In a few minutes we observed it fall from the tree, and ran to pick it

* In general they are about the size of a man's little finger, and from twelve to fifteen inches long.

up; to our great surprise we saw a large snake running off with it in his mouth; he got into his hole before we could procure any thing with which to destroy him.—

“No person should walk over grass or through *jungle* in India without having boots on, or travel without having some volatile spirits with him.—It strikes me that a clever mechanic might invent a machine upon the principle of a cupping glass and syringe, that would draw the poison from the wound, which also might be serviceable for the bites of mad dogs.”

With this advice we finish our review, though we could have wished to illustrate a few of the Hindu customs from facts related by Mr. Johnson, and showing a remarkable coincidence with European superstitions. These, and the characteristic touches of the sportsman, which we had marked for notice, our limits oblige us to forego; as well as some remarks on the want of polish in the style, and the presence of some strong medical expressions. With these drawbacks, however, the volume is very amusing.

(London Mag. Feb.)

THE MISCELLANY.

[We present our readers with a second number of our Miscellany. We are glad that they, (*i. e.* many of them) approve the plan. It is something like an *imperium in imperio*, perhaps, at first sight; only its policy does not jar with the general interests of our wider kingdom of learning. On the contrary, it will enable us to give a variety to our Magazine, by relieving the long essays and more profound disquisitions, by brief, rare, sparkling facts and fancies. We shall thus do a service to ourselves, and afford our more indolent wits an opportunity of sending to us their short compositions (sudden thoughts, or single conceits,) which are too diminutive for regular essays, and yet are too good to be lost. Our wish is to offer to our friends (in the apothecary's phrase) an agreeable *mixture*—where the salt of wit, the acid of satire, the volatile of the imagination, the graceful, the sweet, the liquid flow of melodious rhyme (the true *aurum potabile*) may meet without neutralizing each other. This seems all very ambitious, at first sight; but we nevertheless hope to accomplish our end.]

THE CHOICE OF A GRAVE.

In Fontenelle's *Dialogues of the Dead*, Mary Stuart meets Rizzio, and by way of reconciling him to the violence he had suffered, says to him, “I have honoured thy memory so far as to place thee in the tomb of the Kings of Scotland.” “How,” says the musician, “my body entombed among the Scottish Kings?” “Nothing more true,” replies the queen. “And I,” says Rizzio, “I have been so little sensible of that fortune, that, believe me, this is the first notice I ever had of it.”

I have no sympathy with that feeling, which is now-a-days so much in fashion, for picking out snug spots to be buried in. What is the meaning

of such fancies? No man thinks or says, that it will be agreeable to his dead body to be resolved into dust under a willow, or with flowers above it. No—it is, that while alive he has pleasure in such anticipations for his comical clay. I do not understand it—there is no *quid pro quo* in the business to my apprehension. It will not do to reason upon of course; but I can't feel about it. I am to blame, I dare say—but I can only laugh at such underground whims. “A good place” in the church-yard!—the boxes—a front row! but why? No, I cannot understand it: I cannot feel *particular* on such a subject: any part for me, as a plain man says of a partridge.

THE MERMAID.

The figure now exhibiting as a mermaid, having raised in many a belief in the existence of such an animal, I beg leave to offer you what I consider as a

proof of its artificial structure, and that it is composed of a baboon and a fish. In taking away the lower part of the body of the monkey, the spine has been preserved entire, and has been inserted under the skin down the back of the fish, so as to show a continued chain of vertebral projections, which gives it the appearance of being the back of one animal. That the vertebrae should appear in the upper part of the back might be expected ; but, when it as-

sumes the character of a fish, the spine, like that of other fishes, must be in the centre ; and if, from the singularity of its structure, it really did continue along the back, it would consequently alter the configuration of the fin at the end of the tail ; which, being formed on an elongation of that bone, must necessarily have a corresponding arrangement : whereas the tail-fin of the exhibited monster is evidently formed like that of all other fishes on a central spine.

THE FETE-DIEU.

1.

By six o'clock all Paris was awake,
By seven her population all in motion,
Messsieurs and *Dames* all hurrying for the sake—
Some few, perhaps, it may be—of devotion ;
But all the rest, to reach that grand *pinacle*
Of earthly bliss to Frenchmen—a *spectacle*.

2.

And really 'tis a pretty sight to see
Parisian *belles* tripping on holiday ;
Be they of gentle blood, or low degree,
It matters not, for all alike display
Each on her head so pretty a *chapeau*—
You're half in love before you peep below.

3.

Perhaps you'd better not ; but that's all taste ;
Some think but lightly of a face ; more stress
Is laid by others on a taper waist ;
And some lay most upon the air or dress ;
Hands, arms, or feet, claim others' approbation ;
But as for me, I like a combination.

4.

But this is a digression : eight o'clock
Proclaim'd aloud from every tower and steeple,
That *Notre Dame*, *St. Sulpice*, and *St. Roch*,
Were sending forth their priests among the people,
Loaded with blessings, ready to bestow them
On all to whom the morning air might blow them.

5.

First, floating banners, moving onward, told
The holy cavalcade was now in motion ;
Then scores of virgins, rather plain and old
To be themselves the objects of devotion,
A pretty substitute in rose-leaves found,
Which they, from holy vessels, scatter'd round.

6.

Then cavaliers, dress'd out in all their orders,
Looking less humble than perhaps they might ;
And priests, with crimson robes and golden borders,
Their precious charge supported, left and right ;
And in the rear, which would the most engross you,
Devoutly walk'd the *Duchesses** and *Monsieur*.

7.

Alas ! alas ! there came a sad mishap ;
Who could have guess'd,—the sky so clear at seven ?—
A flash of lightning, and a thunder clap,
Raised all the eyes of devotees to heaven ;
But two or three drops of rain might well excuse
Their quick transition to their robes and shoes.

8.

The rain in torrents pour'd, the flowing street
By *Dames* and *Messsieurs* was deserted quite ;

* Berri and Angouleme.

Thus to neglect a spiritual treat
 For straw and silks was surely far from right ;
 The most devout expected no miracle ;
 But all were vex'd at losing the *spectacle*.

9.

The frankincense and blessings were bestowed
 Upon some groups of ragamuffin boys,—
 Who by their grinning undevoutly show'd
 How wickedly the human mind enjoys
 Such ills as sometimes even have permission
 To visit princes on a holy mission.

H. H.

WILKS.

It is very pleasing to discover redeeming points in characters that have been held up to our detestation. The merest trifles are enough, if they have taste but of common humanity. I have never thought very ill of Wilks since I discovered that he was exceed-

ingly fond of South-Down mutton. But better than this: "My cherries," he says, "are the prey of the black-birds—and they are most welcome." This is a little trait of character, which, in my mind, covers a multitude of sins.

THE BURYING GROUND OF PÈRE LA CHAISE.

I profitted by a fine October day to make the round of the burying-place of Père La Chaise. It excites even more varied emotions than the opera: contemplation, surprise, terror, remembrances, reflections, fill your imagination, impress every movement with silence and timidity. Here pride and vanity have extended their privileges to the tomb. The common trench is for the poor—they are thrown together pêle-mêle; others have a five years' lease of their grave—humble tenants, still subject to removals. Others, again, carrying love of property beyond the boundaries of existence, have acquired for ever their four square feet—to this extent is now reduced their part of five hundred acres. All the cenotaphs, all the marbles, all the funeral columns, are graven but with tears and sighs. Sometimes the expressions of grief are very diffuse; sometimes of a more affecting brevity. Here I read Ah! there, Alas! and a little further, To-morrow! Observing this concert of grief and despair, I asked myself if all this was very sincere. I amused myself with imagining all suddenly restored to life, these fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts, so warmly regretted, returning to Paris alive and well, and reclaiming their property from their affectionate sons, tender daughters, and inconsolable nephews and neices. What a revolution it would make! what lying epitaphs they would be! I went

from tomb to tomb fancying a resurrection from each. Already I saw Geoffrey seizing his critical sceptre, questioning the success of Sylla and Regulus, and the rising note of Mademoiselle Mante; l'Abbé Delille, and other academicians, seeking their arm chairs in vain; M. Agasse grasping the *Moniteur* as proprietor again; M. Micoud reclaiming his prefecture de l'Ourthe; Beauvilliers his coffee-house; M. Journe-Aubert his senatorship; M. Sicard his place of perpetual secretary; M. Vanderberghe his upholstery; Vigier his baths, and Tortoni his pistaccio ices. I know not what a disorder such a resurrection would occasion in Paris; I will not pursue the consequences; I fear the effects of this dream even on the timid hearts of the heirs. With what consternation would they hear the singular excuse made me the other morning by a person who was mistaken in affirming before twenty persons that *M. le Docteur* ——— was dead. "Dead!" replied I, "I met him this morning." "I can assure you he is dead." "And I declare I met him this morning, and shook hands with him." "Wait one moment: ah, I had forgotten; but he is not the less dead for all that. I should have told you, he has rendered such service to the burying ground of Père La Chaise, that he has recovered a passport to leave it twice a-week."

FAIR INES.

1.

O saw ye not fair Ines ?—

She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest.

She took our day-light with her,
The smiles that we love best ;
With morning blushes on her cheek
And pearls upon her breast.

2.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright :
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write !

3.

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before ;

And gentle youths, and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore ;—
It would have been a beauteous dream—
If it had been no more !

4.

Alas, alas, fair Ines !
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng ;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sung, farewell—farewell,
To her you've lov'd so long.

5.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines ;
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before ;—
Alas ! for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore,—
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more.

H.

OBITUARY.

Lately died at Strasburgh, in the 31st year of his age, the celebrated Italian philosopher POPOLINO. He had been employed on certain poisonous and other pungent experiments, for the benefit of the red Indians and the civilized inhabitants of Antiqua Scotia. His preparations were generally in the shape of a powder (for the sake of its bearing land-carriage), and on applying some of what he conceived to be No. 37 to his nostrils, he fell down and expired in a moment. The world will long have cause to lament the premature decease of this great philosopher and sage. A few particulars of his early life have escaped ; and as we believe that they are not generally known in England, we shall lay them before our readers.

Pietro Pinto Popolino was born in the neighbourhood of Peschiera, in the north of Italy, in the midst of the cold weather of 1791. His father claimed (and he insisted) on being descended in a right line from the famous *Gasco Mendez*, formerly one of the self-elected Dukes of Trieste. When very young, scarcely exceeding the tender age of eleven years, young *Popolino*, it is said used to sing the verses of Catullus in an extraordinary way, and to accompany them with his violin. It was confidently expected that he would

become a shining ornament in the musical circles. One day, however, he became acquainted with two travellers from North Britain, who were regaling themselves with a 'haggis' or rather an olla podrida. (the landlord was a Spaniard,) and some pickled herrings, in the "public" at Peschiera. These gentlemen took great quantities of snuff, which seemed to enable them to argue with infinite vivacity. Young *Popolino* begged a pinch, and sneezed. He begged another, and sneezed again. This seemed to him very extraordinary. Begging a third pinch, he put it carefully in a small piece of whity-brown paper, and took it home with a view to ascertain what its peculiar virtues were. This trifling incident it was which turned his genius into the road of practical philosophy. A few years afterwards he came over to England, and entered himself as a pupil of the celebrated Fribourg. He became the inventor of "*Canaster*," of No. 37, of *The floral mixture*, and even made some improvements in "high-dried." He was a great advocate for the system of driving out one disease by another ; and invented a poison (made of the *Lamas* and *Ticmas*—Indian specifics) which, had it been adopted, would have completely put the measles to flight, and expatriated the hydro-

phobia. He was the only person acquainted with the virtues of Dr. Solomon's Balm of Gilead, and Dr. Brodum's nervous cordial. He was the inventor of Day and Martin's blacking, and the Congreve rockets (he sold the patents to the present proprietors) He was the first man who perceived the connexion between the Aurora Borealis and the French Revolution. He constructed the automaton chess player and the invisible girl, and gave the first hint of lighting London with gas. He was an excellent arithmetician, a

sound theologian, a good poet and whist-player, a tender father of a family, and a virtuous man. He has left a wife and 17 small children to lament his death, which will be long felt, not only by them, but by the whole scientific and literary world. He is buried in the Protestant church at Strasburgh, and a tomb, with an elegant inscription, by Messrs. Mokrifchusky and Price, (proprietors of the Russia oil,) has been erected to his memory.

GUST. VOSTERMANN.

GERMAN HONESTY AND SIMPLICITY.

"An inhabitant of Leipsic," says Madame de Stael, "having planted an apple-tree on the borders of a public walk, affixed a notice to it, requesting that people would not gather the fruit." How the wiseacres and "knowing-ones" laugh at the trusting simpleton! But hark! "not an apple was stolen during ten years." So much for a people, all of whom read and think. In

England there are not a few who have resisted the instruction of the poor, lest it should corrupt them; but, with the protection of ignorance, what would have been the fate of the apple-tree in the neighbourhood of London? What a contrast between this respected tree with its harmless defence, and the steel-traps and spring-guns of our British Pomona!

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A GHOST.

It has been questioned amongst the learned, whether there be such things (or nothings) as ghosts; but whether or not, and leaving this argument to the curious, the following may be relied upon as an instance of extraordinary presence of mind in an apparition.

In the year 1421, the widow of Ralph Cranbourne, of Dipmore End, in the parish of Sandhurst, Berks, was one midnight alarmed by a noise in her bed-chamber, and, looking up, she saw at her bed foot the appearance of a Skeleton (which she verily believed was her Husband,) nodding and talking to her upon its fingers, or finger-bones, after the manner of a dumb person. Whereupon she was so terrified, that after striving to scream aloud, which she could not, for her tongue clave to her mouth, she fell backward as in a swoon; yet not so insensible

withal but she could see that at this the Figure became agitated and distressed, and would have clasped her, but upon her appearance of loathing it desisted, only moving its jaw upward and downward, as if it would cry for help but could not for want of its parts of speech. At length, she growing more and more faint, and likely to die of fear, the Spectre suddenly, and as if at a thought, began to swing round its hand, which was loose at the wrist, with a brisk motion, and the finger bones being long and hard, and striking sharply against each other, made a loud noise, like to the springing of a watchman's rattle. At which alarm, the neighbours running in, stoutly armed, as against thieves or murderers, the spectre suddenly departed.

Hist. Berks, vol. xxx. p. 976.

RHEUMATISM.

Sir—As the excellent writer of your Medical Reports* has this month recommended wash-leather waistcoats as a preventive and cure of rheumatism,

may I be allowed (in confirmation of the Doctor's recommendation,) to state, that I have been in the habit of wearing one for some considerable time; and

* See next page.

that, in my case, it has been attended with the most beneficial effect. It is my usual practice to take it about the middle of November, and to cast it off some time in the spring; the particular time depends upon the season.

My mode of wearing it is between my flannel waistcoat and shirt; and I can assure your readers, that, since my adoption of it, I have been entirely free from rheumatic pains, to which I was previously subject. B. Z.

MEDICAL REPORT

Of Diseases, &c. occurring in the Western District of the City Dispensary. By D. Urwins, M.D.

The prevalence and obstinate severity of coughs are the circumstances which have particularised the present and immediately preceding months, in reference to medical requisites: to such a degree has this been the case, that it may be almost said, with stronger than poetical affirmation—

Those cough now who never cough'd before,
And those who always cough'd now cough the more.

The character of these pulmonary affections has of course been more or less regulated by constitutional tendencies in the individual subject; but their leading features have proved rather of the asthmatic than of the phthisical kind, and they have thus called for, and borne, those stimulating remedies, which, when employed in truly consumptive ailments, are much worse than useless. Many of the patent prescriptions, named "Cough drops," might properly be labelled with the word "Poison," were they intended only for the eye and the stomach of the consumptive invalid,—the principle of their efficacy in any case being that of exciting those parts of the pulmonary organs which in phthisis are already in a state of morbid excitation. Some practitioners, indeed, call in question the rectitude of expectorant agency, as applicable to any sort of pectoral disorder; while others, again, deny that balsamics and demulcents have more than an imaginary efficacy, seeing that the parts supposed to be sheathed and soothed by these substances never actually come in contact with them, but pass down another chamber, viz. thro' the gullet into the stomach; while it is the wind-pipe and lungs, not the œsophagus and stomach, which the disordered action implicates. These objections, however, in both instances seem to be too much founded on the refinements of theory, and to stand in opposition to truth: medicine, after all,

would prove a poor inefficacious affair, were it never to act but in obedience to the dicta of pathology. Our continental neighbours, the French, condemn British practice as empirical; but the most triumphant reply to this charge is the superior success of the English physicians. Disease with us is often done away with by decided measures, long before the gallic school of tissue and texture practitioners would have determined upon the organ implicated, or the remedial indications demanded. The French are good investigators of disordered lesion, it is allowed, but dexterity in the inspection of a dead body does not necessarily imply an efficient practice upon the living; nay, it is possible for morbid anatomy (in moderation, the most useful of all medical studies,) to be carried to an ultra extent, by encouraging analytic minutiae to the exclusion of synthetic and pervading principles. French medicine, like French art, is full of correct little-nesses and beautiful fragments; but it is wanting in the commanding spirit of a combining whole. It is *outling* and cold, and raw.

A curious case of nervous affection is now under the Reporter's care. A child, about six years old, who is without the smallest manifestation of disease during the day, awakes in the night with involuntary laughter, attended with some gesticulations, which last frequently till the time of rising. Upon it being mentioned to the parents that the disorder was probably a species of St. Vitus's dance, they directly told the writer that a family, who lived opposite them, had recently been affected with that complaint; and that their children had intently noticed, and occasionally imitated, them. This, then, is probably the source of the disorder in the present instance; and it is likely, as suggested by an ingenious

friend, that the malady is a species of oneirodynia, as well as chorea; that the child had been impressed in its dreams with what it had seen during its waking hours, and that such impression had thus become associated with the time and circumstance of sleep. Dreams perhaps modify, and in a manner *duplicate*, existence, more than we are generally aware. Not long since, a case of well marked epilepsy was seen by the writer, which originated in the following manner. The subject of it, a young girl in the lower walks of life, had been engaged with some loose companions in throwing stones at the skeletons that are disgustingly gibbeted on the shores of the Thames. It seems that in the first instance the poor girl considered this pastime as a mere matter of innocent fun and frolic; but, in the visions of the succeeding night, she conceived a horror of the act, and, as just stated, epilepsy was the consequence,—a disorder with which she will probably be affected, from slight causes, during the whole of her life.

The boy to whom allusion has just been made is under a tonic plan of treatment, the medicine principally consisting of the *Nitras argenti*, and he already shows signs of improvement.

The continued severity of the weather induces the writer to reiterate his recommendation of wash-leather waistcoats. It is only they who have tried the expedient that can conceive the comfort of it. The Reporter would almost as soon part with his own skin as the additional one he has adopted. Till he wore the material in question, he scarcely knew the feeling of warmth during the winter season: he now, with less exterior clothing than before, finds himself comparatively indifferent to the temperature of the air. "God's blessing (says Sancho Panza,) be upon that man who first invented sleep: *it covers one all over like a garment.*" So does wash leather, says the writer of these Reports; and so will every one say who shall make an essay of its virtue.

D. UWINS.

London, Jan. 30, 1823.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.

SHIEL'S NEW TRAGEDY, THE HUGUENOT.

The scene is laid at Orleans, where Adolphus Polignac, the Convict or Huguenot (Mr. Macready,) is found among the criminals, condemned to perpetual imprisonment for murder. In the same city resides his early love, Margaret (Miss F.H.Kelly,) the daughter of Romond (Mr. Bartley,) of a high but impoverished family, and on the eve of marriage with the Duke Montville (Mr. Yates,) in order to rescue her parent from distress. Having saved the Gaoler's child, Adolphus is permitted, by his connivance, to witness this ceremony. The chants and prayers proceed, (rather too far as we think for the Stage,) and the nuptial benediction is about to be given, when he arrives, muffled up, at the altar; addresses the bride, and, in consequence of her discovering him, she falls lifeless on the ground. La Roche, an ecclesiastic (Mr. Abbott,) has before prevented Montville from offering violence to Adolphus, but, in his rage, he now commands his disguise to be stripped off, and the red brand upon his arm being exposed, he is sent to execution. Thus concludes the third Act, with a fine dramatic effect, of which Mr. Macready makes a powerful use. Romond now insists on the infamy of her lover to Margaret, but she will not listen to the charge of guilt against him whom her heart has selected and adorned with every virtue and

honour. Her father casts her off; she meets Adolphus on his way to death, she implores him to pronounce, but one word "innocent," that she may believe him to all the world. This word he cannot speak, for he is bound by an oath not to reveal the secret of his wrongful sufferings, which would bring destruction on the head of his father, Count Polignac, who now appears led in, blind and dying, by an attendant. He has come to Orleans in quest of his son, and at the last extremity of expiring nature, he is discovered by him as he is conducted to the scaffold. A very striking and pathetic scene ensues; the father is consigned to the humanity of La Roche, and the victim of filial piety advances to the block. Margaret arrives to meet him in death, and their hapless loves and destiny are treated with poetic nerve no less than with histrionic energy. At the fatal moment of eternal separation, however, La Roche returns: the aged Count is dead, and has revealed that truth which exculpates his son, and can never affect himself more. On this consummation the curtain descends.

From the sketch we have given of the plot it will be seen that it is exceedingly simple, and perhaps rather below the standard of tragedy. But much depends on the genius with which even common materials are treated.

MELODIES OF SCOTLAND.*

WE have now before us the 1st, 2d, and 4th volumes of this collection (the 3d has not reached us, and we do not know that the 5th has yet been published,) and shall endeavour to render an account of some of their attractions. But previous to entering upon the subject of Song, we beg to say something on the Preface. In this, Mr. Thomson enumerates the sources explored for the simple and pure melodies of his native land; justly congratulates himself on his good fortune in enlisting musical talents of so high an order as those employed on the work, especially in Haydn, who devoted three years to the characteristic and delightful symphonies, of which he composed about one half; and, lastly, states the names of the distinguished bards who, after Burns, poured their contributions into his splendid store, among whom we recognize Sir Walter Scott, Campbell, Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Grant, Sir A. Boswell, Mrs. J. Hunter, and W. Smyth, besides selections from Ramsay, Thomson, Hamilton, Macneil, Hogg, &c. &c.

It seems to have been the great object of the editor of this publication to heighten and refine that amusement; and accordingly, amidst all the variety of admirable songs which these volumes contain, whether of the plaintive, amatory, gay, or humorous class; not one will be found offensive to the purest mind, or in the slightest degree inimical to female delicacy. To illustrate this great commendation, we shall present our readers with a few specimens of the novelties here introduced. We begin with an original of the immortal Burns:

BONNY WEE THING.

Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonny face of thine,
And my heart it stounds with anguish,
Lest my wee thing be not mine.

Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In one constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess of this soul of mine,

To follow this simple song we take one by the living ornaments of Scotland, Sir W. Scott.

NORA'S VOW.

Hear what Highland Nora said:
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of Nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows, (old Callum spoke,)
Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruachan fall, and crush Kileburn.
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foemen's steel,
No highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

In the second volume we find a pretty descriptive ballad to the air lately rendered so popular by Miss Stephens, "O Charlie is my darling."

O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
When birds were singing clear,
That Charlie to the Highlands came,
The gallant Chevalier,
O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

* The Select Melodies of Scotland, interspersed with those of Ireland and Wales, united to the Songs of R. Burns, Sir W. Scott, &c. &c. in 5 vols. By George Thomson, 1823.

When Charlie to Glenfinnin came,
To chase the hart and hind,
O many chief his hauner braid
Was waving in the wind.—*O Charlie, &c.*

They wou'dna bide to chase the roes,
Or start the mountain deer,
But aff they march'd wi' Charlie.
The gallant Chevalier.—*O Charlie, &c.*

Now up the wild Glenevis,
And down by Lochy side,
Young Malcolm leaves his shealing,
And Donald leaves his bride.—*O Charlie, &c.*

Out o'er the rocky mountain,
And down the primrose glen,
Of naething else our lasses sing,
But Charlie and his men.—*O Charlie, &c.*

When Charlie to Dunedin came,—
In haste to Holyrood
Came many a fair and stately dame,
Of noble name and blood.—*O Charlie, &c.*

They proudly wore the milk-white rose
For him they lo'd sac dear,
And gied their sons to Charlie,
The young Chevalier.—*O Charlie, &c.*

And many a gallant Scottish chief
Came round their Prince to cheer,
For Charlie was their darling,
The young Chevalier.—*O Charlie, &c.*

And when they feasted in the ha',
Each loyal heart was gay,
And ay where Charlie cast his een
They shed a kindly ray.—*O Charlie, &c.*

Around our Scottish thistle's head
There's many a pointed spear,
And many a sword shall wave around
Our young Chevalier.—*O Charlie, &c.*

The following words by Mr. J. Richardson, to the well-known tune of "Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae," are elegant and forcible :

O Nancy wilt thou leave the town,
And go with me where Nature dwells ;
I'll lead thee to a fairer scene
Than painter feigns, or poet tells.
In spring, I'll place the snow-drop fair
Upon thy fairer, sweeter breast ;
With lovely roses round thy head
At summer eve shalt thou be drest.

In autumn when the rustling leaf
Shall warn us of the parting year,
I'll lead thee to yon woody glen,
The redbreast's ev'ning song to hear.
And when the winter's dreary night
Forbids us leave our shelter'd cot,
Then in the treasure of thy mind
Shall nature's charms be all forgot.

To conclude our notice, we select

CLERK RICHARD AND MAID MARGARET.

There were two who loved each other
For many years, till hate did start ;
And yet they never quite could smother
The former love that warm'd their heart :
And both did love, and both did hate,
Till both fulfill'd the will of fate.

Years after, and the maid did marry
One that her heart had ne'er approv'd ;
Nor longer could Clerk Richard tarry,
Where he had lost all that he lov'd :
To foreign lands he reckless went,
To nourish love, hate, discontent.

A word, an idle word of folly,
Had spill'd their love when it was young ;
And hatred, grief, and melancholy,
In either heart as idly sprung :
And yet they loved, and hate did wane,
And much they wished to meet again.

Of Richard still is Margaret dreaming,
His image lingered in her breast ;
And oft at midnight to her seeming
Her former lover stood confest ;
And shedding on her bosom tears,
The bitter wrecks of happier years.

Where'er he went, by land or ocean,
Still Richard sees Dame Margaret there ;
And every throb and kind emotion
His bosom knew were felt for her :
And never new love hath he cherish'd,
The power to love with first love perished.

Homeward is Clerk Richard sailing,
An altered man from him of old ;
His hate had changed to bitter wailing,
And love resumed its wonted hold
Upon his heart, which yearned to see
The haunts and loves of infancy.

He knew her faithless,—naithless ever
He loved her though no more his own ;
Nor could he proudly now disaveer
The chain that round his heart was thrown ;
He loved her without hope, yet true,
And sought her, but to say Adieu.

For even in parting there is pleasure,
A sad sweet joy that wrings the soul ;
And there is grief surpassing measure,
That will not bide nor brook controul ;
And yet a formal fond leave taking
Does ease the heart albeit by breaking.

Ah ! there is something in the feeling
And trembling falter of the hand ;
And something in the tear down stealing,
And voice so broken, yet so bland ;
And something in the word Farewell,
Which worketh like a powerful spell.

These lovers met and never parted ;
They met as lovers wont to do,
Who meet when both are broken-hearted,
To breathe a last and long adieu.
Pale Margaret wept, Clerk Richard sighed,
And in each other's arms they died.

From these specimens (though we cannot exhibit the sweet music attached to them,) our readers may gather that this work is most worthy of the lovers of harmony. We know no musical collection at all equal to it, and are sure it will afford the utmost delight in every family circle where it is received.

Varieties.

(London Magazines, February.)

FENELLA.

The character of Fenella (says a Correspondent) in Peveril of the Peak, has been considered as too highly wrought for nature; but it falls far short of the true character which appears to have sat for the portrait—the celebrated *Carraboo*. Her self-command was so great, that no praises of her beauty, threatened punishment for detected imposture, or successful duplicity of those about her, could ever excite an expression that for a moment betrayed her. Before she became a *Princess*, she had been an inmate of the Devon Bridewell; and some of her astonishing feats of agility, address, and cunning, remembered there, far exceed those imputed to Fenella.

M. DE SARTINE.

A man in Paris denied having received a deposit. M. de Sartine ordered him into his presence, and said, “I believe what you say, but sit down and write to your wife as I dictate: ‘All is discovered, and I am undone if you do not immediately bring the deposit that we have received.’” The man immediately turned pale, for he felt that his wife, thus taken by surprise, would not fail to betray him. Every thing was in consequence discovered by an expedient worthy to be compared with the judgment of Solomon.

MODE OF LIVING IN PARIS.

There is hardly any such thing as a domestic fire-side in this capital. The French have no comforts at home, and pass their leisure in coffee-houses and eating houses. During the winter there is no place so wretched as one’s own dwelling; a good fire cannot be had without opening the doors and windows, the chimnies being so badly constructed as to cause the greatest inconvenience from smoke, unless a great deal of wind is allowed to enter the apartment. Wood is the fuel used by the Parisians; and it is so dear, that, in order to keep up one fire from morning till night, one must pay at least 14 or 15 francs a week. Such a fire, as a very poor person in England can afford to have, will here cost a franc a day: the poor, therefore, are destitute of this comfort.

They get a little charcoal and an earthen pot, with which they make their coffee and soup. Those who are able breakfast at a coffee-house, and dine at a restaurateur’s. A Frenchman of small income, who has no housekeeping, breakfasts upon dry bread, and dines at a restaurateur’s, for 22 sous or 2 francs, according to his means, where he has soup, 3 dishes, bread, half a bottle of wine, and dessert. Very few persons make more than two meals a day, breakfast and dinner; the former, where the means are equal to it, is generally *à la fourchette*; at the latter the quantity eaten is enormous; indeed the French are the greatest eaters in the world. A labouring man, who has only bread for his dinner, will if he can get so much, eat from four to six pounds at this meal; and the Frenchman who dines at a restaurateur’s, generally eats two pounds, besides his soup and three dishes. At the leading restaurateurs’, a good dinner will cost seven or eight francs, exclusive of wine; but it is only doing justice to the French to say, that at their cheapest eating houses the dishes are good, and the customers have silver forks with clean napkins. A Frenchman may well be disgusted at the mode of conducting business in the very best eating-houses in London, when he contrasts them with establishments of the very same nature in Paris. The poor people who can get any thing to eat (many are without food for two days together) live upon soup made of vegetables and bread. The middle classes are also very economical in their mode of living; a very respectable tradesman and his family of seven or eight persons will dine for about 1s. 6d. One of the dishes is an excellent dish made from beans called *haricots*; the beans are boiled for some time, and, when perfectly soft, they make a good dish, with a little butter, parsley, pepper and salt. To the water in which they were boiled, herbs, one of which is sorrel, are added, and one or two eggs are also beaten up and put in. When these have boiled for a short time, the soup is really excellent, and at the same time nutritious. Louis

XVIII. has this dish three or four times a week, and many persons of rank also have it from choice. As there is so little comfort in the private houses, the French men and women are as little at home as possible. They go the coffee-houses, and take a cup of coffee, a bottle of beer, or a glass of sugar and water. At some of these coffee-houses there are plays acted, which the customers see gratis; but the performances are of the lowest description, as may well be imagined. The French are also very economical in their parties, and I think properly so. In England, if a tradesman has a few friends, nothing is thought of but eating and drinking, and the guests talk of the party the next day, not of the society which they met, but of the good things which they devoured. Here society, and not stuffing the appetite, is considered; a little punch and cake is all that is offered: even sometimes in the best families there is no refreshment. The visitors dine late before they go to the party, and return home to take refreshment at their own expense before they go to bed.

CAPTAIN CALAMITE.

‘To what base uses must we come, Horatio?’ might well be put in the mouth of Hamlet by the Bard of Avon; and we do think, had he but known the following anecdote, related by James P. Andrews, F.R.S. p. 371, Shakspeare would have prolonged the address made to Horatio. However, we give the tale, wounding as it is to our sympathies.

‘A refugee officer, who lived to a great age at Bristol, under the title of Capitaine Calamité, took great delight in recounting to his younger neighbours the misfortunes of his early years. His favourite tale was that of his captivity at Algiers. His stature, it must be observed, was singularly diminutive, and his strength of body small in proportion. To such a one no severe tasks of labour could be assigned, even by the most barbarous taskmaster. What then were the cruelties he had to relate? ‘I was treated (he used to say to the editor’s friend) like a brute animal. They could not make me tug at the oar; they could not make me drag heavy stones; they made me then—they made me sit,

day after day, and night after night, in one cruel constrained posture—to hatch turkies!’” Mr. Cunningham seems to have embodied this story in his Velvet Cushion.

UNIVERSAL CEMENT.

To an ounce of mastic add as much highly rectified spirits-of-wine as will dissolve it. Soak an ounce of isinglass in water until quite soft, then dissolve it in pure rum or brandy, until it forms a strong glue, to which add about a quarter of an ounce of gum ammoniac, well rubbed and mixed. Put the two mixtures together in an earthen vessel over a gentle heat; when well united, the mixture may be put into a phial and kept well stopped. When wanted for use, the bottle must be set in warm water, when the china or glass articles must be also warmed, and the cement applied. It will be proper that the broken surfaces, when carefully fitted, shall be kept in close contact for twelve hours at least, until the cement is fully set; after which the fracture will be found as secure as any part of the vessel, and scarcely perceptible.

GUARD AGAINST BURGLARS.

The outward appearance of this invention is that of a narrow slip of canvass about 4 inches in length, with a small ring affixed at each end, the centre part enclosed within a piece of coloured paper. These rings are intended to be fastened upon hooks or nails, the one upon the frame or stationary part, the other on the moveable part of a door or window. When so placed, should any person attempt to enter, a tension of the canvass of course takes place, and this causes an instant explosion of detonating balls or powder as loud as the report of a fowling-piece; the combustible matter being confined within the paper already spoken of.

MAGNETISM BY PERCUSSION.

Mr. Scoresby has instituted a series of experiments, to determine magnetism by percussion with more precision; and some of his results deserve attention. When a bar of *soft-steel*, six inches and a half long, and a quarter of an inch diameter, held vertically, and resting upon freestone, was struck 16 blows with a hammer, it acquired the power of lifting 6½ grains; 22 blows did not augment the force. When the bar rested vertically upon a parlour poker (previously deprived of magnetism), 42 blows gave it the power of lifting 88 grains, and 90 blows, with a larger hammer, augmented the lifting power to 130 grains. The poker was also rendered magnetic. Farther hammering rather diminished than increased the power. On inverting the bar, a single blow nearly destroyed the magnetism; two blows changed the poles. Hammering the bar in the plane of the magnetic equator, also destroyed the polarity. The magnetism by percussion was augmented, when the length of the bars was increased.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1823.

TO MAY.

WELCOME, welcome, bonny May,
With thy fields so green, and thy skies so gay,
And thy sweet white flowers that hang on the tree ;
Welcome, welcome, dear May, to thee !

Welcome to thy gentle moon,
And the soft blue calm of thy genial noon ;
Welcome to thy lightsome eves,
And the small birds singing among the leaves.

Thy touch has waken'd the spirit of love
In earth, and in sea, and in heaven above ;
The cheerful air runs o'er with balm,
'Tis too soft for joy, and too gladsome for calm.

From the heart of man thou hast taken the seal,
Thou hast taught the breast of dear woman to feel ;
And cheeks are smiling, and thoughts are free,
And all is happy on earth but me.

I feel thee not as I felt of old,
For my heart within me is wither'd and cold ;
I feel thee not, but I see thy face,
And 'tis bright with its own Elysian grace.

Thou wert lovely once—thou art lovely now,
Though all is alter'd on earth but thou ;
And the poet's voice, though broken it be,
Has yet a song of praise for thee !

But thou art fleeting, and wilt not stay—
Like the joys of youth thou art passing away,
With thy eye of light, and thy foot of mirth,
To chase the sun around the earth.

Thou art passing onward, and wilt not stay—
Then a kind farewell to thee, bonny May !
Bright may thy path be, and happy thy cheer,
And a kind farewell till another year !

(New Mon.)

ON A MOURNING RING.

(Europ. Maga.)

The dear memento of a friend that's gone,
Whose lov'd remembrance time can ne'er destroy ;
How much I prize it never can be known,
Though not the emblem of soft smiling joy.

Oft as I view it will the starting tear
Unbidden flow, and fancy will retrace
Those hours when thou, lamented shade, wert near
To charm with every mild attractive grace.

Where art thou now ? The tenant of the tomb ;
 Twelve circling months consign'd to the cold earth ;
 Fled is thy beauty, vanish'd is its bloom ;
 But, oh ! ne'er forgotten be thy worth.
 As diffidence thy virtues would conceal,
 Few in its full extent that worth could know ;
 I knew it well, and still thy loss I feel,
 Still mourn thy death, tho' with a chasten'd woe.
 Where'er this little ring attracts my sight,
 Full many a useful lesson it may give ;
 Teach me like thee to shun each vain delight,
 Like thee, blest Saint, in innocence to live.

HONESTY.

(London Mag. February.)

I LOOK upon moral honesty as consisting of a pure and unconditional respect for the distinctions of *memm & tum* for their own sake, to be the rarest quality in human nature. Indeed, if it might not appear too bold for a prefatory remark, I should go so far as to deny the existence of any such quality altogether, setting it down as a chimera of the schools, or at best as a fanciful possibility,—the philosopher's stone of ethics. I am not learned in the Spurzheim topography of the skull, and therefore cannot lay a demonstrative finger on the spot; but if there be truth in the science, I venture to affirm that his "*secretiveness*" has an answering bump on every head that is out of its first cap. Observe the dispositions and habits of children and savages, or of any people in whom inclination has not been adulterated by the artifices of law. How unaffected, how guileless is their knavery ! It sits upon them not as an acquired sin, but as a piece of natural freedom,—a fine generous error of the original heart. The South Sea Islanders, with their pretty primitive tricks, have been shockingly used by their various visitors. They have always been reported to be thieves, in our European sense of that opprobrious title, and treated accordingly. Poor honest rogues not of their own making. I pity them heartily ! It is true they would become proprietors of a hatchet, or a ten-penny nail, let it belong to whom it might; and what then ? The true thieves, it has always appeared to me, were those who had the heart to make them restore

what it so suited them to call their own. I could as soon have reclaimed an apple that a baby had *stolen* from my pocket, as have defrauded one of these simple creatures of any thing that it had pleased him in his liberality to take from me. *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*—in other words, my brethren of Owwhyhee should have picked my pockets, and welcome.

How nearly allied are covetousness and dishonesty !—and are we not all covetous ? We are alive, at least, to the great directing impulse of the robber, however we may have learned, on prudential considerations, to moderate its action. We refrain, I grant ; but our mouths water,—and that is not to be innocent. The *mala mens*—the desire—the diagnostic bump, are not to be removed.—Thieving is a hard word, a low phrase for general application ; let us call it the disposition to humour our wants, the longing to appropriate whatever presents itself to our tastes and fancies as agreeable or convenient. We are not all thieves, in the vulgar sense of the term—far from it. A thief is not a man who has a love of taking to himself whatsoever pleases him, but one who will take, in contempt of all consequences. He is insensible to infamy, and therein differs from us all,—not in that he is dishonest. But how should there be infamy connected with offences to which we have all an eager, if not an equal, proclivity ? There is a sort of conventional shame that protects our possessions, not the shame of dishonesty, but the shame of the gallows. In the absence of any provision in

our moral sense, is was necessary, for the security of property, to set up a prejudice against being hanged. The desire of keeping, coeval and conspiring with the desire of getting, made it suitable, upon the whole, that laws should be appointed for restraining the licentiousness of the general hand. Avarice, with whatever pain, has politic reasons for checking the ardour of its great provider, Covetousness.—Such artificial checks, however, can be regarded only in the light of commercial regulations, of effectual service to the morality of the shops, but without much influence upon that of our minds. We have no instinctive horror of dishonesty in our nature, as we have of many other crimes. We have no sense of naked and intrinsic deformity in it, and therefore dress it up in frightful clothing—black its face, and then call it a monster. It is no true fiend, but “a painted devil,” which we permit, by a species of collusion, to call the blushes to our cheeks, and make our hearts quake within us. The judge—the bar—the rope—these are the dread supplements which constitute its sin and shame. A man would bear to hear any thing of an ancestor but that he had been hanged. Were a nobleman to be convicted of “stealing to the amount of forty shillings,” we should despise him, not for the enormity of his crime, but for the stigma of its punishment. That he should no longer be an honest man we could bear; but he is no longer a gentleman—and we close our hearts against him for ever. We give ourselves airs, because we feel that we could not have exposed ourselves to such a penalty, and so call ourselves honest. We are respecters of the law, not honest. A rogue (if such names must be) who secures a good prize from the pocket of another, is a “lucky dog;” we hear of his *success*, and wink, and look sly and sympathetic at one another: take the wretch to Bow-Street, and you make him a thief, whom we may not countenance.

———In the crowd,
May it please your Excellency, your thief
looks
Exactly like the rest, or rather better;
’Tis only at the bar, and in the dungeon,

That wise men know your felon by his features.

If there is no sacrifice of gentility and public character; if a man is low enough in the world to be hanged without discredit, mere thieving, even in its compound iniquity of crime and penalty, is not regarded with any very serious displeasure. The thief is hanged, to be sure, in deference to our anti-social interests in our watches, snuff-boxes, and pocket handkerchiefs; but, morally speaking, how are we affected? One of the sprightliest articles I remember in a celebrated Review was on the subject of *Botany Bay*—and who wonders? See our police reports with their regular formulary of wit and banter; the jokes on the bench; the facetiousness of counsel, and the general waggery that sparkles on the face of the whole court, where nothing more heinous is in question than a little sleight of hand by which property has changed its owner. One wonders sometimes how the comedy should be wound up into “guilty;”—whips, chains, or death. What hearty glee and laughter are always called forth by the representation of the *Beggar’s Opera*—a whole theatre, boxes, pit, galleries, betrayed into one expression of chuckling consciousness, not by the touches of general satire, or innocent playfulness, with which the piece abounds, but by the villainy of the business—the irresistible *Filch*. This spectacle is too much for our caution; it breaks through all our assumptions of affectation and disguise, and discovers our true kind and class, in the manner that a handful of nuts brought out, in a moment, the inalienable apehood of the monkey-players. The neatness, and suitable drollery, with which poor little Simmons, used to whisk away a neighbour’s handkerchief was acknowledged—felt, by the whole house. Could not people sit for ever, let me ask, to witness the ravenous thievery of Grimaldi?—Could we ever tire as long as he would be stealing sausages for our entertainment? It is wonderful, indeed, as the song says, that “we have not better company at Tyburn Tree.”

The law, in setting up its fences and land-marks, mercifully left us some

open ground—a patch of *common* here and there, on which we may indulge our free natures without fear or responsibility. In these “liberties,” there is no security for our fair conduct but our in-born honesty; and how does it acquit itself in its office? Tell a winning gamester that he has taken the whole worldly support from some poor wretch, and given him over, with a wife and children, to famine or a jail; appeal to his honesty, you have potent claims; tell him that the man whom he has ruined had no exclusive title to the money which he risked; that, if callous on his own account, he had no right to play away the interests of his wife and children in his property; in short, that he was dishonest in his losses, and that the winner must be equally so in his gains, differing only as the receiver differs from the thief. “Very afflicting,” the gamester will allow, or, more characteristically, “very unlucky”—but will he restore the money?—not a stiver.

A gentleman cannot be a horse-stealer, for obvious reasons; but may he not sell a horse to an acquaintance, and conceal, or not proclaim, his blemishes? We are very willing at all events to take a *warranty*, even from “the best nobleman in the land.” Stealing books in a friendly familiar way; pocketing carelessly a light pamphlet, or portable poem, is not felony; and what is the consequence? Every man who has a library gives out with angry determinacy, that he never lends a book: he does not wish to be personal; but press him, and he will inform you that he never in his life lent one that was returned. I have myself lost (lost indeed!) the fifteenth number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and, with all I can say, I have not a friend who has the candour to come forward and confess the robbery. Stealing other people’s thoughts out of books, I just mention, as decidedly of kin to the great family-failing that I am treating of. There is vindictive law, however for this description of pilfering—the critics!—not over-honest themselves, as witness—their *extracts*.

Law, if it confines our hands, cannot control our hearts: it may not allow us to be thieves, but it cannot make

us honest. Look at the old lady (we all know whom) at the whist table. What is it that keeps her from sweeping into her own lap every six-pence on the board? watch her unholy eagerness; her daring equivocations; her “two by honours”—always; her flushed and hurrying agitations on the very borders of petty larceny, and say if she is honest: sincerely, does she despise the thought of six-pences that do not belong to her? The good lady has a horror of Sir Robert Birnie that may not be acknowledged by Bill Soames, but is she more honest? The familiar caution of “Hold up your cards, Sir,” is really very little removed in the spirit of its signification from the well known cry of “Mind your pockets, ladies and gentlemen.” A round game, if the truth may be told, is no other, as concerns the minds of the parties, than a general scramble—a “snatch” at the pool—a “goit” for the sweepstakes. People may talk as they please about playing fair, and the rules of the game, but the essence of the sport is precisely *fingering*. There is no sight more unpleasant than a party of young women at a round game, striving with reddened and fierce faces to make beggars of one another. I have seen a beautiful girl of eighteen rendered positively offensive to look at, by the bravo-like manner with which she would turn up *vingt-un*. I could have yielded up what money I ever carry, or have to carry, to a regular “stand and deliver” on Finchley Common, with far less reluctance, than to this Macheath of the card-table. The mistaken creature robbed herself of so much, while she was robbing me, that I could in no way pardon her. For my part I would sooner see women drinking brandy, than winning half crowns. If they will play at cards, let it be only “for love, or some such lady-like stake.” They *should* know the interests of their own attractions; yet surely a pretty woman is guilty of a grievous miscalculation, when she wastes her smiles and frowns on a pool at loo. How can an angel with any face be asking a gentleman, one dying for her perhaps, for change for a pound note, or three six-pences for eighteen-pence? The whole busi-

ness has a detestable taint of meanness, vulgarity, and hard-heartedness, about it. Wax lights and rose-wood tables cannot sanctify such exhibitions:—with the Countess behind her cards, and the purple-nosed hag at the fair behind her round-about, “one down—two down;”—the little, dirty, narrow, degrading passion is the same. But I am wandering—

I have stated the desire of gratifying our wants to be the soul of dishonesty; and it will be found I believe, that people are honest in proportion to the fewness of their wants. Who is honest? He who has no want that he cannot supply, and no wish that he cannot satisfy. Savages, who want, or procure with difficulty and imperfectly, the first necessities of life, are thieves by fatality. To tell them to be honest, is like telling them not to be hungry. A civilized people then, in a land of abundance are alone “all honourable men?” By no means—for if among them the more imperative necessities of our condition are fully and readily provided for, they have an infinity of superadded wants, the growth of luxury and refinement, that are quite sufficient to preserve our original *secretiveness*, in full life and activity. A man who wants food and clothing, and one who wants a carriage and an opera-box, are equally in the broad way of dishonesty. I speak of dishonesty in relation to pure moral principle: that we keep our fingers in order is nothing; the poor savages will not be behind our politeness in this point of decorum, when it shall please them, on “some fair future day,” to set up lawyers, judges, and gibbets. The inequalities that prevail, and must prevail, in civilized society, will not allow our minds to be at rest: there is always something to envy and to want, even for those who have more than they want. A gentleman who can feed fifty mouths, besides his own, at dinner time, might be said to have enough, were it not notorious, that Lord C— frequently sits down to a meal with two hundred guests at his table. The baronet is always in a state of temptation till he is a lord, and the lord is any body’s man but his own, as long as

there is a ribbon or a garter which he does not possess. There is “no highest” amongst men—no pre-eminent resting-place for any one, from whence he can see nothing that is not beneath him. Kings have their competitors, and are as full of wants as paupers. Dishonesty in such high personages is called ambition; but call it what you please, it is the same restless and rapacious greediness, acting according to its station and its opportunities, as influences the meanest amongst us. Kings would be sacking territories and pilfering prerogative, in the same spirit with which beggars would be robbing hen roosts. It has been justly observed, that, as respects manners and moral character, there are many striking points of resemblance between the extreme conditions of human life—between kings and the lowest of their subjects. The parties are alike free from responsibility, the one being too high, and the other too low, to be reached by the checks of custom and public opinion. It proves so, I think, very unequivocally in the affair of honesty. The whole world, I sincerely believe is a knave at bottom; but a man distinguished only by a good coat on his back must keep his nature down, and, whatever may be his dreams, must wake and walk as the law directs. Kings and the man of rags alone do as they please: there is no “pining in thought” for them; they leave dreaming to those beneath or above them, and dash gallantly into the field of action, your only fearless depredators. Were I a king—but I forbear;—my modesty faints before so strange an hypothesis.

There are wants which seem to be craving and impetuous, in proportion as they are far-fetched and irrelevant, or removed from common feeling and participation. Collectors—those who number among their wants rare prints and pictures, an *unique* gem, or solitary coin—are thieves to a man. The hankering of the collector is complex, being founded on his regret for what he has not, and for what others have. He would glory in acquiring a Queen Anne’s farthing, but would be still sleepless, if he could not take it from Mr. Davies. Bury it—let it not

be at all, and he might be content ; but that it should be, and for another, is intolerable. Rarities in a national museum create no envy ; they belong to nobody ; it is in the house of a friend that they become provoking, and drive a man to sin. That it is possible for a virtuoso of common pretensions, so beset and excited, to be strictly honest, I quite deny. Mr. Longfoot has not stolen, I know, and will not, and would not steal, I believe, a Hogarth print in my possession, which is just *wanting* to make his set complete ; but, between friends, let me ask him, if he has not in his heart purloined it a hundred times over. If, as he stood with his eyes fixed upon it last Tuesday, for instance, in a state of abstraction, he was not rioting in the luxury of an hypothetical felony. I am a greater dunce at interpreting a reverie, than I should be willing to consider myself. I have myself some *virtu* about me, and have of course my “ confessions ” on the subject, if I choose to make them. My collection as yet, is fairly come by, I believe ; but I should be much obliged to Mr. H. if he would not show me that *Otho* of his any more. *Verbum sat.*

A great city is a perilous school for dishonesty, not only from the relief that it exposes to the naked and hungry, but from the ostentatious enticements to enjoyment with which it meets every whimsical wish and want that can enter the imagination of luxurious man. The gorgeous shops of London, which invent for us half the wants that they supply, are enough to make the best of us tremble for the possible consequences. Where is the person, gentle or simple, that can walk through Oxford-street, and be sensible, within his own bosom, that he is an honest man ? The things are all for sale, we know ; but what is to become of “ poor human nature,” with no money in her pocket. Look at those youngsters who, with slathering mouths and vindictive eyes, beset the windows of the pastry cooks ; observe that shabby oldish gentleman with the green spectacles, dreaming and sighing away half the morning at the outside (he dares not go in) of the curiosity-shop : mark that lean thoughtful person (he has not sixpence in the

world) *handling* that precious turbot ; and the gaily-dressed spark, a door or two farther on, pondering over those enthralling cases of rings, seals, and shirt pins ; see how the smart jockey in top-boots there stares at, till he almost owns, every *Dennett* and *Tilbury* at the coach-makers ; and with what a kingly smile that poor author-like looking man surveys the phenomena of the cook’s shop—he is eating that ham with the glass between them ; and then note the women, the crowds, well dressed and ill dressed, old and young, who haunt the shops as under a spell ; not those who bargain or buy—let them pass—but the far greater multitudes who flutter about the windows and doors, who look, and think, and fancy, and guess, and wonder, and like, and wish, and try, and touch, and—all but take ;—these various persons, innocent as they seem, and as they are in the judgment of the law, what are they before their consciences ?—Such indulgences are so habitual to us, and pass through our minds in such easy and rapid succession, that we pay no deep attention to them in their particulars, and suffer ourselves night after night (so graceless do we become) to sleep and forget them. It would be curious, and not uninteresting, were a person, in mercantile phrase, to open a regular account against himself touching such proceedings, so that all his contraband imaginations before shop-windows might be occasionally served up to him in a full and formal bill of lading. A day-book like this, *honestly* kept (there’s the rub again) would be as a looking-glass, in which a man might see his true face, though one which he and his friends might scarcely be willing to own. Any lady thinking herself honest, would be startled, I dare say, at a diary of but a single morning’s fraudulence set forth in full amount ;—four dozen Cashmere shawls—twelve gross of straw bonnets—one hundred lace caps, and so on, a multitudinous litter of ill-gotten property turned out before her conscience, which might remind her with advantage of those veritable heaps of plunder, that are frequently brought to light in the hands of some practical

rogue, and strewed, to the amazement of the world, before the eyes of some inquisitor of the police. The lady, perhaps, sees no ghosts of skeleton keys, pick locks, and iron crows, amidst her fancy-pillage,—but there the goods are—I stick to that;—and how came they there? Shopping and shop-lifting, I fear, are but too frequently, in a moral sense, convertible terms: the latter has a very bad name, and certainly deserves it, while her hypocrite-sister, who professes “to pay for every thing,” looks the world in the face, and meets with reverence. Pay for every thing!—I have seen a lady, after poring for two hours over unfurled roods of cambrics, prints, and muslins, till the whole counter was a pile of ruin and disorder before her, finally come to a conclusion for three yards of penny bobbin, and take her leave. If this lady had not more for her money than was honest, I give up the question.

Upon the whole, I am clearly of opinion, that a man who has it at heart to be wholly honest, who, while he would scorn to be a thief, would keep his inclinations

also “from picking and stealing;” must avoid the haunts of fashionable wants and necessities, fly from cities and all large assemblages of his fellows, and not rest with confidence, till he reaches the mountains of Switzerland or Wales. In these simple regions, where enough to eat is pretty nearly the limit of civilization, he will find the only home of pure, uncoveting honesty. The savage is a craver—*merm* or *taum*—he eats any thing that he can get; but in the condition next above his, where every one is sure of his lawful dinner, and no one has learned any other want,—there, people are by necessity content; there, no one covets what another has *not* got. Perfect plenty and perfect equality leave no motive for stealing or wishing: every stomach is full—and for the rest—rocks and waterfalls move no envy, they are yours and mine; the sky has no partialities, it covers us all. This is to be honest on very hard terms, to be sure: it is better, perhaps, to be a bit of a rogue in good company.

R. A.

(Blackwood's Mag. Feb.)

SPECIMENS OF THE ITALIAN ART OF HOAXING.

No. II.

“How Brother Peter, (a Priest of Sienna,) intending to hoax a Florentine clerk, was himself hoaxed by the Florentine, in such a manner that it cost him his life.”

IF the wits and humourists of Florence were accustomed not to spare one another in the pursuit of any good practical joke, it will readily be believed, that they were not more scrupulous in the performance, when the citizen of a rich republic was fated to be the butt of their ridicule—and, last of all, when the ill starred object had rendered himself obnoxious (as the Siennese were considered peculiarly apt to do) by acts of personal oppression.

In Prato, a fair and honourable city of Tuscany, there lived (not long ago) one Master Mico da Sienna, Prior of the Convent of Pieve,* with whom dwelt his nephew, who was also a clerk, (although so young as not to be in priest's robes,) and who kept under

* Priore nelle Pieve principale.

him a curate to perform the services of the church and sacristy; who, being a native of Florence, was generally known by the appellation of “The Florentine.” This last mentioned personage, although himself young in years, was, nevertheless, very shrewd, and somewhat malicious in temper, inasmuch that he was engaged in perpetual feud and litigation with Master Peter, (the nephew,) which was not a little displeasing to the worthy Prior, and would have given twenty times occasion for his dismissal, if he had not been found so useful in his station, as not to be parted with for a trifle; although, at the same time, his great services did not prevent his worthy master from pluming himself on his superior rank, and treating him with con-

temptuous insolence proportioned to what he considered the difference between their conditions.

Now, Master Peter, who had nothing so much at heart as to play a trick upon the Florentine, one day finding a good opportunity offer itself for the purpose, resolved to avail himself of it that very night; and so, as soon as the supper was over, and all the household retired to sleep, he stole softly out of his chamber, (which was adjoining his uncle's) and went into the church, where they had that morning interred a girl who had died, after a six hours' illness, of eating poisonous mushrooms, and, taking the body out of the grave, and having carefully replaced the tomb-stone, carried it on his shoulders to a place behind the high altar, where he fastened it to the rope of one of the church bells (which it was the business of his friend, the Florentine, to ring for matins) so dexterously, that the ringer, without having perceived the cause, would be sure to have the feet come bobbing against his face at the first pull; and, having thus disposed his machinery, he withdrew to a hiding-place, from whence he could witness, unobserved, the success of the stratagem.

The hour of matins being arrived, the Florentine rose and went to the church without a light, as was his custom, since he had been so long in the practice as to be able to find his bell-rope in the dark. To it he went accordingly, without the slightest suspicion, and, at the first pull, (as it had been adjusted,) he felt the dead-cold feet come bounce against his left temple and shoulder; upon which he set up a howl of terror, and exclaiming, "O Christ, save me!" let go the rope, and ran away screaming as fast as his legs would carry him—All which Master Peter beheld from his spy-place with incredible satisfaction, and after having (to render his consternation more complete) locked the door by which he entered, so as to prevent his regress out of the church, retired quietly to his own chamber to sleep.

The Florentine, already half out of his senses, no sooner reached the door and found it locked, than he was ready

to drop senseless. However, he collected himself sufficiently to seek his way to the principal entrance, where he succeeded in unbarring the doors and letting himself out; which, when he had done, he felt himself so inspirited by the fresh air and beautiful moonlight, (it being one of the finest nights in the whole of that season,) that he began to reflect, without disturbance, on that which had occasioned him so much terror; and, bethinking himself of the circumstance of the door by which he had entered, being afterwards locked from without, arrived at a very strong suspicion of the trick that had been played him, of which he knew nobody but Master Peter could be the author. In order, therefore, to satisfy himself, he went back and lit a candle at the sacrament lamp,* with which (not without some remaining sensation of terror) he returned to the scene of action, where he soon satisfied himself that it was as he suspected; for there was the body suspended by the hair of its head to the identical bell-rope—which he knew to be that of the poor girl who had been buried in the morning, both by the length of the flaxen tresses, and by the garland of flowers with which it was adorned. Moved with compassion, therefore, he was about to return it to the vault, from which it had been so unfeelingly displaced, when a thought of vengeance occurred to him, which he felt quite unable to resist; so, leaving the body where he found it, he looked about till he discovered a passage out upon the leads, from whence he made his way down into the cloister, and so to the little entrance-door which Master Peter had locked from without, and which he now re-opened. He then returned again into the church, fastened the great gate, and, taking the dead body on his shoulders, carried it on tip-toe through the cloisters to the door of Master Peter's chamber, which (having first satisfied himself, by listening at the key-hole, that he was sound asleep by his snoring) he softly and cautiously opened—and, advancing to the bed, deposited his load on the pillow, by the side of the sleeper, and then took his turn to

* *Lampade del Sacramento.*

veal himself for the purpose of witnessing the effect of his counterplot.

Long it was before Master Peter's nap ended, but at length, about day-break, he began to stir, and turning himself in his bed, (not yet well awake) he laid his hand on the face of his unwelcome bed-fellow, which, being colder than marble, caused him to withdraw it as suddenly, and withal to open his eyes; which no sooner fixed themselves on the face of the corpse, than the transaction of the preceding evening flashed on his recollection, and he concluded, that the strange visitation, which he now experienced, was in recompence of the sacrilege he had committed, and for which he was now doomed to receive some signal punishment. Leaping therefore from the bed, in an agony of horror, he ran out in his shirt to the corridor, which was adjoining his apartment, and there unluckily coming to the head of a staircase, which he forgot in his terror, he lost his footing, and tumbled from the head of the stairs to the bottom, at the expense of a broken arm and rib, and of two or three severe contusions on the skull. There he lay, unable to move, making the most hideous exclamations, from mingled pain and terror, till he awakened the house with his cries; and the Prior himself, hastening to the spot, found his beloved nephew in the condition above described, without the power of affording the least explanation.

Meanwhile, the Florentine, who had observed all that passed, sallied forth from his ambush, and going softly to Master Peter's chamber, took the corpse once more on his shoulder, and carrying it back into the church, the way he had brought it, unseen of any one, deposited it securely in the grave from which it had been taken, with the garland on its head, so that it appeared as if it had never been moved; and thence went to ring the Ave-Maria bell, as it was already broad day-light. Nor was he long employed in this office, before he was summoned by the Prior, (who had all this time been vainly attempting to recall poor Master Peter to his senses, and draw from him an in-

telligible answer,) to go and call a physician, the best of his time in the city of Prato. Having dispatched the Florentine on his errand, the good Prior gave directions to the assistants to convey the wounded man back to his chamber; but the order was no sooner pronounced, than he as suddenly recovered the use of speech, of which he had been deprived, and with the most manifest tokens of terror and repugnance, demanded that he might be carried any where else rather than to that frightful place; upon which they took him to an apartment that was destined for strangers, and where, not without much difficulty, he at last prevailed on himself to give them an explanation of what had caused his terror, and of the hideous spectre he had beheld on his pillow. One of the assistants, who was a man of courage, immediately upon this account being given, hastened to the spot to ascertain the reality; and finding the bed empty, and no vestige appearing of what had created this terrible alarm, returned and reported that Master Peter must have seen these things in a dream—an opinion which was acquiesced in by some neighbouring priests, who had, in the meanwhile, been attracted to the spot by his cries, and who all concurred in ascribing what had passed to a distracted imagination.

Master Peter, still more amazed, and incensed by this conclusion, now insisted upon being himself carried back to his chamber, where he found every thing as had been reported, and which yet farther increased his perplexity. Meanwhile, the physicians arriving, prescribed the usual remedies both for his outward hurts, and his supposed mental derangement; and the former having been found less severe than was first apprehended, the unfortunate sufferer, to excuse himself from the imputation cast on his understanding, began to relate, in a clear and connected manner, the whole history of what had passed, so far as it was known to him, first asking pardon (with many expressions of shame and contrition,) for the trick he had himself endeavoured to play on the Florentine.

How great, then, was his astonishment and rage, when the Florentine, with the utmost apparent truth and simplicity, solemnly denied all knowledge of any trick having been practised on him whatever, or of any part of the alleged transactions; adding, that after ringing the matin-bell as usual, during which no event had happened in any manner to disturb him, he had returned to bed, and was there expecting the signal for the Ave-Maria, when he was alarmed by Master Peter's cries, and the noise made by those who came to call him. "How!" exclaimed Master Peter, half choked with passion; "and did you not perceive the corpse attached to the bell-rope? And did you not feel its feet dangling in your face? And did you not run away, terrified out of your life?" And so repeated word for word the whole history of the event, exactly as he had before related it, every part of which the Florentine again, and in like manner, put in issue by a positive denial. Upon this Master Peter could contain himself no longer, but challenged an immediate test of his veracity, by inspecting the grave from which the body had been taken. Thither all the by-standers adjourned accordingly; and there (to his utter confusion) the corpse was found, laid out in precise order, with not even the garland on its head discomposed, and with no sign of having been moved since the hour of its interment.

It is impossible to describe the mingled feelings of wonder and vexation with which this miracle was beheld by the poor baffled schemer, who (to shorten the tale) gave orders to be instantly carried back to his chamber, and put to bed, where, having leisure to consider all that had passed, he found so little comfort or satisfaction in his reflections, that he fell into melancholy, and thence into frenzy, in which latter state he was so tempted by the Devil that one morning, being left alone in his chamber, he threw himself out of the window, and fractured his skull, by which he died on the spot. His old uncle, in despair for his loss, having no longer any one to succeed him, renounced the priory, and passed the remainder of his days in retirement at Sienna, being firmly persuaded to the last, that his nephew had been bewitched. As for the Florentine, he found that it would not be convenient for him to remain behind, with so much of doubt and mystery attached to an incident in which he performed so distinguished a part; and removing to Florence, became clerk of the Sacristy of St. Peter the Great, where, in process of time, he ventured to divulge the whole truth, and has since often and often related the affair precisely as it occurred, without which the world would never have been made acquainted with so rare and diverting a history.

"How Brancazio Malespini, passing, before day-break, without side the Gate of La Justizia, got, from a thing of no account, so terrible a fright as had well nigh cost him his Life."

GIOVAN FRANCESCO DEL BIANCO, who among his numerous excellent qualifications, possessed that of being the best story-teller of his time, (being gifted with a majestic presence, a vast memory, good voice, and admirable pronunciation,) used often to relate how in Florence there was a certain young gentleman, named Brancazio Malespini, who, (as is common at that age,) was deeply in love with a lady of great beauty dwelling at Ricorholi, without the Gate of St. Nicholas. This lady was married to a worthy man of those parts, who carried on the

trade of a lime-burner; and it often happened, that Brancazio visited her during the night-time, while her husband was busy in superintending his kilns; and, on those occasions, to avoid suspicion, he let himself out in the evening by the wicket of St. Nicholas' gate, and returned the next morning, two hours after day-break, by crossing the river at Rovezzino. (having taken care to secure in his pay the man who keeps the passage,) and thence proceeding along the bank of the river to the Gate of La Justizia, and so outside the city walls to the Gate of La Croce,

where he again let himself in by the wicket, which, in those days, it was usual to leave open at all hours for foot-passengers. And, by these prudent precautions, he succeeded in carrying on his intrigue for a long time together, without observation, and without the smallest suspicion.

It happened that, once as he was returning by his accustomed route from the house of his innamorata, and, having crossed the Ferry, was proceeding along the bank of the Arno, he fancied, when he came opposite the gallows, that he heard a voice from that quarter, and the words, "*Ora pro eo!*" on which he stopped in some amazement, and, turning his eyes towards the place of execution, he perceived what he thought to be three or four men suspended from the fatal tree, and swinging to and fro in the wind, like malefactors who had been executed. Now, as it was a full hour to day-break, and no moon, he could not be fully satisfied whether what he so believed himself to have seen was real, or only shadows; but, while he stood considering, and not without some unpleasant feeling, he again distinctly heard the words (uttered in a low and hollow voice) "*Ora pro eo!*" and he then fancied he saw somebody ascend the ladder to the top of the gallows; whereupon he, (who had all his life been esteemed a person of courage, and was one who made a jest of spirits, witcheries, and devils,) said to himself, "shall I then be so weak and pusillanimous as to shrink from investigating the cause of these strange appearances, and remain all the rest of my life in doubt whether I have been visited by spectres and phantoms? And, so saying, he boldly marched up to the fatal spot, and, without any hesitation, leaped over the inclosure of the platform on which the gallows were erected. Here, however, he found reason to repent of his rashness; for, no sooner had he brought himself on a level with the foot of the gallows, than, once more looking upwards, he beheld the figure which he had before taken for the executioner, standing at the head of the gallows, and which, instantly on perceiving him, exclaimed, in the same hollow tone,

"Wait a minute! wait a minute! and you shall be hanged also." Then, letting go something which it held in its arms, as if ready to fasten it to the beam of the gallows, and which on being released, fell with a heavy noise to the ground, it descended the ladder with the lightness and dexterity of a cat, and made hastily to the rash intruder, who, now quite overwhelmed with terror, and believing that it was either the Devil or one of his goblins who had him wholly in his power, lost at its approach, all power to move, and dropped on the ground without sense or recollection, like a dead person.

The next morning some labourers, who were going that way to their work, perceiving some unusual appearances at the gallows, went to discover what it could mean, and there they found Brancazio not yet recovered from his swoon, fastened to the foot of the ladder, with a woman's apron tied round his neck, so tight as almost to choak him, and half a dozen large pumpkins swinging over head like so many malefactors. Having examined Brancazio, and supposing him to be quite dead, they ran back to the city to mention what they had seen, and the people flocked thither in crowds to witness so strange a spectacle; amongst whom were some who, knowing Brancazio's person, ran back to acquaint his friends, and they hastened to the spot, caused the body to be removed to the Temple Church, in the neighbourhood, where they caused it to be examined, and, by medical assistance, at length restored it to life. For many hours, however, after he had given signs of returning animation, he was unable either to utter a syllable, or to comprehend a word that was spoken to him; and a still longer period elapsed before he could speak to the purpose, or give any intelligible account of what had befallen him. Even after he had recovered his senses, he lay many weeks in a sick and languishing condition, nor did he ever afterwards cease to exhibit one very remarkable effect of the terror he had experienced, every hair on his body having dropped off, so that, to his dying day, he looked like one afflicted with the leprosy, or some other strange and

incurable distemper. He would, moreover, have remained, to his latest hour, impressed with the belief that it was the devil himself whom he had encountered, and who had endowed those pumpkins which were found hanging on the gallows with the human shape to deceive him, had it not been that the following night after that on which this strange incident happened, several persons who were on the watch, saw a poor crazy woman, (by name Eiliorasa, who was very well known in the neighbourhood, and perfectly harmless, although out of her senses,) soon after nightfall, slowly and cautiously advance to the gallows, and mounting the

ladder, cut down the pumpkins, and afterwards proceed to bury them; so that, upon putting all circumstances together, it could not be doubted that it was she who, on the preceding night, had so terrified the unfortunate Brancazio, by acting the double part of executioner and priest to the imagined malefactors, and who, after dragging Brancazio himself to the foot of the gallows, with intent to dispatch him in like manner, finding the weight too great for her strength, contented herself with tying her apron round his neck, and fastening him with it to the lowest step of the ladder.

(New Month. Mar.)

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A STUDENT.

No. I.

THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

DEATH is the tyrant of the imagination. His reign is in solitude and darkness—in tombs and prisons—over weak hearts and seething brains. He lives, without shape or sound, a phantasm,—inaccessible to sight or touch—a ghastly and terrible *Apprehension*.

The fear of death is common to all. There never was a man of such hardihood of nerve, but he has, at one time or other, shrunk from peril. Death is a certain evil, (if life be a good:)—Philosophy may welcome it, and passion disregard its approach; but our instinct, which is always true, first commands us to fear. It is not so much the pain of dying, nor even the array of death, (though the '*pompa mortis*' is sufficiently repelling;)—but it is that tremendous thought—that vast impenetrable gloom, without depth, or breadth, or bound—which no reason can compass and no intellect pry into, that alarms us. Our fancy is ripe with wonders, and it fills up the space between us and Heaven.

For my own part—I have, I confess, greatly feared Death. Some persons dread annihilation. But, to sleep for ever without a dream—what is it, if you feel it not? Let me not be understood as *wishing* for this state,—this

negation of being. I only say that it cannot generate the same *fears*. It is a desert without life, or fear, or hope,—shadowless, soundless. But the grave, in our belief, is populous: it is haunted by some intermediate nature—between flesh and spirit:—or if not, what then is it? I throw the question to the theologians. * * * * *

There is something very sad in the death of friends. We seem to provide for our own mortality, and to make up our minds to die. We are warned by sickness,—fever, and ague, and sleepless nights, and a hundred dull infirmities; but when our *friends* pass away, we lament them as though we had considered them immortal.

It is wise—I *suppose*, it is wise that we should attach ourselves to things which are transient; else I should say that 'tis a perilous trust when a man ties his hope to so frail a thing as woman. They are so gentle, so affectionate, so true in sorrow, so untired and untiring,—but the leaf withers not sooner, the tropic lights fade not more abruptly into darkness. They die and are taken from us; and we weep; and our friends tell us that it is not wise to grieve, for all that which is mortal perisheth. They do not know that

We grieve *the more* because we grieve in vain!

If our grief could bring back the dead.

it would be stormy and loud—we should disturb the sunny quiet of day—we should startle the dull night from her repose. But our *hearts* would not grieve as they grieve now, when hope is dead within us.

The few friends of *my* youth are dead—save only one. She survives: but I am reminded often, when I am alone, that she may die—nay, that she *must* die soon, and leave me to younger spirits (there is but one that cares for me)—to hopes which are half disappointed,—to friends who have forgotten the merry days we once passed together,—to feverish and gnawing troubles,—and, last, to infirmity,—and old age—and death.—It may beguile me awhile from so sad a speculation, if I try to trace upon paper the recollection of friends who are gone. I may raise them, like phantasms, before me—like the ghosts who mocked the murderer of Duncan,—save that *they* sprang from the future, outstripping the speed of Time—whereas mine are all from the past.

Come forth, then, whatever ye are—shadows, or substances, or spirits,—sublimed or transmuted natures—Ye who have left your clay to wither, and are become the messengers of Heaven, and tread the winds and the star-sown wilderness above us!—Come down, from your stately heights, and stand visible before me! Or, if indeed ye live in the grave, or haunt on purgatorial shores, pale tenants of the dim Elysium—Arise, and be manifest!—Fain would I recall ye for a time, and pourtray ye—your ‘exits,’ not your ‘entrances.’ I may relieve, perhaps the sad tedium of a wintry hour, or solace a heart that suffers.

——I remember, even as a grey-headed man remembers, clearly and more distinctly than the things of yesterday, that which happened long ago. I remember, when I was about four years of age—how I learned to spell, and was sent daily in the servant’s hand to a little day-school, to fight my way, (amidst a score of other urchins) through the perils of the alphabet. I had no ambition then,—no hatred, no uncharitableness. If these dæmons have possessed me since, they must

have been cast down upon me by the ‘malice of my stars.’ I had no *organs* for such things:—yet now I can hate almost as strongly as I love, and am as constant to my antipathies as to my affections.

Well,—when my fifth was running into my sixth year, and I was busied with parables and scripture history (the only food which nourished my infant mind), I was much noticed by a young person,—a female. I was at that time living with an old relation in H—shire, and I still preserve the recollection of Miss R—’s tender condescension towards me. She was a pretty delicate girl, and very amiable; and I became—(yes, it is true, for I remember the strong feelings of the time) *enamoured* of her. My love had the fire of passion, but not the clay which drags it downwards; it partook of the innocence of my years while it etherealized me. Whether it was the divinity of beauty that stung me—or rather that lifted me above the darkness and immaturity of childhood, I know not: but my feelings were any thing but childish. By some strong intuition, I felt that there was a difference (I knew not what) that called forth an extraordinary and impetuous regard.

She was the first object (save my mother) that I ever attached myself to. I had better have loved a flower,—a weed. For, when I knew her, she had the seeds of death within her. Consumption had ‘caught her:’ his sickly hand was upon her, like the canker on the rose, and drew out a perilous, unearthly bloom. The hues and vigour of life were flushing too quickly through her cheek—(yet how pale she was at times!)—She wasted a month in an hour—a year in a month; and at last died in the stormy autumn time, when the breath of summer had left her.

The last time I ever saw her was (as well as I can recollect) in October, or late in September. I was told that Miss R— was ill,—was *very* ill—and that perhaps I might not see her again. Death I could not (of course) comprehend; but I understood perfectly what was a perpetual absence from my pretty friend. Whether I wept, or raved,—or how it was, I know not:

but I was taken to visit her. It was a cold day, and the red and brown leaves were plentiful on the trees : and it was afternoon when we arrived at an old-fashioned country-house (something better than a farm house), which stood at some distance from the high road. The sun was near his setting ; but the whole of the wide west was illuminated, and threw crimson and scarlet colours on the windows, over which hung a cloud of vine-stalks and changing leaves that dropped by scores on every summons of the blast. There she sat, —in a parlour of flowers (herself the fairest)—among China roses and glittering ice-plants, and myrtles which no longer blossomed. She was sitting (as I entered) in a large arm-chair covered with white,—like a faded Flora ; and was looking at the sun : but she turned her bright and gentle looks on me, and the pink bloom dimpled on her cheek as she smiled and bade me welcome. I have often thought of her since. I look on her, as it seems, even now through what a waste of years !—I see her cheek, at first like a lily—just tinged, but afterwards deepening into the brightest red, from the agitation perhaps of meeting with visitors. The flowers that were around looked as fragile as herself,—summer companions. But the wild Autumn was around her and them, and the Winter himself was coming. He *came*,—almost before his time, cold and remorseless, and she shrank—and withered—and died. The rose-blossoms and the myrtles lived on, a little longer ; but the crimson beauty of her cheeks faded for ever.

—The progress from infancy to boyhood is imperceptible. In that long dawn of the mind we take but little heed. The years pass by us, one by one, little distinguishable from each other. But when the intellectual sun of our life is risen, we take due note of joy and sorrow. Our days grow populous with events ; and through our nights bright trains of thought run, illuminating the airy future, and dazzling the days we live in. We have the unalloyed fruition of hope ; and the best is that the reality is still to come.

I went to a public school when I

was between twelve and thirteen years of age, and I carried thither a modest eye and a bashful spirit. I was stored with tales and fictions. I had my share of Latin, had read some history, and a great many novels ; and thus equipped I took my seat on the third form at ——. Among other things which I carried to this place, I forgot to mention a grateful regard for an old relation,—a sort of great uncle, who had always treated me with kindness. He used to place me upon his knee in the winter evenings, and tell me stories of foreign countries,—of Eastern and Western India ; of buffaloes and serpents ; of the crocodile and tawny lion, and how he bounded through the jungles ; and what the elephant with his almost human faculty could do ; and how the shark would follow ships by a strange instinct ; and how the whale could spout out his cataracts of water ;—and a hundred other marvels which I listened to with a greedy ear. He never failed, either in his kindness or his stories ;—at least towards me. He was a weather-beaten man, could shoot, and hunt, and in his youth had doubled the Cape, and traversed the Indian ocean.—But he was doomed to die.

He had been ill when I last saw him, in the Christmas holidays : yet I little thought that the grave was so near him. I was summoned home, one day, to weep and wear mourning ; and I went to the house of his widow, where he lay—dead. Oh what a visit was that ! It haunted me for years.—The servant said that *he*—(what '*he*' ? was it the dust ?)—that he *lay* in the front drawing-room. I shuddered and stopped ; but I was assured that he looked just as though he was asleep. Let no one believe such things. There is nothing so unlike sleep as death. It is a poet's lie. The one is a gracious repose,—a vital calm :—the other is a horrid solemnity,—no more like sleep than a mask of plaster ; stiff, rigid, white,—beyond the whiteness of shrouds or the paleness of stones. All parallels fail. We strain at comparisons in vain.

I went up to see my old friend. There was great silence all about, and the stone steps of the staircase sent out unusual echoes. The door was open—

ed,—slowly, as though we should disturb the corpse. The windows were closed, and there were long wax candles burning at the head and at the feet; and over all a white sheet was carefully thrown. The length—the *prodigious* length that the body seemed to occupy, at once startled me, and I recoiled. But the servant proceeded, and uncovered the head of the coffin. After an effort I looked—Ah! would to God that I had never looked. There he lay, like a stone. His mouth was bound up, and his eyelids had been pressed down, and his nose was pinched as though by famine. The white death was upon him—the rioter, the ruler of graves. And my old friend was swathed in fine linen,—and pure crape was cut and crimped about him, as though to save him from the worm and the sapping earth. 'Twas poor mockery of his humble state;—and yet perhaps it was meant kindly.—Three days after this he was borne away in a hearse, and I let out my grief in tears.

—I scarcely know how it is, but the deaths of children seem to me always less premature than those of elder persons. Not that they are in fact so; but it is because they themselves have little or no relation to maturity. Life seems a race which they have yet to run entirely. They have made no progress towards the goal. They are born,—nothing further. But it seems hard when a man has toiled high up the steep hill of knowledge, that he should be cast, like Sisyphus, downwards in a moment:—that he who has worn the day and wasted the night in gathering the gold of science, should be—with all his wealth of learning, all his accumulations—made bankrupt at once. What becomes of all the riches of the soul,—the piles and pyramids of precious thoughts which men heap together?—Where is Shakspeare's imagination,—Bacon's learning? Where is the sweet fancy of Sidney,—the airy spirit of Fletcher,—and Milton's thought severe?—Methinks such things should not die and dissipate, when a hair can live for centuries, and a brick of Egypt will last three thousand years!—I am content to believe that

the mind of man survives (somewhere or other) his clay.

—I was once present at the death of a little child. I will not pain the reader by pourtraying its agonies; but when its breath was gone—its *life*—(nothing more than a cloud of smoke!) and it lay like a waxen image before me, I turned my eyes to its meaning mother, and sighed out my few words of comfort. But I am a beggar in grief. I can feel, and sigh, and look kindly,—I think; but I have nothing to give. My tongue deserts me. I know the inutility of too soon comforting. I know that I should weep, were I the loser; and I let the tears have their way. Sometimes, a word or two I can muster: a 'Sigh no more!'—and 'Dear lady, do not grieve!'—but further, I am mute and useless.

To pass from this, to a scene of a darker colour.—It was in W—shire that I heard a medical friend tell of a death-bed which he had witnessed. This I did not see, and it does not therefore, perhaps strictly come under the title of this paper: the more especially as the sufferer was almost unknown to me: but let the reader excuse it. The man whom I refer to, was a rich farmer. He was the father of two natural children (females,) whom he made do all the drudgery of his house. He was a hard landlord, a bad master, a libertine though a miser, a drunkard, a fighter at fairs and markets; and over his children he used a tyranny which neither tears nor labour could mitigate. But he was stopped in his headlong course. A fierce pain came upon him: a fire raged in his vitals. His strong limbs, which no wrestler could twist, and no antagonist lay prostrate, shrank before an unseen foe. Fever encompassed him, and delirium; and in his frightful dreams he called aloud—he shrieked—he wept like a child. He prayed for help—for ease, for a little respite. It was all in vain.—My friend attended this man, and though used to scenes of death, this terrified even him. He said that the raving of the sufferer was beyond belief,—it was the noise of a great animal, not of man. His eye glared, and he swore perpetually, and said that

Satan was in wait for him, and pointed towards a corner of the chamber. When he made an effort, it was like the struggle of the tiger. And then he would listen, and cry that he heard the dull roll of drums, and the stamp of a war-horse, and the sound of trumpets—calling—calling; and he answered and shrieked that “he was coming”—*And he came!* “Parce, precor, precor!”

Most of my own friends have died calmly. One wasted away for months and months; and though death came slowly, he came too soon. I was told that Mr.—“wished to live.” On the very day on which he died he tried to battle with the great king,—to stand up against the coldness and faintness which seized upon him. But he died, notwithstanding, and though quietly, reluctantly. Another friend (a female) died easily and in an old age, surviving her faculties. A third met death smiling. A fourth was buried in Italian earth among flowers and odorous herbs. A fifth—the nearest of all died—died gradually, and his children came about him, and were sad: but *he* was resigned to all fortunes, for he believed in a long “hereafter!”—And so the time passes. So

“Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitaque morti.”

—There is something inexpressibly touching in an anecdote which I have heard of a foreign artist. He was an American, and had come hither (he and his young wife) to paint for fame and—a subsistence. They were strangers in England: they had to fight against prejudices and poverty; but their affection for each other solaced them under every privation, every frown of Fortune. They could *think*, at least, “all the way over” the great Atlantic; and their fancy (little cherished here) had leisure to be busy among the friends and scenes which they had left behind. A gentleman, who had not seen them for some time, went one day to the artist’s painting-room, and observed him pale and worn, inquired about his health, and afterwards regarding his wife. He answered, only, “*She has left me;*” and

proceeded in a hurried way with his work. She was dead!—and he was left alone to toil, and get money, and mourn. The heart in which he had hoarded all his secrets, all his hopes, was cold; and Fame itself was but a shadow!—And so it is, that all we love must wither,—that we ourselves must wither and die away. ‘Tis a trite saying: yet a wholesome moral belongs to it. The thread of our life is spun: it is twisted firmly, and looks as it would last for ever. All colours are there,—the gaudy yellow and the sanguine red, and black—dark as death; yet it is cut in twain by the shears of Fate almost before we discern the peril.

All that has been, and is, and is to come, must die, and the grave will possess all. Already the temple of Death is stored with enormous treasures: but it shall be *filled*, till its sides shall crack and monder, and its gaunt king “Death, the skeleton,” shall wither, like his prey.—Oh! if the dead may speak, by what rich noises is that solemn temple haunted! What a countless throng of shapes is there,—kings and poets, philosophers and soldiers! What a catalogue might not be reckoned,—from the founder of the tower of Belus, to the Persians who encamped in the Babylonian squares,—to Alexander, and Socrates, and Plato,—to Cesar,—to Alfred! Fair names, too, might be strung upon the list, like pearls or glancing diamonds,—creatures who were once the grace and beauty of the earth, queens and gentle women,—Antigone and Sappho,—Corinna and the mother of the Gracchi,—Portia and Agrippine. And the story might be ended with him, who died an exile on his sea-surrounded rock, the first emperor of France, the king and conqueror of Italy, the Corsican soldier, Napoleon.

—I will here take leave of this melancholy subject. I have touched upon it in a desultory way: but it is difficult to reduce our sorrows to system, or to array such recollections as these in the best order. For my own part, I have been content to relate them just as they occurred to me: let the reader submit, for once, to be as easily satisfied as I was. S.

THE NEW SERIES OF THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

(Blackwood's Mag. Feb.)

IT is now several years since we took occasion to review a work of this very interesting writer : yet he has not been idle. The Essay on the Character of King James I., which we take shame to ourselves for not noticing at the time when it was published, has not, we believe, gone into quite so extensive circulation as most of his works. This, perhaps, was to be expected, because it did not present the same *variety* of subjects, which commonly forms one of Mr. D'Israeli's most pleasing attributes; but, on the other hand, its very want of that popular charm, gave it something at least as acceptable, to those who read for other purposes than those of mere amusement. Without any formality of design or structure, Mr. D'Israeli, concentrating his powers upon a most picturesque character, and a most picturesque time, threw great and permanent light upon both. His book, unpretending in form and style, belongs to the true materials of English history. It is a work, which no student of our history ever can neglect, and which no intelligent one can ever undervalue. And we take this opportunity of expressing our opinion, that those readers of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, who have not looked into Mr. D'Israeli's illustrations of the same personages, of which that brilliant novel furnishes so many entertaining views and sketches, must certainly be very ill-qualified to judge of the use which the novelist made of his historical materials. It is curious in every point of view, that the enthusiastic Scotchman should, on the whole, lower one's notions of James; and, that this intelligent Englishman should have been, about the same period, producing an effect so very opposite. We rather incline to think, that the author of *Nigel* had not read Mr. D'Israeli's Essay at the time when he wrote his romance, and that if he had done so, he might have represented the character of James in a much higher point of view, as to some important things, without at all diminishing the graphic and delightful effect of his portraiture. The fact is,

that James had really, in the midst of all his oddnesses and weaknesses, a much larger share of wit—not Scots humour merely, but real sterling wit, than the readers of *Nigel* would be very apt to give him credit for. Mr. D'Israeli has in a few pages preserved about as many genuine *bon-mots*, capital *bon-mots*, masterly *bon-mots*, of “the British Solomon,” as are on record to the glory either of Louis XIV. or of Charles II. But we must be satisfied for the present with this brief reference.

Here we have our author once more in a form and dress more nearly resembling what, for twenty years, we had been accustomed to consider as *his own*.—His books must live in honour, and in freshness, as long as our history and literature survive, and no man will turn over their pages, three hundred years hence, without saying to himself,—“This was a man of indefatigable zeal, of elegant feelings, and, above all, of lofty purity of character.”—Alas! in looking over the long line of literary names, (including many of the very highest ones too) how few shall we find thus enviably stainless! No trick, no chicanery, no malice blots his career. He ever has been, and ever will be, the amiable and upright man of letters; the true gentleman's spirit guides him in every stroke of his pen, and he who might have so cheaply, and so safely, amused himself at our expence, has always suppressed every suggestion of vanity, and aimed at nothing but *our* delight—that too, combined uniformly with our instruction.

Such an author is certainly well entitled to the warmest gratitude of his literary brethren, and we, who rather aspire than pretend to be among the number of these, have always, we must confess, read his works with feelings of *partiality*. (that is not just the word, but *our* readers will understand us) arising out of our feelings of respect for the moral character of the man himself. On his present work, the stamp of elevated humanity, and charitable sense, is, perhaps, more strongly impressed

than on any, even the best of its predecessors. We fear not to say, that NO MAN who has perused these volumes attentively, *can* fail to be a great, a very great deal more *knowing* than he was when he began; and that the fault must be entirely his own, if he is not a great deal *wiser*. The delicate and masterly exposure of past prejudices, their obscure origin, their pernicious influence, and their gradual, reluctant, but irresistible decay, *ought*, at least, to improve men's eyes for the contemplation of those prejudices, by which the people around them are now separated and deluded—and in some of which, they themselves are pretty sure to be partakers. The comparatively infant cause of POLITICAL TOLERANCE may be advanced by the mournful and humiliating history of that RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE, of which so many great, wise, and good men, but lately regarded the very name with abhorrence—which now, however, has all names that are worth mentioning upon its side—and of which a few more years will probably be sufficient to establish the final, consummating, and blessed triumph.

We are not certain whether Mr. D'Israeli is, or is not, an Englishman born. We may venture, however, to mention, what is not, perhaps, universally known, that he is by birth a member of the Hebrew nation. Whether he does, or does not adhere to the religion of his race, we are entirely ignorant; for often as he has discussed topics connected with the history of religious dispute, we have not, after a pretty close examination, been able to discover any one passage, from which it is possible to infer to what sect our author himself belongs. Our readers are not to imagine, that we are stating this as any thing for which he merits reprehension. He writes as a historical and philosophical antiquarian; his business, as such, is to lay before us strange and hidden facts, and to educe from these, or induce us to educe from them, such lessons of charity as it becomes all men alike, whatever their persuasions may be, to cherish and dwell upon. But this is not all—we conceive, that to make known the fact of Mr. D'Israeli's descent, is to heap new honours upon his

head. The race of Israel has indeed produced, in Spinoza, one of the most acute of metaphysicians, and it has given to the modern world, in Mendelssohn, one of the profoundest of philosophers, “the Plato of Germany;” but its triumphs in this sort have been but few, and a D'Israeli is a new and a valuable triumph. The single fact that we owe to a Jewish citizen some of the most interesting researches which have illustrated the literary, and we may add, the political history of our country—and some of the most delightful volumes, moreover, that adorn the English library—this single fact is worth volumes of prosing, and ought, of itself, to inspire more of that doctrine of charity and liberality, than all the many curious and recondite things, which Mr. D'Israeli has drawn from the dust of MSS. and the obscurity of forgotten folios, for the benevolent, and we do not fear to say, the eminently *christian* purpose of enforcing it. And since we have alluded to this matter, (we trust we have done so in a manner of which Mr. D'Israeli will not complain,) we may add, that his knowledge of the history, traditions, and manners, and habits of the highly interesting people from whom he is sprung, has added to many of his writings, and, in particular, to the volumes now before us, a charm and a value, which, with all his talents, he could scarcely have conveyed, had it been otherwise. To us, there is, we will confess, a most deep and solemn pathos, in some of the passages where he alludes, almost as it would seem involuntarily, to the mysterious fate of his nation—their sublime, oriental dreams, their enthusiastic reverence of that which is old, and the wisdom of those picturesque sayings which still float among them, as they did among their ancestors, long before profane history had any existence. Such lingering traces of feelings, that are anything but discreditable even to the heart of a very wise man, invest occasionally with a picturesque grace, and a certain profound interest at the same time, the disquisitions of a philosophic observer, who has, perhaps, done as much as any writer now living for the destruction of idle prejudice, and absurd antipathies.

But, perhaps, we we ought to apologize even for the little we have presumed to say, as to this matter.

Nothing can be more difficult, (talking, of course, of small things,) than to set about reviewing a book of ANA,—which this is. There is not a single section of all the scores comprized in these volumes, from which we might not draw materials for a long and interesting article. As usual, however, our first object is to make known the general opinion we have formed of the work, and thence, (when that opinion is favourable,) the propriety of buying and reading it without delay. We now tell our readers, that Mr. D'Israeli's new book is full of rich and overflowing interest, as it could have been had this been the first appearance of a clever and thinking man, expressing himself freely upon the most favourite subjects of his research and reflection. Therefore, it is a book which those who can buy such books ought immediately to possess. But we have, besides all this, to make out of it an article for Blackwood; and, in truth, altho' whatever way we should take it, it would be difficult not to make a good article out of such a book, we are nevertheless much at a loss. We shall, without thinking or saying more, just turn over the volumes, and do as the suggestion of the moment may chance to be.

A very pretty chapter "on False Political Reports," concludes thus, with two things that Mr. D'Israeli is so often happy in bringing together, a good story and a good *hint*.

"A stranger landing from Sicily, at a barber's shop delivered all the particulars of the defeat of the Athenians: of which, however, the people were yet uninformed. The barber leaves untrimmed the reporter's beard, and flies away to vent the news in the city, where he told the Archons what he had heard. The whole city was thrown into a ferment. The Archons called an assembly of the people, and produced the luckless barber, who in his confusion could not give any satisfactory account of the first reporter. He was condemned as a spreader of false news, and a disturber of the public quiet; for the Athenians could not imagine that they were not invincible! The barber was dragged to the wheel and tortured, till the disaster was more than confirmed. Bayle, referring to this story, observes, that had the barber reported a

victory, though it had proved to be false he would not have been punished: a shrewd observation, which occurred to him by the different fate of Stratocles. This person persuaded the Athenians to perform a public sacrifice and thanksgiving for a victory obtained at sea, though he well knew at the time that the Athenian fleet had been totally defeated. When the calamity could no longer be concealed, the people charged him with being an impostor; but Stratocles saved his life and mollified their anger by the pleasant turn he gave to the whole affair. 'Have I done you an injury?' said he. 'Is it not owing to me that you have spent three days in the pleasures of victory?' I think that this spreader of good, but fictitious news, should have occupied the wheel of the luckless barber, who had spread bad but true news; for the barber had no intention of deception, but Stratocles had; and the question here to be tried, was not the truth or the falsity of the reports, but whether the reporters intended to deceive their fellow-citizens? The 'Chronicle' and the 'Post' must be challenged on such a jury, and all the race of news-scribes, whose Patin characterises as *hominum genus audacissimum mendacissimum aridissimum*. Latin superlatives are too rich to suffer a translation."

We recommend the following, from a chapter "on Parody," to those who have ever listened with aught but scorn to the railers against the famous Chaldee MS. Who are the personages alluded to in the beginning of the extract? We rather suspect Sir Walter Scott and Washington Irving, which last elegant author first appeared to the world, we believe, in a quizzical parody of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. The story, we doubt not is a true one; and we know of few other living poets and living parodists, capable of behaving so sensibly.

"A lady of *bas bleu* celebrity (the term is getting odious, particularly to our *scavantes*) had two friends, whom she equally admired—an elegant poet and his parodist. She had contrived to prevent their meeting as long as her stratagems lasted, till at length she apologised to the serious bard for inviting him when his mock *umbr*a was to be present. Astonished, she perceived that both men of genius felt a mutual esteem for each other's opposite talent; the ridiculed had perceived no malignity in the playfulness of the parody, and even seemed to consider it as a compliment, aware that parodists do not waste their talent on obscene productions; while the ridiculer himself was very sensible that he was the inferior poet. The lady-critic had imagined that parody must necessarily be malicious; and in some cases it is said those on whom

the parody has been performed, have been of the same opinion.

"Parody strongly resembles mimicry, a principle in human nature not so artificial as it appears. Man may well be defined a mimetic animal. The Afri an boy, who amused the whole kaffe he journeyed with, by mimicking the gestures and the voice of the auctioneer who had sold him at the slave-market a few days before, could have had no sense of scorn, of superiority, or of malignity; the boy experienced merely the pleasure of repeating attitudes and intonations which had so forcibly excited his interest. The numerous parodies of Hamlet's soliloquy were never made in derision of that solemn monologue, no more than the travesties of Virgil by Scarron and Cotton; their authors were never so gaily mad as that. WE HAVE PARODIES ON THE PSALMS BY LUTHER; *Doddsley* parodied the book of *Chronicles*, and FRANKLIN'S most beautiful story of *Abraham* is a PARODY ON THE SCRIPTURE-STYLE; not one of these writers, however, proposed to ridicule their originals; some ingenuity in the application was all that they intended."

CURES FOR LOVE.

"There are crimes for which men are hanged, but of which they might easily have been cured by physical means. Persons out of their senses with love, by throwing themselves into a river, and being dragged out nearly lifeless, have recovered their senses, and lost their bewildering passion. Submersion was discovered to be a cure for some mental disorders, by altering the state of the body, as Van Helmont notices 'was happily practised in England.' With the circumstance this sage of chemistry alludes to, I am unacquainted; but this extraordinary practice was certainly known to the Italians; for, in one of the tales of Poggio we find a mad doctor of Milan, who was celebrated for curing lunatics and demoniacs in a certain time. His practice consisted in placing them in a great high-walled court-yard, in the midst of which there was a deep well full of water, cold as ice. When a demoniac was brought to this physician, he had the patient bound to a pillar in the well till the water ascended to the knees, or higher, and even to the neck, as he deemed their malady required. In their bodily pain they appear to have forgot their melancholy; thus by the terrors of the repetition of cold water, a man appears to have been frightened into his senses! A physician has informed me of a remarkable case: a lady with a disordered mind resolves on death, and swallowed much more than half a pint of laudanum; she closed her curtains in the evening, took a farewell of her attendants, and flattered herself she should never awaken from her sleep. In the morning, however, notwithstanding this incredible dose, she awoke in the agonies of death. By the usual means she was enabled to get rid of the poison she

had so largely taken, and not only recovered her life, but what is more extraordinary, her perfect senses! The physician conjectures that it was the influence of her disordered mind over her body, which prevented this vast quantity of laudanum from its usual action by terminating in death."

In the chapter "on New Words," Mr. D'Israeli, we think, crows rather too much about what he thinks a great feat of his own, the introduction of the word "father-land" into our mother-tongue. It was at the best merely adopting the German or Dutch "vaterland;" but although Coleridge, Byron, and Southey, have all used it since in verse, we much doubt whether it will ever be a real thorough-going English word. However, let it take its chance; but neither D'Israeli, nor any of these poets, are quite entitled to claim the privilege of Virgil and Varro. The chapter contains, however, some amusing things; and *inter alia* a sly cut at the Cockneys, whom Mr. D'I., of course, abominates.

"There are three foul corrupters of a language; caprice, affectation, and ignorance! Such fashionable cant terms as "theatricals," and "musicals," invented by the flippant Topham, still survive among his confraternity of frivolity. A lady eminent for the elegance of her taste, and of whom one of the best judges, the celebrated Miss Edgeworth, observed to me, that she spoke the purest and most idiomatic English she had ever heard, threw out an observation which might be extended to a great deal of our present fashionable vocabulary. She is now old enough, she said, to have lived to hear the vulgarisms of her youth adopted in drawing-room circles. To *lunch*, now so familiar from the fairest lips, in her youth was only known in the servants' hall. An expression very rife of late among our young ladies, a *nice man*, whatever it may mean, whether the man resembles a pudding, or something more nice, conveys the offensive notion that they are ready to eat him up! *Twaddle* for a while succeeded *bore*; but *bore* has recovered the supremacy. We want another Swift to give a new edition of his 'Polite Conversation.' A dictionary of barbarisms too might be collected from some wretched neologists, whose pens are now at work! Lord Chesterfield, in his exhortations to conform to Johnson's Dictionary, was desirous, however, that the great lexicographer should add as an appendix, '*A Neological Dictionary*, containing those polite though perhaps not strictly grammatical, words and phrases commonly used, and sometimes understood by the *beau-monde*.' This last phrase was doubtless a contribution! Such a dictionary

ry had already appeared in the French language, drawn up by two caustic critics, who in the *Dictionnaire neologique à l'usage des beaux Esprits du Siècle*, collected together the numerous unlucky inventions of affectation, with their modern authorities! A collection of the fine words and phrases culled from some very modern poetry, might show the real amount of the favours bestowed on us.

* * * * *

"A collection of *picturesque words*, found among our ancient writers, would constitute a precious supplement to the history of our language. Far more expressive than our term of *executioner* is their solemn one of the *deathsmen*; than our *vagabond* their *scatterling*. How finely Herrick employs the word *pittering* as applied to the grasshopper! It describes its peculiar shrill and short cry.* Envy '*dusking the lustre*' of genius, is a verb least for us, but which gives a more precise expression to the feeling than any other words which we could use.

"The late Dr. Boucher, of whose projected Thesaurus of our ancient English language we only possess the first letter of the alphabet, while the great and precious portion is suffered to moulder away among his family,† in the prospectus of that work, did me the honour, then a young writer, to quote an opinion I had formed early in life of the purest source of neology—which is the revival of old words.

'Words, that wise Bacon or brave Rawleigh spake!'

"We have lost many exquisite and picturesque expressions through the dulness of our lexicographers, or their deficiency in that profounder study of our writers which their labours require far more than they themselves know. The natural graces of our language have been impoverished! The genius that throws its prophetic eye over the language, and the taste that must come from Heaven, no lexicographer imagines are required to accompany him amidst a library of old books!"

The last and longest chapter in this volume is "on Proverbs." It is full of interest, but not (to us at least) of novelty. We never can be weary of good proverbs; but we think we have seen elsewhere almost all those which Mr. D'Israeli here mentions, and we think we have seen them explained and commented on too. As for the English ones, he evidently has done little but turn over Heywood, Ray, and especially Grose; for although he does not name the jolly captain, he has been considerably obliged to him.

"A member of the House of Commons, in the reign of Elizabeth, made a speech entirely composed of the most homely proverbs. The subject was a bill against double-payments of book-debts. Knavish tradesmen were then in the habit of swelling out their book-debts with those who took credit, particularly to their younger customers. One of the members who began to speak, 'for very fear shook,' and stood silent. This nervous orator was followed by a blunt and true representative of the famous governor of Barataria, delivering himself thus—'It is now my chance to speak something, and that without humming or hawing. I think this is a good law. Even reckoning makes long friends. As far goes the penny as the penny's master. *Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura subveniunt*. Pay the reckoning over-night, and you shall not be troubled in the morning. If ready money be *mensura publica*, let every one cut his coat according to his cloth. When his old suit is in the wane, let him stay till that his money bring a new suit in the increase."

* * * * *

"There are, indeed, proverbs connected with the characters of eminent men; they were either their favourite ones, or have originated with themselves: such a collection would form an historical curiosity. To the celebrated Bayard are the French indebted for a military proverb, which some of them still repeat. *Ce que le gantelet gagne le gorgerin le mange*. 'What the gauntlet gets, the gorget consumes.' That reflecting soldier well calculated the profits of a military life, which consumes, in the pomp and waste which are necessary for its maintenance, the slender pay it receives, and even what its rapacity sometimes acquires. The favourite proverb of Erasmus was *Festina lente!* 'Hasten slowly!' He wished it to be inscribed wherever it could meet our eyes; on public buildings, and on our rings and seals. One of our own statesmen used a favourite sentence, which has enlarged our stock of national proverbs. Sir Amias Pawlet, when he perceived too much hurry in any business, was accustomed to say, 'Stay a while, to make an end the sooner.' Oliver Cromwell's coarse, but descriptive proverb, conveys the contempt he felt for some of his mean and troublesome coadjutors: 'Nits will be lice!' The Italians have a proverb, which has been occasionally applied to certain political personages:—

Egli e quello che Dio vuole;

E sarà quello che Dio vorrà.

'He is what God pleases;

He shall be what God wills!'

Ere this was a proverb, it had served as an embroidered motto on the mystical mantle of Castruccio Castracani. That military genius, who sought to revolutionize Italy, and aspired to the sovereignty, lived long enough to repent the wild romantic ambi-

* The cry of the grasshopper is *pit! pit! pit!* quickly repeated.

† O shame! shame!

tion which provoked all Italy to confederate against him; the mysterious motto he assumed entered into the proverbs of his country! The border proverb of the Douglasses, 'It were better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep,' was adopted by every border chief, to express, as Sir Walter Scott observes, what the great Bruce had pointed out, that the woods and hills of their country were their safest bulwarks, instead of the fortified places, which the English surpassed their neighbours in the arts of assaulting or defending. These illustrations indicate one of the sources of proverbs; they have often resulted from the spontaneous emotions or the profound reflections of some extraordinary individual, whose energetic expression was caught by a faithful ear, never to perish!"

In perusing the following, which is the best paragraph in this chapter, our readers will perceive something of what we alluded to a little ago,—and we think agree with us, as to the effect of the Hebraic Lore.

"Proverbs peculiarly national, while they convey to us the modes of thinking, will consequently indicate the modes of acting among a people. The Romans had a proverbial expression for their last stake in play, *rem ad triarios venisse*, 'the reserve are engaged!' a proverbial expression, from which the military habits of the people might be inferred; the *triarii* being their reserve. A proverb has preserved a curious custom of ancient coxcombry, which originally came from the Greeks. To men of effeminate manners in their dress, they applied the proverb of *Unico digitulo scalpit caput*. Scratching the head with a single finger was, it seems, done by the critically nice youths in Rome, that they might not discompose the economy of their hair. The Arab, whose unsettled existence makes him miserable and interested, says, 'Vinegar' given is better than honey bought.' Every thing of high esteem with him who is so often parched in the desert is described as *milk*—'How large his flow of milk!' is a proverbial expression with the Arab, to distinguish the most copious eloquence. To express a state of perfect repose, the Arabian proverb is, 'I throw the rein over my back'; an allusion to the loosening of the cords of the camels, which are thrown over their backs when they are sent to pasture. We discover the rustic manner of our ancient Britons in the Cambrian proverbs; many relate to the *hedge*. 'The cleanly Briton is seen in the *hedge*: the horse looks not on the *hedge* but the corn: the bad husband's *hedge* is full of gaps.' The state of an agricultural people appears in such proverbs as, 'You must not count your yearlings till May-day'; and their proverbial sentence for old age is, 'An old man's end is to keep sheep!' Turn from the vagrant Arab and the agricultural

Briton to a nation existing in a high state of artificial civilization; the Chinese proverbs frequently allude to magnificent buildings. Affecting a more solemn exterior than all other nations, a favourite proverb with them is, 'A grave and majestic outside is, as it were, the *palace* of the soul.' Their notion of government is quite architectural. They say, 'A sovereign may be compared to a *hall*'; his officers to the steps that lead to it; the people to the ground on which they stand.' What should we think of a people who had a proverb, that 'He who gives blows is a master, he who gives none is a dog!' We should instantly decide on the mean and servile spirit of those who could repeat it; and such we find to have been that of the Bengalese, to whom the degrading proverb belongs, derived from the treatment they were used to receive from their Mogol rulers, who answered the claims of their creditors by a vigorous application of the whip! In some of the Hebrew proverbs we are struck by the frequent allusions of that fugitive people to their own history. The cruel oppression exercised by the ruling power, and the confidence in their hope of change in the day of retribution, was delivered in this Hebrew proverb—'When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes!' The fond idolatry of their devotion to their ceremonial law, and to every thing connected with their sublime Theocracy, in their Magnificent temple, is finely expressed by this proverb—'None ever took a stone out of the Temple, but the dust did fly into his eyes' Peyssonel, who long resided among the Turks, observes, that their proverbs are full of sense, ingenuity, and elegance, the surest test of the intellectual abilities of any nation. He said this to correct the volatile opinion of De Tott, who to convey an idea of their stupid pride, quotes one of their favourite adages, of which the truth and candour are admirable: 'Riches in the Indies, wit in Europe, and pomp among the Ottomans.'"

We had marked somewhere in this volume, but cannot now discover it, a passage in which Mr. D'Israeli mentions the curious facts, that THE MAIDEN was introduced into Scotland by Earl Morton, and that he was the first person who suffered by it; and that M. Guillotine, a French surgeon, who gave his name to an improvement of the Maiden, died also, at the beginning of the French Revolution, by his own invention. M. D'Israeli will not disdain to receive another story of the same sort from us, although about a much obscurer person,—*viz.* Deacon Brodie, who was executed about 30 years ago, for robbing the Excise office in Edinburgh, and who really was both a man of very genteel birth, and in his manners more of

the Macheath than any body that has appeared for the last fifty years :— This gay Deacon of the carpenters of Edinburgh invented the drop by which all criminals now suffer in Britain— and, strange to say, he was the first man who was hanged on his own commodious gallows. His friends had some notion that the new invention might not do the business so effectually as the old leap from a ladder in the Grass-market, and they prevailed on himself to adopt some device of a silver tube inserted in the wind-pipe, for the purpose of still further reducing the chances. The Deacon came forth very gaily with his silver tube, a well-dressed peruque, and a very grand silk waistcoat—but alas ! “ Brodie’s drop ” was too much for Brodie ! The Deacon’s body resisted every effort that was made towards producing re-animation. We have reason to say we *know* this, for we are old enough to have often talked with the surgeon who was present when the experiment was made. It is true, that a foolish story of his having revived in great style, and indeed lived to be, under another name, a leading member of Congress in the United States of America,—was long very prevalent in this quarter—where, perhaps, the absurd fiction may not even yet be entirely without its dupes.

We have, after all, noticed but a very few of the chapters into which the first of these delightful volumes is divided ; but we fear our limits must circumscribe us still more, as to the equally or perhaps even richer two that remain behind. Of the three, the second is that which will probably be most frequently referred to by future historians of our own country. In it are given a vast number of most interesting particulars about Sir Walter Rawleigh—an old favourite of D’Israeli ; and the circumstances of that wonderful man’s behaviour at his death, now for the first time minutely set forth, present, to be sure, a most extraordinary contrast to the scenes of humiliating chicanery which were acted by him at the commencement of his imprisonment, and which our author has also had the merit of disclosing. How often, however, has the history of mankind exhibited the

different manner in which a man lives and dies ! Rawleigh, who could stoop to medicate his face into pimples, for the sake of avoiding imprisonment, could afterwards calmly devote the leisure of his dungeon to the composition of immortal works of genius, and at length when the fatal day did come, it found him ready to receive his death with the constancy of a hero, and the calmness of a philosopher. DEATH is a favourite theme of D’Israeli’s, and there is a chapter here entitled “ the Book of Death,” which will be read with the deepest interest. In recording the manner in which so many illustrious men have made their exits, our author has forcibly recalled to us a notion which we ourselves have long entertained ; we mean that of making a compilation of *accounts of violent deaths of men and women of all ages and countries*. A couple of volumes, for which our common-place book already contains abundant materials, might probably be sufficient for a condensed abstract of the minute particulars of many hundred scenes of this kind :—and perhaps we might seek in vain for a better motto than is to be found in the page of D’Israeli. What would Blackwood give us, or what would Murray give D’Israeli, for such a book ? Speak, Bibliopoles, speak, or die !

M. D’Israeli is a great believer in the doctrine that men’s characters and tempers may be traced in their hand-writing. Yet he often meets with puzzling exceptions ; as, for example,—

“ I am intimately acquainted with the hand-writings of five of our great poets.— The first in early life acquired among Scottish advocates a hand-writing which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers ; the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a school-boy’s ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master : the third writes his highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant’s clerk, from early commercial avocations ; the fourth has all that finished neatness, which polishes his verses ; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration ; so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts without a solitary erasure. The hand-writing of the *first* and *third* poets, not indicative of their character, we have

accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs."

Perhaps some of our readers may like to be told, that M.D'Israeli alludes to Sir W. Scott, Lord Byron, Rogers, Campbell, and Southey, and we can verify, if it were necessary, the accuracy of his statements. We could easily give a copious paragraph in addition to his, about others of our contemporary authors. Wordsworth's hand-writing is clumsy, strong, and unequal—more unequal than any great man's autograph we have ever happened to see. Coleridge's is a beautiful but very quaint and eccentric one: it is more like the "The Ancient Mariner" than "Genevieve"—and not in the least like "The Friend." Mr. Crabbe writes like an elegant woman, every dot marked, but the lines flowing and sweetly formed. One, to look at it, would rather suspect him of a soft sentimental novel than of "Sir Eustace Gray," or "Peter Grimes." Mr. Jeffrey writes as if he wrote against time with a stick dipt in ink—never was such a hideous unintelligible scrawl: Yet there is a power and vivacity about it not unlike the man. It is quick, careless, and inaccurate to the last degree,—the hand of a Reviewer—not of an Author. Mr. Gifford, again, has the slow distinct formal fingers of a commentator—yet his hand-writing is a striking one too in some particulars. Hogg's autograph seems as if it had never been designed but for painfully chronicleing of small beer. It is stiff, rigid, scraggy—he could no more execute a flourish than a hexameter—but then the author of the *Queen's Wake* taught himself to write from imitation of printed books at twenty years of age. Allan Cunningham writes a good running well-fashioned hand—his tasteful eye, conversant with the finest forms of art, has enabled him to sink the stonemason. Mr. Wrangham's hand-writing has the accurate and beautiful precision of his classical style. Theodore Hook writes as if he had penned billets-doux rather than comedies. Odoherty, strange contradiction, boasts one of the most easy, and, at the same time, finished autographs in the world—one would swear he was as incapable of inditing a blackguard ballad as Southey himself.

Mr. Canning's penmanship has all the chasteness, and at the same time all the nervous weight of his mind. But there is not the least of his ornamental rhetoric in its turns. Mr. Peel writes a sober, scholarlike hand—a true Church-church fist. Cobbett's hand-writing is very like Brougham's, only thicker in the hairstroke, and the pen not quite so decently made. Old Henry M'Kenzie still writes as if he were under five-and-thirty, we mean as to the ease and firmness of the hand—the shapes are not like the author of *Julia de Roubigné*, but the exchequer attorney. Professor Egan's hand-writing was a very fine one when he wrote the first *Boxiana*; but he has now acquired a slovenly use of the bunch of fives. Croly writes with a furious, rambling, excursive, but most vigorous paw.

To conclude—for there is no end to this sort of thing—Dr. Brewster *scratches*, as if with a hen's foot, his polished sentences, so full of scientific precision in their composition. Mr. Leslie writes as if he were a duck spluttering out of a dubble—Dr. Chalmers as if he were a madman—and Mr. Terry so perfectly like Sir Walter Scott, that we have often heard neither of them ever durst swear to his signature without mentioning that circumstance.—From our living Poets D'Israeli passes to our dead Kings—

"Oldys, in one of his curious notes, was struck by the distinctness of character in the hand-writing of several of our kings.

" 'Henry the Eighth wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen.' The vehemence of his character conveyed itself into his writing; bold, hasty, and commanding, I have no doubt the assertor of the Pope's supremacy and its triumphant destroyer, split many a good quill.

" 'Edward the Sixth wrote a fair legible hand.'—We have this promising young prince's diary, written by his own hand; in all respects he was an assiduous pupil, and he had scarcely learnt to write and to reign when we lost him.

" 'Queen Elizabeth wrote an upright hand, like the bastard Italian.' She was indeed a most elegant calligrapher, whom Roger Ascham had taught all the elegances of the pen. The French editor of the little autographical work I have noticed has given the autograph of her name, which she usually wrote in a very large tall character, and painfully elaborate. He accompanies it with one of the Scottish Mary, who at times wrote elegantly, though usually in

uneven lines; when in haste and distress of mind, in several letters during her imprisonment which I have read, much the contrary. The French editor makes this observation:—Who could believe that these writings are of the same epoch?—The first denotes asperity and ostentation; the second indicates simplicity, softness, and nobleness. The one is that of Elizabeth, Queen of England; the other that of her cousin, Mary Stuart. The difference of these two hand-writings answers most evidently to that of their characters.

“James the First wrote a poor ungainly character, all awry, and not in a straight line.” James certainly wrote a slovenly scrawl, strongly indicative of that personal negligence which he carried into all the little things of life; and Buchanan, who had made him an excellent scholar, may receive the disgrace of his pupil’s ugly scribble, which sprawls about his careless and inelegant letters.

“Charles the first wrote a fair open Italian hand, and more correctly, perhaps, than any prince we ever had.” Charles was the first of our monarchs who intended to have domiciliated taste in the kingdom, and it might have been conjectured from this unfortunate prince, who so finely discriminated the manners of the different painters, which are in fact their hand-writings, that he would not have been insensible to the elegances of the pen.

“Charles the Second wrote a little fair running hand, as if he wrote in haste, or uneasy till he had done.” Such was the writing to have been expected from this illustrious vagabond, who had much to write, often in odd situations, and could never get rid of his natural restlessness and vivacity.

“James the Second writ a large fair hand.” It is characterised by the phlegmatic temper, as an exact detailer of occurrences, and the matter-of-business genius of the writer.

“Queen Anne wrote a fair round hand:” that is the writing she had been taught by her master, probably without any alteration of manner naturally suggested by herself; the copying hand of a common character.”

To these also we shall make a few additions. George the First signed his name in a high, stiff, ungainly style. George the Second even worse—as ugly, and feebler. The late King wrote a fine and free, though old-fashioned hand. It was just what might have been expected from his temper and character—extremely plain—extremely uniform—completely the hand-writing of a high bred gentleman, destitute of the slightest affectation. Of his present Majesty’s performance we have never happened to see more than

some *signatures*. There is not a man in the island that could make such a capital G. The whole *George* is written as if without lifting the pen—the letters small, round, distinct, and beautiful in the highest degree. The R is not equal to the G, but still boldly done and beautiful too. There is about the whole effect something eminently graceful, and PRINCELY.

We find that no room is left for the many rich chapters that we had marked out for quotations and remarks in the third and last volume. But we must, in parting with an author who has now and heretofore furnished us with so much information, quote a short passage in which he himself admirably draws out one of the most important *morals* his labours have been designed to elucidate and impress. After a great variety of delightful things, he thus concludes his chapter on the “true Sources of Secret History.”

“The appetite for Remains,’ as the noble author whom I have already alluded to calls it, may then be a very wholesome one, if it provides the only materials by which our popular histories can be corrected, and often infuse a freshness into a story, which, after being copied from book to book, inspires another to tell it for the tenth time! Thus are the *sources of SECRET HISTORY* unsuspected by the idler and the superficial, among those masses of untouched manuscripts—that subterraneous history!—which indeed may terrify the indolent, bewilder the inexperienced, and confound the judicious, if they have not acquired the knowledge which not only decides on facts and opinions, but on the authorities which have furnished them. Popular historians have written to their readers; each with different views, but all alike from the open documents of history; like fee’d advocates, they declaim, or like special pleaders, they keep only on one side of their case; they are seldom zealous to push on their cross-examinations; for they come to gain their cause, and not to hazard it!

“Time will make the present age as obsolete as the last, for our sons will cast a new light over the ambiguous scenes which distract their fathers; they will know how some things happened, for which we cannot account; they will witness how many characters we have mistaken; they will be told many of those secrets which our contemporaries hide from us; they will pause at the ends of our beginnings; they will read the perfect story of man, which can never be told while it is proceeding. All this is the possession of posterity; because

they will judge without our passions ; and all this we ourselves have been enabled to possess, by the *SECRET HISTORY of the last two ages* !

Mr. D'Israeli is well entitled to give advice to those who possess curious MSS., and he gives it. Let them entrust these treasures to the British Museum. There, if there is no objection to the MSS. being read, those most able

to profit by the perusal of them have easy access.

And now, farewell, amiable and interesting D'Israeli. Long may your zeal rouse ambition ; long may your triumphs sustain studious ardour ; and, above all, long may your pure example guide those who follow your footsteps.

(Recreative Review.)

GHOSTS.

WE hope our readers will not say that we are absolutely bewitched in bringing forward such an article as this in so incredulous an age. Certainly we have not the least objection to people arguing themselves out of superstitious habits of believing what the best authors and historians have, in the most solemn manner, related to us ; still we must do our duty by presenting such to their observations. Some credulous people have been apt to entertain an opinion of Xenophon, Thucydides, Livy, Tacitus, and the like. But Tom Thumb is a fiction, so is Orlando ; the seven champions is no better, and there's little more to be said for Bevis of Southampton. Therefore, the Greek and Latin historians may be all swept as rubbish out of libraries, or else set upon the same shelves with the others, as being of equal credit and authority with them : And it would be pleasant to see Orlando and Herodotus, Xenophon and St. George, Tom Thumb and Tacitus, Diodorus Siculus and the Three Children in the Wood, set by one another. But it is to be supposed they do actually stand together in your studies. Now there having been an astonishing confederacy amongst several sorts of mechanics or tradesmen to keep up the belief of ghosts or apparitions, whose trades are in a great measure supported by this very fear of hobgoblins, we are the more obliged to go into this subject, quoting authorities ; for if they are correct in this, then we are otherwise ; if incorrect in thus getting their living by these by-roads, then they should be exposed. There is little doubt also that they invent stories of ghosts, noises, scratchings, odd appearances, un-

accountable somethings, to amuse, or to frighten people with, not scrupling to mention even time and place where such and such apparitions have been seen. This, it seems too, has been a practice amongst them ever since the time of Constantine the Great, and earlier too. But to the point : the trades more immediately concerned in this plot, are booksellers, shoe-makers, and tallow-chandlers, and by inference printers, stationers, type-founders, leather-sellers, and butchers, are accessories, are therefore equally guilty, if it be guilt. First, as to the booksellers, those midwives of muses and of ghosts ; why, a well-selected collection of strange and wonderful accounts makes a good copyright, and furnishes a very decent annuity. We have heard of one who purchased a small estate out of a little successful book of apparitions which passed through 39 editions ; in memory of which the grateful bookseller hung up the picture of a ghost walking in a church-yard, for his sign, and had the devil engraved upon his seal for his coat of arms. Nothing sells a magazine better than such stories, as Mr. Blackwood knows, who has lately taken to raking up those very old affairs written by Matthew Paris, who, as some people think, should be quoted in any thing but this. As to the inferior class of the trade, it is said that they maintain a correspondence in all parts of the country, to give them notice of every odd thing that happens, which is capable of improvement, or in other words, worked up into a good plausible story of ghosts or hobgoblins. The prices given are proportional to the probable value and success of the stories which they purchase ; so that

perhaps 20 or 30 guineas will be promptly paid for the materials for a neat clever story, in which strange scenes of noises, voices, and visions are artfully connected and set together. Another such ghost story (said to be *done* by De Foe) as is prefixed to Drelincourt's *Reflections on Death*, would be worth full 500*l.* and we are surprised not to have had, in this age of genius a new one. Some of the proprietors of weekly number publications have had vast collections of these relations by them, which, for the most part are reckoned as good as old gold, and we have heard that one of the prime hands in this way paid his daughter's portion of 3000*l.* in manuscripts of apparitions and haunted houses, which her husband, one of the same trade, was as well pleased with as ready money. Just like the Stocks, the value of these depends upon the season. When the dark nights come on, and servant girls, fools, and children are most afraid, this sort of stock rises. With respect to the shoemakers, it is natural they should wish people to wear out their shoes as fast as possible, and in order to this, 'tis a very natural step to fudge up an ill report of certain church-yards and burying-grounds, as places said to be haunted. Abundance of people choose, therefore, to take a compass of 3 or 4 miles round about, rather than go through the church yard, where they might see something in a white sheet, and consequently be frightened. In the country, they will even go through thick and thin, muddy lanes and splashy grounds, to avoid such ordeals, sacrificing soal-leather to soul-fear; sometimes, they will even leave both shoes sticking in the mud behind them if they hear a noise near a church-yard that may not be accounted for, so that it is manifestly the interest of the shoemaker to pretend to believe in the existence of ghosts. What a world of shoes were worn out tramping after the Cock-lane ghost, that deceived the great Dr. Johnson, and the Tiverton ghost of more recent days, that deceived a reverend divine; these are the golden days of Crispin. With regard to the tallow-chandlers,

they have wisely considered that many hundred dozen of candles would be used more in a year, if notions were put in people's heads, which would make them afraid of going to bed in the dark. And hence, these gentlemen have buzzed about shocking stories of people being pulled by the leg just as they are stepping into bed by invisible wicked angels, who will do any thing in the dark. But more especially is this rivetted upon the attention of children, whom you may sooner persuade to go to bed without a supper than without a candle. In rich families the chandlers fare well this way. They cannot go to bed without candles 4 to the pound; nay some even have wax, upon pretence forsooth that there are some hobgoblins that don't value the dull light of twelves or fourteens, and therefore will not fail to come and play their tricks unless there's a good light. The names of some of these hobgoblins are—blue devils! acting under a field-marshal general, Ennui. But as to the chandlers, they even have authority for their belief. Do not wax candles (or tallow if wax cannot be offered) drive the devil away? Go to the Romish chapels where they burn such by day light; that is the reason; and there are some churches on the Continent where candles are continually burning, no doubt to the great benefit of the souls and bodies of the chandlers.—but to leave all waggery, and be more serious, we have some wonderful attestations as to the reality of ghosts, that is, that such things *were: now*, thank heaven, they are all laid in the Red Sea, the usual place assigned to sprites.

Luther, in his '*Colloquia Mensalia*,' says, "when I lived at Zurica, in Franconia, a child that could hardly speak or walk was got into a wood near the house, (there are forests every where in that country) an unexpected snow covering and altering the surface of the ground, the child could not find the way back again to the house. The snow continuing to fall in great abundance, he remained there covered over with it two days and three nights. During that time an unknown man brought him meat and drink; but at

the beginning of the third day, he led the child near his father's house, and there left him. *I was present* when he came in, and I protest he told all that had happened to him, as clearly and in as good terms as I could have done myself; notwithstanding from that time for three whole years, he was not capable of putting any words together, that one could easily understand. I am therefore persuaded (adds Luther) that the man that preserved him was a good angel."

At a town in the west of England was held a club of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Rubens' academy at Antwerp, each had his particular chair, and the president's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course, his chair, while he was absent, remained vacant. The club being met on their usual night, enquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in an adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to enquire for him, and returned with the dismal tidings that he could not possibly survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight (the time by long prescription appropriated for the walking of spectres) the door opened—and the form, in white, of the dying, or rather dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in the accustomed chair—there he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at: the apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all present of the reality of the vision; at length he arose and stalked towards the door, which he opened, as if living—went out, and then shut the door after him. After a long pause, some one at last had the resolution to say, "If only *one* of us had seen this, he would not have been believed, but it is impossible so many persons can be deceived. The company, by degrees, recovered their speech; and the whole conversation, as may be imagined was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention.

They broke up and went home. In the morning enquiry was made after their sick friend: it was answered by an account of his death which happened nearly at the time of his appearing in the club. There could be little doubt before; but now, nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together. It is needless to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels: for in this case, all reasoning becomes superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three and twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be unfixed. Years rolled on and the story ceased to engage attention, and it was forgotten, unless when occasionally produced to silence an unbeliever. One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman whose profession was attending on sick persons. She told him, that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, but for one thing which lay on her mind. "Do you not remember Mr. ***** whose ghost has been so much talked about? I was his nurse. The night he died I left the room for something I wanted—I am sure I had not been absent long; but at my return I found the bed without my patient. He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room shivering, and his teeth chattering—laid down on the bed, and died. Considering myself as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could contradict all the story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew by what had happened that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting that it was the night of meeting,) but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented."

A Real Ghost.—The following extraordinary affair happened at Ferry-

bridge in 1767. The wife of one Thomas Benson being suddenly taken ill, she, to all appearance expired, and continued without any symptoms of life the whole day, and every proper requisite was ordered for her funeral; but the husband hoping for consolation in his distress, by some money which he had reason to believe she had secreted from him in her life-time, began a rummage for it, and found seven pounds ten shillings in crown pieces, concealed in an old box; but, upon his attempting to take it away, he was surprised by his wife, who was just then recovered, met him, and terribly frightened him, by appearing as if nothing had happened.—(*Dodsley*, 1767.)

Mr. John Wesley was remarkably superstitious this way; the earlier volumes of the *Arminian Magazine*, done especially under his own eye, are full of the most appalling, but incredibly fanciful stories. There is as well-authenticated ghost story as the most superstitious could desire to read, in *Southey's Life of Wesley*. Jeffery, the ghost, played a very noisy part, beginning December 2, and ending at the close of January.

A Real Ghost.—The following story was communicated by M. Bertin himself to the Duchess de Choiseul, as it happened to himself. Wishing to see his native country (Perigord) from which he had been long absent, he went to pay a visit to one of his old friends, whom he had not heard from for more than a year. Upon his arrival at the house, he was received by the son of his friend, who told him that his father had been dead about a year. Though he was struck with the news, which was so unexpected, it did not prevent him from going in. He conversed with the son upon the state of his affairs, and frequently interrupted the conversation to regret the loss of his old friend. At night he was conducted to his apartment, which he found to be the same as the deceased had occupied. The circumstance contributed not a little to keep alive his sorrow, and to prevent him from sleeping. He continued awake till two o'clock in the morning, when he heard the door of his chamber open; and by

the feeble glimmering of a night-lamp, and of the fire, which was still burning, he perceived the figure of a very old man, pale, wan, and excessively thin, with a long dirty beard, who, shivering with cold, was walking on slowly towards the chimney. When he was near the fire, he seemed to warm himself eagerly, saying, "Ah! it is a long time since I saw the fire." In his voice, figure, and manner, M. Bertin, who was seized with terror, thought he recognized his old friend, the master of the house. He was neither able to speak to him nor to leave the bed; when the old man, turning towards the bed and sighing, said, 'Ah! how many nights have I passed without going to bed;' and as he said it, he came forward, in order to throw himself upon it. The terror which M. Bertin felt, made him leap out precipitately, crying, 'Who are you? what do you want?' On hearing his voice the old man looked at him with astonishment, and immediately knew him. 'What do I see, (cried he) M. Bertin, my old friend Bertin!' 'And who then are you?' cried M. Bertin. The old man mentioned his name; and the other, gradually recovering from his fright, learnt with horror that his friend had been confined a year in one of the vaults of the castle by his son (assisted by a servant that daily brought him food), who had given it out that his father was dead, in order, that he might get possession of his property. On that very day, as he afterwards learnt, the arrival of M. Bertin, who was not expected, having thrown the house into confusion, the servant who carried provisions to the unfortunate old man, had not properly fastened the door of the cell when he went away, and the latter perceiving it, waited till all was quiet in the castle, and under cover of the night endeavoured to escape, but not finding the keys in the outer door, he naturally took the way to his apartment, which, though in the dark, he readily found. M. Bertin called up his servant without loss of time; said he wished to set off immediately without waking the master of the castle; and took the old man with him to Périgueux, where they arrived at day-

break. Proper officers were directly dispatched to arrest the ungrateful son ; who suffered what his crime deserved, by being shut up, during the remainder of his life, in the same cell in which he had confined his father.

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ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED COTEMPORARY CHARACTERS, &c.

EDMONSON, MOWBRAY-HERALD.

OF this person it is related, that having, in his genealogy of a certain peer, related that he suffered in an action for *crim. con.* he was sent for by the representative of the family alluded to, and threatened to be prosecuted for contempt of the House of Peers, if he gave not up his authority for such an apparently cruel assertion. Edmonson endeavoured to remember where, or how he had gained this information ; but to no purpose : he waited upon the peer, and deprecating his forbearance, solicited forgiveness. This was for the present refused, but a longer time granted, when formal proceedings would be commenced against him, could he not find whence he had borrowed this charge. Heavily proceeded homeward the herald ; when in the course of a week light dawned upon him, and he found, in a printed document among his literary lumber, not only the case stated in the manner in which he had put it, but, coupled with it, other circumstances, which he thought too horrible to print ; for, in this authenticated account, the father was represented as the seducer of his son's wife. This altered the case ; and, when he promptly tendered the book to his lordship which had caused all his uneasiness, instead of a threat of criminal prosecution, he received the most grateful thanks from the peer for his editorial forbearance.—Poor Edmonson had, soon after, the greater misfortune than this,—a son dying by his own hand.

MISTAKEN CIVILITY.

A gentleman mistaking a very small lady,—who was picking her way over a dirty channel,—for a very young one, snatched her up in his arms, and landed her in safety on the other side, when she indignantly turned up a face

expressive of the anger of fifty winters' and demanded why he dared to take such a liberty. "Oh ! I humbly beg your pardon, (said the gentleman,) I have only one amends to make ;" and he again caught her up and placed her where he had first found her.

BROOKE,

The author of "the Fool of Quality," was espoused unhappily,—“paired, but not matched.” One day he asked a gentleman if he were married ? who replied he was not. “Then (said Brooke,) let it be the last sad thing you do.”—Brooke lost a son in the Ville de Paris in 1782.

DOGS.

The late Mr. Tresham informed me, that, while he resided at Rome, there was a dog who was in the habit of frequenting a certain coffee-house ; and, on any person throwing him a piece of money, he would run with it to a shop for bread, which bread he would bring to the coffee-room, and eat it before the person who gave the coin ; as if in order to show he had put their money to a proper purpose.

A gentleman at Mr. T.'s related the following. A dog used to be sent by his master every morning to a baker's shop, with a penny in his mouth, to purchase a roll for breakfast : he had continued to do this for some time, when, at length, the baker having changed his journeyman, the dog was unheeded. Vexed at thus waiting for his breakfast, he barked aloud, and picking up the penny, ran to the master of the shop, who blamed the man for attempting to hurt the dog, who resisted having the penny taken from him. The fellow took it in dudgeon, and resolved, next time this comical customer appeared, to be *funny* with the dog ; accordingly, the next morning he made a roll hotter than the rest, and, when the dog

arrived, he proffered it to him. The animal as usual seized the bread, but, finding it too hot to hold, he dropt it: he tried it again,—again it burned him; at length, as if guessing the trick, he jumped on the counter, caught up his penny, and changed his baker.

A dog, having been run over by a carriage, had his leg broken, and a humane surgeon passing, had the animal brought home, set his leg, and having cured his patient, discharged him,—aware that he would return to his old master; and the dog, whenever he met the surgeon afterwards, never failed to recognize him, by wagging his tail, and other demonstrations of joy. One day a violent barking was heard at the surgeon's door, which was found to be occasioned by the dog, who it appeared was striving to procure admittance for another dog who had just had his leg broken!

THE GRANDMOTHER OF QUEENS MARY AND ANNE.

About the year 1625 there came to London a poor country-wench to get employment; and nothing better offering, she engaged herself to convey beer by the gallon, on her head, from a brewhouse. Being lively and handsome, her master fancied her, and made her his wife,—soon after leaving her a widow, with considerable property. Unable to read or write, she called in the aid of one Hyde, an attorney, who liking her fortune, made her his wife. By her, Hyde had children; and afterwards being returned to Parliament, was made Chancellor, and created Earl of Clarendon. James Duke of York having debauched one of his daughters, the Earl compelled him to marry her; and the fruits were the Queens Mary and Anne, whose grandmother was, of course, the country-wench of sixty years preceding.

VOLNEY.

Volney, one of the greatest French literary characters, had to his prenommen Constantin François Crassebœuf. During his youth, which was spent in the Colleges of Ancients at Angers, he was known by the name of Boisgrais, which his father had given him, as burlesque reflections were made on a

name so singular as Crassebœuf. The eminent abilities he was endowed with, no strong bent had turned into one channel, till they were displayed and illustrated, on occasion of a small property (about 6000 francs,) which fell to him. This gave weight to the sentiments and quick feelings that nature had implanted,—developing, also, the magic influence that philosophy had on his mind. Hence the transition from still life to the higher and more interesting sphere of a voyager was agreeable and natural.

Egypt and Syria were then but little known, and Volney founded his first claim to distinction in a further investigation of their fine remains, and by producing a work that should convey a clearer idea of the same. From the nature of this undertaking, he foresaw in the execution many obstacles to surmount, many perils to brave; and, without any violation of propriety, some glory to be gained. His resolution was fixed; and, to prepare himself for the voyage, he quitted Paris, and retired to an uncle's in the country.

There he indulged in all the different subdivisions and degrees of exercise conducive to a particular or extraordinary agility,—sometimes displaying his powers in a foot-race, or in long journeys of several days' duration; occasionally passing whole days without food,—sometimes rapidly, violence of motion, as leaping broad ditches, scaling lofty walls, measuring his paces by a fixed standard of time, &c. Through a variety like these, some of them pleasing, others serious, toilsome, and dangerous, Volney was exerting himself with a prominent and undisguised simplicity. Observations were made on this conduct by the thoughtless, who seldom consider before they ridicule; but the philosopher was above the laugh of ignorance, proportioning the means to the great end he had in view. During one year Volney was treading in the steps thus marked out. How well he realized the object designed, in the general scheme of his travels, is universally felt and acknowledged.

HENRY VIII.

A copy of the work which was written by this king, and which gained

him from the Pope the title of Defender of the Faith, was stolen from the Vatican, and sold to the brother of Payne, the bookseller of the Mews Gate. The bookseller received for it, from the Marquis of Douglas, an annuity for life.

ANCIENT TRIAL BY JURY.

About the year 800, a wooden statue of the Virgin, which stood on the Rood-dee near Chester, was carried by a flood to the banks of the parish of Haverden, and there preserved. But as, in the following year, a fatal disease took place among the cattle, the priests and priest-ridden people of Haverden ascribed their misfortune to their sacrilegiously detaining the statue. A jury was accordingly convened to determine what it was best to do; when they advised that the statue should, in due form, be carried back, and replaced on the Rood-dee. The list of this jury is still preserved; and among them was one Corbyn of the Gate, and to this day, at a place called the Gate, still reside the family of the same Corbyn!

HONEST IMPOSTER.

A woman once presented herself to the late Lord Melville as being a clergyman's widow, in great distress; when his lordship gave her five pounds. She became so perfectly astonished at this munificence, that she burst into tears, and declared that she was an imposter. He dismissed her on her promising never to attempt the like again.

NADIR SHAH'S TENT.

Nadir Shah after his plunder of Delhi in 1789, set out on his return to Persia, laden with the spoils of the country which had been the scene of his depredations. In his journey back, wherein he obtained conquests over the Afghans, Sindians, Turcomans, &c. he was accompanied by Khajeh Abdulkurreem, a Cashmerian of distinction, who published a memoir of that conqueror's return. This was translated from the original Persian, and published at Calcutta, by Francis Gladwyn, esq. From his summary history of that predatory incursion, I extracted his description of Nadir Shah's tent.

Nadir Shah, when at Delhi, had such a profusion of jewels, that he

ordered the Moabir Bashly to make up arms and harness of every kind, inlaid with precious stones, and to ornament a large tent in the same manner. For this purpose, the best workmen that could be procured were employed a year and two months, during the march; and, when Nadir Shah arrived at Herat, the Moabir Bashly informed him that a great number of the following articles were prepared:—Horse-harness, sword-sheaths, quivers, shields, spear-cases and maces, with sundeeles or chairs of different sizes; as also a large tent lined with jewels. The tent was ordered to be pitched in the Dewan Knaeh, or Public Hall, in which were placed the Tucht Taouflee or Peacock Throne brought from Delhi, the Tucht Nadery, with the thrones of some other monarchs; together with the inlaid sundeeles. Publication was made, by beat of drum, throughout the city and camp, that all persons had liberty to come to this magnificent exhibition, such as had never before been seen in any age or country. Nadir Shah was not pleased with the form of the tent; and besides, from its being lined with green satin, many of the jewels did not appear to advantage. He therefore ordered it to be taken to pieces, and a new one to be made; the top of which, for the convenience of transportation, should be separate from the walls, such as in Hindostan is called a Rowty.

When he returned to Meshed, from his expedition into Turan, this new tent being finished, was displayed in the same manner as the former one; but its beauty and magnificence are beyond description. The outside was covered with fine scarlet cloth, the lining was of violet-coloured satin, upon which were representations of all sorts of birds and beasts, with trees and flowers, the whole made of pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and other precious stones; and the tent-poles were decorated in like manner. On both sides of the Peacock Throne was a screen, upon which was represented the figures of two angels in precious stones. The roof of the tent consisted of seven pieces; and, when it was transported to any place,

two of these pieces, packed in cotton, were put into a wooden chest, two of which were a sufficient load for an elephant; and the screen filled another chest. The walls of the tent, the tent poles, and the tent pins,—which latter were of massy gold, loaded five more elephants: so that for the carriage of the whole were required seven elephants.

TUNNELS.

Should a history of tunnel-making be found necessary, it will appear that the earliest for the purpose of internal navigation was executed by M. Riguet, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth.

The object was to forward a public work, beneficial in its tendency,—the canal of Languedoc,—by conveying it through a mountain near Bezieres. This required no inconsiderable art and labour: it is cut into a lofty arcade, and lined with free-stone the greatest part of the way; towards the ends it is only hewn through the rock, the substance of which is of a soft sulphureous nature.

The first excavated in this country was by the ingenious Mr. Brindley, on the Duke of Bridgewater's navigation near Manchester. The next was the justly celebrated tunnel of Hare-castle-hill, in Staffordshire, excavated also by Mr. Brindley. The plan and execution were masterly, and admirably suited to the purpose. It passes more than seventy yards below the surface of the earth, and is carried through a variety of strata, quicksands, &c. its length is 2,880 yards. The object was to pass a canal through it, from the Trent to Mersey; this has since been called the Grand Trunk.

Another work of prodigious difficulty, and a great exemplification of ingenuity was the tunnel of Sapperton. Much ability appears in the execution of this design; the tunnel here was carried through two miles of solid rock; its extreme length is two miles and three-quarters. By conveying an inland navigation through it, the rivers Thames and Severn were united.

In the Great Drift or tunnel, about four miles above Newcastle, the art of excavation may be considered as hav-

ing ascended to the highest state of improvement. This was finished in 1797, and is three miles and a quarter in length; a great part of it perforated through a hard rock of whinstone, nearly equal in density to the hardest flint. It reaches from the banks of the river Tyne to near Kenton.

The canal, too, of Languedoc may certainly be considered as a colossal specimen of art. It may be called the canal of the two seas, from its joining the Mediterranean and the Ocean, at the distance of 250 miles. Francis I. projected it; but it was begun (in 1665,) and finished under Louis XIV. France is not to be robbed of the honour of this, nor Louis to lose his claim to the character of a patron of the arts.

DRESS.

Some few seasons back the ladies left off the use of flowers in adorning their bonnets, and adopted very accurate imitations of corn and oats. Let us report an anecdote given by an eyewitness of the fact: "I one day observed in the street a woman very elegantly dressed; she was passing close to a coach, which had stopped at the door of a shop, when one of the horses turned open-mouthed, towards the lady, as if he was going to devour her. I hastened to her assistance; but, when I came up to her, my astonishment ceased: Her hat was adorned with a tuft of oats, so accurately imitated, that the famished animal had probably taken the well-stored head-dress for a moving manger."

The decoration of the head, we believe, ever formed the principal effort of taste. Fashions fluctuated even in this, to the great advantage of milliners and haberdashers. We now allude to the high head-dress, which, by its immense loftiness, left the face of a woman in the middle of her body. In the 15th century, the ladies' head-dresses were so immoderately high and broad, that, when Isabel of Bavaria kept her court at Vincennes, it was found necessary to heighten and widen the doors of all the state-apartments, that the head-dresses of the queen and her ladies might have room to enter. To support the fabric, there was a horn on each side of the head; and from the top of each there

was displayed a silken streamer, which sometimes fluttered in the wind, and sometimes crossed the bosom, and tied to the arm. Some of these head-dresses represented lofty mountains, enamelled meadows, silvery streams, thick forests, English gardens; and an immense plume of feathers supported the whole behind. Well might Dryden exclaim,

She hurries all her maidens to the task;
Her head alone will twenty dressers ask.

When a fashion becomes useful, it should certainly be admired. It is not, however, to be expected that our ladies should wear such *boots* as the Esquimaux ladies, which, in fact, forms the principal part of their dress. They come quite up to their hips, and are there made very wide, and made to stand off from the hips with a strong bow of whalebone, for the convenience of putting their children in. I saw one woman with a child in each boot-top, says Mr. Wales, in his "Observations on the Esquimaux Indians."

BURIAT TARTARS.

From recent Reports of Foreign Missionaries.

Selinginsk is a military establishment in Siberia, south-east of Irkutsk, and the Lake Baikal, at the distance of 160 miles from Irkutsk. Its population, not including that of several villages, is about 3000. It is situated in the midst of 10 or 12,000 Buriat Tartars, among the most civilized tribes, and in the centre of all the Buriats, on the east side of Baikal; having on the north the numerous tribe of Chorinsk Buriats, rated at 30,000, and on the south the Mongols of Chinese Tartary.

The Buriat Tartars have no particular form of government, but every tribe has its chief, called the Taischi, whose power is very limited, his influence depending on the personal esteem of his subjects. The Dzaisangs form a sort of noblesse; and, being the most opulent heads of families, exercise a certain authority over the people in general. The different tribes have their temples, called Koormirnas; those of the Chorinsk Buriats, who are distinguished by their riches, are constructed of stone; the others are of wood.

These Tartars, in general, are extremely ignorant, even in the dogmas of their superstition. They do not

perceive the necessity of such knowledge; their duty consisting, as they believe, in reciting prayers in an unknown tongue, and practising certain religious forms. Such a religion is not unsuitable to their indolence of mind and depraved nature. The shadow of man, as they say, is his God, who accompanies him every where, and is ever present; but is only visible when the sun shines.

Their place of worship comprises about a dozen buildings of wood, of different dimensions, and standing close together. The manner of praying has a connexion with the ideas of the people respecting matter and motion. The Buriats use a prayer, written on a long slip of paper, suspended where it may easily be set in motion, by the wind or passengers; otherwise, they roll it about the rundlet of a little windmill, such as are posted up in gardens, to frighten the birds. One particular spot contains about a hundred of these mills; so many prayers are suspended to the roofs of the chapels, that there is no stirring a step without agitating one or other of them.

The same mechanical system is in use for private prayers. One of the missionaries, on a visit to the head chief of the Buriats of Selinginsk, found on the outside of the tenement a mast, to which a large linen cloth was fastened, with a prayer written on it. This being constantly kept in motion by the wind, spares the lama the trouble of offering up the prayers which his duty prescribes. In some places the lamas cut out prayers in blocks of wood, commonly fifteen inches long by four broad. The letters are neatly cut on each side of the block. A similar block, but much larger, and intended for some particular use, was suspended in the chamber occupied by the missionaries; it was filled up with repetitions of these words—"omma nibad me hom," which signifies pretty nearly, "O God, have compassion upon us!"

Prayers of the same description are inscribed on a sort of white cloth, called *hadoc*; many such are suspended to cords and masts about the tombs of the lamas, and other persons of distinction. Perhaps a hundred of these bits of

cloth were tied to masts, with the letters as above, and floating in the wind; each piece contained 600 repetitions of the prayer, making up 60,000 prayers addressed to the lama every day.

The following may serve to exemplify the authority exercised by the lamas. M. Stallybrass, a missionary, wishing to enter one of their little temples, found a lama at the door, who told him he must not, as the Grand Lama was inside, chasing away an evil spirit. In fact, he heard a tremendous noise of drums, and other sounding instruments, beating. By pretending to possess power over evil spirits, and by laying claim to a knowledge of futurity, the Grand Lamas have secured the respect and admiration of the people.

At the beginning of every year, the lamas compose a sort of calendar, in which they note the days to be lucky or unlucky throughout the year. This is consulted by the people on occasion of making a journey, concluding a bargain, or undertaking any thing of consequence.

In one place heaps of calves-bones were shown to the missionaries; these had been offered in sacrifice to the gods, but they had prayers inscribed on them, in the Thibet and Mongul languages. They form a sort of requiem for the dead, and are commonly purchased for the funeral ceremonies, at the interment of a Taschi, or other rich Buriat; the price is one-third of the cattle that had been in possession of the deceased. The interment of a Taschi, that died some time ago, cost about 200,000 roupies, or 10,000*l.* sterling,—a noble legacy for the lamas!

The riches of the Buriat Tartars consist of flocks and herds, which they are obliged to separate, for the convenience of procuring pasture; rarely more than ten or twelve tents are found together, and most commonly not more than three or four. The Buriats lead a nomad life; in respect of character, they are tractable and hospitable.

THE MAIDEN'S LEAP.

A daughter of the first earl of Goringe was courted by a young gentleman, much her inferior in rank and fortune. Her family, though they gave no encouragement to the match, permitted

him to visit her at their castle of Ruthven in Perthshire; and on such occasions, the chamber assigned him was in a tower, near another tower, in which the young lady slept. On one of his visits, the young lady before the doors were shut, got into her lover's apartment; but some one of the family having discovered it, told her mother, who, cutting off, as she thought all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them; the young lady, however, hearing the well known steps of her mother hobbling up stairs, ran to the leads, and took a desperate leap of nine feet four inches, over a chasm of sixty feet from the ground, alighted on the battlements of the other tower, whence descending into her own chamber, she crept into bed. Her mother having in vain sought for her in her lover's chamber, came into her room, where finding her seemingly asleep, she apologized for her unjust suspicion. The young lady eloped the following night, and was married. The chasm between the towers is still shown under the appellation of the Maiden's Leap.

SMALL FEET.

It is well known to be a custom among the Chinese women to stop by pressure the growth of the ankle as well as the foot, from the earliest infancy, so that ever after, they do not walk, but totter on their heels. Some of the very lowest classes of the Chinese, of a race confined chiefly to the mountains, and remote places, have not adopted this unnatural custom. But the females of this class are held by the rest in the utmost degree of contempt, and are employed only in the most menial domestic offices. Nay, so inveterate is the custom which gives pre-eminence to mutilated over perfect limbs, that, if two sisters, otherwise in every respect equal, one has been thus maimed, while nature has been suffered to take her own way in the other, the latter is considered as in an abject state, unworthy of associating with the rest of the family, and doomed to perpetual obscurity and the drudgery of servitude.

In forming a conjecture as to the origin of so singular a fashion, it is not easy to conceive how it could have

been, as some suppose, an offspring of the jealousy and tyranny of the other sex. Had men been really bent upon confining constantly to their houses, the females of their families, they might have effected this in many ways, without cruelly depriving them of the physical power of motion. No such custom is known in Turkey or Hindostan, where women are kept in greater habits of retirement than even in China. According to the popular story among the Chinese themselves, the fashion took its rise from a lady of high rank, who was an object of universal admiration, for the delicacy of her limbs and person, and particularly the symmetrical smallness of her feet. Yet powerful as we know the rage of imitation sometimes to be, it is scarcely credible that the admiration bestowed on one individual for her small feet, could induce all the rest of her sex, throughout a vast empire, to put at once such violence upon their offspring, in order to make them resemble her in that respect. For, as is truly remarked by Sir George Staun-

ton, in his account of Lord Macartney's embassy, "the emulation of surpassing in this species of beauty must have animated vast numbers of all ranks, and continued through successive ages, to carry it at last to an excess which defeats, in fact, its intended purpose. Whatever a lady may have gained by the imagined charms of feet decreased below the size of nature, is more than counterbalanced by the injury it does to her health, and to her figure; for *grace* is not in her steps, nor *animation* in her countenance."

Let those, however, who feel astonished at the artificial small feet of the Chinese, only recollect the fashion of slender waists in England, and what pains were once taken, and sufferings endured, to excel in that particular. The ambition of surpassing in any thing to which fashion in her caprice has been pleased to affix a mark of superiority, has but too often surmounted all the common feelings of our nature, and been productive of sacrifices which put human reason to the blush.

SEA SICKNESS.

Observing in a late number of the Monthly Magazine, an ingenious letter on sickness at sea, I am induced to add my own experience, and a few remarks on that distressing malady. I agree with your correspondent, that it is peculiarity of motion which causes the nausea and vomiting so often felt in a moving vessel; but I do not believe it depends altogether on the proper motion of the ship, so much as by a certain motion made by the human body, induced by a sort of almost involuntary endeavour to accommodate one-self to the ship's motion. I first found this circumstance out, by perceiving that persons who held fast by the ropes or sides of the ship,—so as to move with all its motions, and, in fact, make themselves for the time, as it were, a part of the moving vessel,—were less subject to it than to others who sat down at their ease on a chair. I found also formerly, before I became accustomed to the sea, that I could keep off the evil entirely by laying fast hold of the rudder or sides of any boat in which I hap-

pened to be, on the very first indication of nausea.

When a boy, I was particularly liable to sickness from the motion of a coach, and I then found the same relief from holding fast by the sides of it, instead of swinging forward with the motion of the carriage. For many years I have acquired a habit of sitting or standing in such a manner, in a moving vessel of any kind, as to move entirely with it, and thus by degrees lost entirely the disposition to sickness. I have of late years crossed the channel six times, in all different sorts of weather, and over very differently agitated surfaces of the ocean, without ever experiencing the sickness. In 1815 I crossed twice in open sailing boats: the first time in a very rough sea, and a breeze; the second time in a wallowing sea, without much wind. In 1816 I was in a storm, in a boat at sea, off Tenby, in South Wales, and prevented sickness by the above described means.

In 1819 I made the passage in a cutter, in which all the passengers except

myself, and even many of the sailors, were sick. The sea was extremely rough, with a strong wind, almost a-head, and in gales. Returning the same year, in the packet, we had almost a calm, yet several persons were ill.

In the summer of the present year, I crossed twice from Dover to Calais in steam-vessels, with the wind on the beam,—the motion of these vessels being very different from that of sailing ships; & I was one among the very few who were well during the two voyages.

Now, under all the above various circumstances, of different times and places, and of different sorts of seas and of vessels, the chances are at least ten to one that any given person would be sick during some of the voyages, unless operated on by some powerfully counteracting cause.

It must be admitted, too, habitual abstemious diet has contributed its good

effects; and I have known many persons avoid sea-sickness by taking a dose of calomel and aloës the day before their departure: but I believe that, *cæteris paribus*, a large majority of persons would be materially relieved by adopting the above mode of position,—not denying, at the same time, the useful remark of your correspondent, that certain motions might be substituted with effect, like the one described by him.

While I ascribe sea-sickness to motion, I am far from assenting to the opinion of Mr. Woolaston, in his paper in the "Philosophical Transactions;" wherein he describes its effect as being on the blood in the head. I believe the effect is produced more immediately on the stomach, and rarely through the medium of the brain.

Hartwell, Dec. 11. T. FORSTER.

WESTALL'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF CRABBE'S POEMS.

AMONG the many charming publications of the Fine Arts which are submitted to our notice, we have not recently seen aught more interesting in subject, or more beautiful in execution, than the work the title of which we have given above. The Engravings upon our table are thirty-one in number; and to avoid the tediousness of detail upon so many single Prints, we shall select such specimens only as afford sufficient data for needful remark. Mr. Westall frequently appears somewhat of a mannerist; and when we reflect upon the multitude of his inventions for the illustration of books, we shall rather be surprised that he has not oftener repeated himself, than offended by his occasional coincidences. Here, however, the dissimilarity of the poet's characters and images has led to like dissimilarity in the painter; and we observe with satisfaction that Mr. Westall never exercised a better judgment in the variety, as well as in the general conception of his designs. Feeling and pathos alternate with whim and humour, and we turn from all the sad reality of lowly life in distress, to the comic incidents of comfort and sportiveness. For instance, from "The Borough:"

I go, he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold and fluttering with the sound;
A dying look of love—and all was past!

The dying man is seated on the chair, his eyes closing in death, and its stamp upon every feature, while his miserable wife clasps his hand in an agony of watchfulness and despair. Luxuriant foliage about the

humble hut forms a melancholy contrast to the sad scene of human wretchedness. A similar subject, with a female sufferer, occurs from Tale VIII.; while a pleasant variation is offered in the grotesque Doctor and his puzzled Patient taking medicine:

"I feel it not!"—"Then take it every hour;
"It makes me worse!"—"Why, it then shows its power."
Borough.

And another (same Poem) which represents the dying Toper having just tossed off a bumper, a jolly friend smoking contentedly by his side, another standing up in convivial merriment, and the astonished nurse presenting the physic-cup in utter dismay:

"I go," he said, "but still my friends shall say,
"I was as a man—I will not sneak away;
An honest life with worthy souls I've spent,—
Come, fill my glass;" he took it, and he went.

This is very happily hit off, and the waning moon at the casement, and all the accessories accord in composing a clever piece, which is also admirably engraved.

A yet merrier piece is the Card Party:

"There, there's your money; but while I have life,
I'll never more sit down with man and wife."

We do not remember any thing of the Artist in so entirely a comic vein, preserving at the same time the most characteristic expression, with all the effect of caricature and all the truth of nature. The School-mistress is another excellent print. The rod is on the eve of requisition, and while the urchin, blabbering under the fool's cap, may anticipate the certain infliction, it is exemplary to behold with what marvellous industry his companions con their tasks. The

Boy (Tales of the Mall) reading his Latin exercises to the Butler and the Cook, is a capital fellow to the preceding ; but perhaps the greatest effort of art at expression is in embodying the following :

My father's look was one I seldom saw,
It gave no pleasure, nor created awe ;
It was the kind of cool contemptuous smile
Of witty persons overcharged with bile.

To picture this, it must be confessed, was a very difficult task, but Mr. Westall has completely accomplished it. Both figures are just what the imagination would conceive.

The Miserly Brother finding his brother dead on his bed, when rushing in to chide him, is a fearful lesson, and strikingly told. We are almost relieved by taking our eyes from it to the Sullen Justice and his Clerk swearing the luckless—Maiden, we were going to say ; but we adopt the author's more correct, on account of the incorrectness, appellation of damsel :

Near her the swain, about to bear for life
One certain evil, doubts 'twixt war and wife ;
But while the faltering damsel takes the oath,
Consents to wed, and so secures them both.

We must now pause on detail. There is one of delightful scenery, with a Mother and Child, from the Parish-Register Baptisms ; and several Sea-pieces of perfect fidelity. The old Sailor and Boy in a Boat during a Storm, yields, if at all, to the more gratifying group of the Fisherman's Wife mending the Net, while her children are launching a tiny vessel.

Upon the whole, rustic and higher life—death in various forms—the gay, the grave, the real, and the imaginative, are all ably shewn as the subjects suggest ; and Mr. Westall, with Mr. Heath's assistance, has finished a work well calculated to go down to posterity with the extraordinary Poems they have been produced to illustrate.

(London Mag. Feb.)

REPORT OF THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

It has for some time past been our intention to enrich our numbers with a Report of the Progress of Science, so as to make our readers acquainted with the recent discoveries in science, so far as is consistent with the nature of our Journal. In undertaking a work of this kind we are aware, that it is difficult to select the facts so as to make them interesting to the whole of our readers ; it will, however, be our endeavour to choose those subjects which are of general interest, avoiding, as much as possible, such as are connected with the more abstruse parts of science.

ON HARDENING AND TEMPERING CAST-STEEL.

For saws of the usual description, and springs in general, the following is an excellent hardening and tempering liquid, *viz.*

Twenty gallons of spermaceti oil ;
Twenty lbs. of beef suet, rendered ;
One gallon of neat's-foot oil ;
One pound of pitch ;
Three pounds of black rosin.

These two last articles must be previously melted together, and then added to the other ingredients ; when the whole must be heated in a proper iron vessel, with a close cover fitted to it, until all the moisture is entirely evaporated ; and the composition will take fire on a flaming body being presented to its surface ; but which must be instantly extinguished again, by putting on the cover of the vessel. The cast-steel articles, if *thin* or *slender*, may be quenched in this composition, in order to harden them ; and then be blazed off, as the operation is termed, over a clear fire, in order to temper them.

If the articles are *thick*, such as sword-blades, &c. they should be previously hardened, by quenching them in rain-water : and then be tempered, by wiping them over, on both sides, with a thin coating of the tempering liquid, applied by means of a round hard brush, and then be blazed off, in order to temper them.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

In October last, Vesuvius presented one of the grandest eruptions which has occurred since that described by Sir W. Hamilton in 1794. On Sunday evening fire issued from the top of the mountain, and a little lava was thrown out, both of which ceased till Monday, when they again broke out with redoubled fury ; the flame rising to a great height, and the lava running in a broad and rapid stream down the hill towards Portici and Resina. On Tuesday morning the mountain was enveloped in smoke, which continued to be discharged during the whole of the day, assuming a variety of colours. Towards the evening the lava was dis-

charged in immense quantity, and rolled down the hill in five streams; the electricity communicated from the volcano producing flashes of brilliant lightning, playing down the cone amidst the fire and smoke. At this time the roaring of the mountain was heard at Naples. The following morning the mountain still continued enveloped in smoke, rendering the atmosphere around so obscure that the sun was scarcely visible at Naples during the whole of the day; and on Thursday nearly a similar appearance was presented, accompanied by a heavy fall of dust, so fine that it was with difficulty the eyes were protected from it. At the Torre del Annunziata it is said to have fallen to the depth of four feet, so as completely to prevent the passage of carriages. A large piece of the cone of the mountain was now blown off, so that what was formerly the highest has now become the lowest point. On Friday the volumes of smoke still continued to issue, but the lava ceased.

The damage occasioned by this eruption was considerable, though by no means so great as was expected.

WEST GREENLAND.

At a time when the public interest is so much excited with respect to the fate of the Northern Expedition, our readers will be glad to hear that Captain Scoresby, to whom we are already so much indebted, is about to publish an account of his investigations and adventures on the re-discovered East Coast of West Greenland. This country, it is well known, was lost to the rest of the world by the setting of the Polar ice, about 1406; since which,

it has been generally considered inaccessible. Captain Scoresby, however, again discovered it last summer, and landed on it. He has been enabled to make a survey of nearly the whole line of coast from latitude 75 to 69. He has discovered several islands and inlets, some of the latter of which he thinks form a communication with Baffin's Bay. In one of these, the weather was temperate, and the air swarmed with bees, butterflies, and musquitoes. We look forward with anxiety for this work, the perusal of which will, we are assured, afford much gratification.

SANDWICH ISLES.

Mr. Ruggles, a Missionary from the United States of America to the Sandwich Islands, relates the following anecdote of Athoi, the King of one of the islands, who had learnt from the whites to drink ardent spirits, but who had recently reclaimed himself from the habit. "Suppose," said the King to the Missionary, "you were to hold 4,000 dollars in one hand and a glass of rum in the other, and were to say, drink the rum and I will give you the money—I would not drink it; and if you then said, I will kill you, still I would not drink it."

SOCIETY OF TRAVELLERS.

A society has been established in Liverpool, of those gentlemen who have visited distant countries, with the view of acquiring information either in general science or natural history, from whom it is hoped much useful information will be given to the world that would otherwise have lain concealed, from the want of some means of making it public.

TO A NEREID FLOATING ON A SHELL.

Thy dwelling is the coral cave,
Thy element the blue sea wave,
Thy music the wild billows dashing,
Thy light the diamond's crystal flashing:
I'd leave this earth to dwell with thee,
Bright haired daughter of the sea!
It was an hour of lone starlight
When first my eye caught thy sweet sight:
Thy white feet prest a silver shell,
Love's own enchanted coracle;
Thy fair arms waved like the white foam
The seas dash from their willow home;
And far behind, thy golden hair,
A bright sail, floated on the air;
And on thy lips there was a song,
As music wafted thee along.

They say, sweet daughter of the sea,
Thy look and song are treachery;
Thy smile is but the honeyed bait
To lure thy lover to his fate.
I know not, and I care still less;
It is enough of happiness
To be deceived. Oh, never yet
Could love doubt—no, one doubt would set
His fetter'd pinions free from all
His false but most delicious thrall.
Love cannot live and doubt; and I,
Vowed slave to my bright deity,
Have but one prayer: Come joy, come ill,
If I am deceiv'd, deceive me still;
Better the heart in faith should die
Than break beneath love's perjury. T. E. L.

INTELLIGENCE.

The Scottish novel, to succeed *Peveril of the Peak*, has already, we hear, made considerable progress through the press, and will appear before May.

The subject of the next novel by the author of *Waverley*, is said to be *The Gunpowder Plot*.

Count Romanzoff, who fitted out at his own expense the expedition under Kotzebue for circumnavigating the globe, has sent out travellers to cross the ice from the eastern coast of Asia to the western coast of America.

It is our painful task this month to have to record the loss of three English characters of extraordinary eminence in their age, and distinguished alike for their talents and virtues. We refer to the names of Dr. Hutton, Dr. Jenner, and Mrs. Radcliffe,—neither of which will be forgotten as long as knowledge and genius are held in respect. France, likewise, has been deprived, by recent death, of the justly celebrated Abbé Haüy, and M. Delambre, one of that distinguished class of mathematicians among whom are ranked Lagrange, Lacroix, and Laplace.

A Treatise on Mental Derangement, being the substance of the Gulstonian Lectures delivered in the Royal College of Physicians, in May 1822, by FRANCIS WILKES, M.D. is in the press.

The Ettrick Shepherd has a new romance in the press, entitled the *Perils of Woman*.

Early in March will be published a diamond edition of Shakspeare, from the Chiswick press, comprising, in one thin pocket volume, the whole of his dramatic works, with a glossary.

NEW WORKS.

The Bridal of Dunamore. By Regina Maria Roche. 3 vols.

Temptation, a novel. By Leigh Cliffe.

Reformation, a novel. 3 vols.

Macrimmon, a Highland Tale; 4 vols.

Moscow, or the Grandsire, a tale; 4 vols.

Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs, collected by Lætitia M. Hawkins.

A Diary of a Tour through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in the years 1821-22. By a Field-Officer of Cavalry.

Another of those disgusting abortions of the Scotch press has appeared, under the title of the *Lairds of Grippy*; the only recommendation of which is, the free use of the vulgar Scotch dialect, which the Northern classics are endeavouring to convert into standard elegance of expression. We agree to laugh at these Irish, Scotch, and Yorkshire, patois in Joe Miller, or in dramatic representation; but it is really offensive to behold volumes filled with either of them, and disgraceful to tolerate the practice.

THE MEDALLION HEAD OF ARIADNE.

Oh, why should woman ever love,

Throwing her chance away,

Her little chance of shine

Upon a rainbow ray?

Look back on each old history,

Each fresh remembered tale;

They'll tell how often love has made

The cheek of woman pale;

Her unrequited love, a flower

Dying for air and light;

Her love betrayed, another flower

Withering before a blight.

Look down within the silent grave;

How much of breath and bloom

Have wasted,—passion's sacrifice

Offered to the lonely tomb.

Look on her hour of solitude,

How many bitter cares

Belle the smile with which the lip

Would sun the wound it bears.

Mark this sweet face! oh never blush

Has past o'er one more fair,

And never o'er a brighter brow

Has wandered raven hair.

And mark how carelessly those wreaths

Of curl are flung behind,

And mark how pensively the brow

Leans on the hand reclined.

'Tis she of Crete;—another proof

Of woman's weary lot;

Their April doom of sun and shower,—

To love, then be forgot.

Heart-sickness, feelings tortured,

A sky of storm above,

A path of thorns,—these are love's gifts,—

Ah, why must woman love! L.E.L.

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

[By the Rev. Dr. Edmund Cartwright.]

YON mystic Flower, with gold and azure bright,

Whose stem luxuriant speaks a vigorous root,

Untolds her blossoms to the Morn's salute,

That close and die in the embrace of Night.

No luscious fruits the cheated taste invite—

Her short-lived blossoms, ere they lead to fruit,

Demand a genial clime, and suns that shoot

Their rays direct, with undiminish'd light.

Thus *Hope*, the Passion-flower of human life,
Whose wild luxuriance mocks the pruner's knife;
Profuse in promise, makes a like display
Of evanescent blooms—that last a day!
To cheer the mental eye, no more is given;
The fruit is only to be found—in Heaven!

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, MAY 15, 1823.

ARAGO'S NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD
BY CAPTAIN FREYCINET.

(London Mag. March.)

THIS voyage, as many of our readers will doubtless recollect, was undertaken by order of the present King of France, soon after the re-establishment of the Bourbons.

The *Uranie* sailed from Toulon Sept. 17, 1817, touched at Teneriffe, and reached Rio Janeiro December 6. Here the commander devoted two months to observations on the pendulum and compass. He then proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope, where he remained nearly a month to verify and repeat the observations of La Caille. From the Cape he steered to the Isle of France; and, after a stay of five weeks, continued his course to Coupang, capital of the Dutch settlements in the isle of Timor. He afterwards visited the Portuguese settlement of Diely, on the north part of the island, and then prosecuted his voyage to the little island of Rawack, on the coast of New Guinea, nearly under the equator, where another interval of a month was employed in scientific observations. Thence to the Marianne and Sandwich islands, with the same objects in view; and subsequently to Port Jackson. He finally proceeded towards Terra del Fuego, but suffered shipwreck on one of the Malouine islands on the 13th of February 1820. He embarked, with his crew, on board an American vessel, which they named the *Physicienne*,

and, having touched at Monte Video and Rio Janeiro terminated his voyage at Havre on the 30th of November, 1820.

Notwithstanding the stress laid on the two leading objects of the voyage, the results, as given by the reporters, are far from distinct or satisfactory. We are only informed that the experiments on the oscillations of the pendulum, at the Cape of Good Hope, did not confirm the consequences deduced from those of La Caille, as to the dissimilarity of the two hemispheres. The same caution is observed with respect to those made at the Isle of France, and from those at the Malouine or Falkland's islands: under the privations and disadvantages of a shipwreck, little could be expected. Indeed, there appears on this head to have been a want of care in those who superintended the equipment; for the instruments, with which the navigators were provided were manifestly inadequate to the purpose.

The apparatus for magnetical observations seems to have been equally defective, and the result, as communicated in the report, is as little satisfactory. One curious fact, which was first observed by Mr. Macdonald, at St. Helena, is not unworthy of notice. This is a certain periodical movement of the magnetic needle independent of variation. At the Marianne and Sandwich Islands,

the north point of the needle moves towards the west, from 8 in the morning till 1 in the afternoon, though the absolute variation is east. At Rawack, and Port Jackson, this movement is eastward, while at Timor, though also south of the equator, it is west. The expedition is not intitled to the merit of ascertaining many new geographical positions; and in hydrography, its pretensions are confined to the survey of a small portion of the West Coast of New Holland, parts of the coast of Timor and some small adjacent islands, the strait between the Isle of Booroo and those of Amboyna and Feram, some islets south of Gilolo, a dangerous archipelago north of the Isle of Rooib, part of the island of Waigooe, the islands of Manooran and Rawack, the Isle of Guam, and part of Tinian.

Some partial surveys were also made at the Sandwich Islands; and, in the passage from thence to Port Jackson, the positions of several islets, at a distance from the great masses of land, are said to have been ascertained.

With respect to Meteorology, no new observations are given. In Zoology, the collection of the expedition amounted to 25 species of mammalia, 313 of birds, 45 of reptiles, and 164 of fishes, besides molusca, polypi, &c. Of these, 4 of mammalia are new, 45 of birds, 30 of reptiles, and about 120 of fishes. In Entomology, we find about 1300 species, of which 40 are said to be new, and some remarkable. In Botany, about 3000 species of dried plants, including 1200 said to be unknown. Much attention is stated to have been paid to the languages of the different tribes visited in the course of the voyage, but the vocabularies annexed to the narrative are by no means copious.

From this sketch it will readily appear, that the work is barren of interest to the mere scientific reader; but it abounds with lively descriptions of scenery, manners, and customs; and though these may sometimes want the zest of novelty, they are not deficient in attraction, even after the perusal of the narratives of Cook, Vancouver, and our own enterprising navigators. The epistolary form is adopted as

much from necessity as choice, in consequence of the loss of materials, which the writer suffered in the wreck of the vessel. He commences with his departure from Toulon, describes Gibraltar with that feeling of wonder which it naturally excites in a stranger, details the few incidents of the voyage to Teneriffe, and records the usual ceremonies on crossing the Equinoctial Line. Arrived at Rio Janeiro, we find him expatiating with rapture on the beauties of that luxuriant climate. In visiting the celebrated aqueduct, he encounters a singular recluse and countryman. This was General Hogendorp, who, after filling a high military and confidential post under Napoleon, and exercising his command in both hemispheres, had fled from the hatred of men, the tumult of cities, and the intrigues of courts, to practise in the wilds of the new world, the humble occupation of a husbandman, and charcoal-burner. We afterwards find that the military hermit had been honoured with a visit from the Prince Royal of Portugal, who sought the benefit of his experience and advice. Our narrator mixed in general society at Rio Janeiro; but nothing could exceed the insipidity and formality which pervaded all intercourse at this period; from the jealousy reigning between the native Brazilians and the attendants of the emigrant court, and the restraints of a system of mutual *espionage* and a rigorous police.

From Rio we accompany him to the Cape of Good Hope, where he is struck with the neatness of Cape Town, and draws a favourable contrast between the character and manners of the people, and those of the Brazils. His stay, however, is too short, and his observations too limited, to enable him to form a correct judgment on the circumstances of the colony, even if he were disposed to regard it without a degree of prejudice. He complains that trade, which flourished under the Dutch, is reduced almost to nothing by the administration of the English. One regulation, evidently of Dutch origin, is certainly not calculated for the improvement of traffic: every commodity, however trifling, pays an entrance duty when brought to the town, and is

sold by public auction in the market.— His next station, the Isle of France receives a liberal portion of praise. The beauty and grace of the women, and the suavity and freedom which reign in social intercourse, are celebrated in glowing language. This little spot of land awakened peculiar interest, as identified with the charming romance of Paul and Virginia, of which it is the scene; but our voyager soon discovered that the fictions of the novelist are often built on the frailest foundation. Paul, the hero of the tale, is a mere creature of fancy; Madame de la Tour, the mother of the heroine, so far from dying in agony of grief for the loss of her daughter, survived the catastrophe long enough to espouse three husbands in succession; and the pastor, who acts so fine a part in the novel, is transformed into a Chevalier de Bernage, son of an echevin at Paris, who, after serving in the mousquetaires, and killing an antagonist in a duel, had retired hither, and taken up his residence at the Riviere du Rempart, half a league from the spot where the St. Geran was wrecked. But to make amends for this diversity between the characters of real life and those of romance, the Isle of France is celebrated for the residence of others, whose adventures have partaken of all the extravagance of fiction. One of these was the daughter-in-law of the Czar Peter, who, escaping from Russia, sought an obscure retreat at Paris. There she married a M. Moldac, serjeant-major of a regiment which was sent thither; and, in consideration of her rank, her husband is said to have been promoted to a majority by order of the court. Another, was Madame de Puja, wife of a French colonel, and recently deceased. She was the celebrated Anastasia, the mistress of Count Benyowsky, who, after facilitating his escape from Kamschatka, accompanied him in his wanderings, and, when he was killed at Madagascar, sought an asylum in this island, where she terminated her eventful career.

He next visits the romantic and beautiful Isle of Bourbon, which at times, is rendered a real place of exile, by a tremendous surf. He does not

omit to notice its volcano, which is still active, and inferior only to *Ætna* in height and character.

Again departing, after a passage of forty-five days they approach the north-western coast of New Holland, where nothing meets their eyes but sterility and desolation. Here, for the first time, they encounter a wandering party of savages; as black as ebony, small in stature, uncouth in aspect, and noisy in speech. Fear and suspicion, however, shorten the interview; and our navigators, finding nothing to excite or gratify curiosity, gladly direct their course for Coupang in the Isle of Timor, which, after being twice captured by the British arms in the late war, was restored to the Dutch in 1816. Here M. Arago had an opportunity of contemplating the character and habits of the Malays, and conversing with two of their chiefs. From them he learnt that the priests are soothsayers, and consulted on all important affairs. They are permitted to marry, and their functions are hereditary. In every town is a "sacred house," where the augur resides, and is intrusted with the custody of the royal treasure. Thither are brought the heads of all prisoners taken in war, and after their brains are extracted, they are hung on the neighbouring trees, as trophies. Marriages are not accompanied with any religious ceremony; but the bride is purchased with presents, equal to her supposed value. Infants are carried to the "sacred house" to be named. Funerals are celebrated with singing; and the corpse, after being exposed on a mat, is thrown into a pit, with the valuables most prized by the deceased during life. The dignity of Rajah, or King, is hereditary, but the succession is vested in the brothers before the sons. From Timor they repaired to the neighbouring island, Omboy, where they had farther opportunities of observing the genuine Malay character unchanged by foreign restraint. They were at first sullenly received by the natives, but gradually won on their haughtiness and reserve, and were gratified with the inspection of their arms and habitations, and a representation of their combats, which are

marked by activity, energy and ferocity. The offensive weapons of these people are kresses, bows, and arrows; and their defensive, a buckler of leather, ornamented with shells, and a species of cuirass formed of the same material. All attempts to procure a sight of their women were entirely fruitless.

After a passage, rendered extremely irksome, by calms and oppressive heat, they reached Diely, where they were received with the most friendly attentions by the Portuguese governor. Having given a description of this place, M. Arrago takes a general view of the Molucca Islands; which, though forming a striking contrast with the sterile coast of New Holland, are as little desirable for an abode. Under the general luxuriance, with which they are clothed, lurk danger and death, from venomous reptiles, and unhealthy exhalations; while the scathed and scattered trunks of trees display the ravages of the tempest; and the natives, sunk in the lowest state of brutal ferocity, persecute each other with all the fury and inveteracy of wild beasts.

Passing Amboyna, they enter a strait, formed by a cluster of small islands, where they are followed by a fleet of piratical canoes. At the dawn, they find themselves in the midst of a cluster of pointed rocks, rising from the water like steeples, and rendered the more dangerous by rapid currents. They advance in shallow water, and at length, by the aid of a favourable wind, succeed in extricating themselves from their peril. Soon afterwards they have an opportunity of contemplating savage life in its lowest stage of degradation, at the islands of Rawack and Waigooe, on the coast of New Guinea. Here they find another sable race; short in person and ill-formed, stupid in countenance, repulsive in manners, and rendered loathsome by leprosy. Fishing seems their sole occupation, and chief means of subsistence, and in this they show all the dexterity of habit, descrying their prey at a considerable distance in the water, and striking it with a bamboo lance. Their canoes and habitations are equally rude; and their cookery as rude as either.

From hence a pleasing transition is made to the Archipelago of the Caroline islands, through which the navigators pass. They are visited by the natives, who appear familiar, docile, and inoffensive, and differ in every respect from those of New Guinea. Pursuing their course they reach Guam, one of the Marianne islands, and are welcomed at Agagna by the Spanish governor. This miserable place scarcely deserves the name of a town, for nine-tenths of the habitations are covered with the mid-ribs of the cocoa. The palace of the governor was newly white-washed, and decorated for their reception; but the guards of his excellency presented the most ludicrous burlesque on military parade which it is possible to conceive. The officers appeared with swords of the days of Charlemagne; spatterdashes, in which the legs were left at their ease; coats, trailing on the ground; and an opera hat, of which the corners descended to the shoulders. The condition of the natives is in every way deplorable. Huddled together, with their domestic animals in their confined and wretched habitations, they are almost universally tainted with leprosy, which here assumes its most disgusting aspect. They sleep two-thirds of the day, and work the other third by constraint; so that the country bears, even in the very vicinity of the town, the cheerless garb of neglect. Nor are their moral better than their physical habits. Immersed in the grossest superstition and ignorance, they have little notice of religion, beyond its processions and ceremonies; while the character of both sexes is exceedingly licentious. Foundations are instituted bearing the title of a college, and secondary schools; but nothing appears to be taught, except reading and singing. The value attached to education is shown by the mode in which its labours are rewarded. The superior of the college receives six dollars a month, with a shirt, and an allowance of provisions; and the stipend of the masters, attached to the secondary schools, amounts only to two dollars monthly. Still, however, before they were debased by Spanish rule, the natives of these islands must have

attained a considerable degree of civilization. The vestiges of their ancient monuments prove that they were not deficient either in genius or industry: their original language partakes also of a florid and poetical character.

From Agagna the voyagers make excursions to Riota and Tinian, in the flying proas of the Caroline islands, manned by Carolinians.

Tinian is a place of exile, and occupied by about fifteen solitary inhabitants. It has attained celebrity through the voyage of Anson; but its appearance is far from answering the glowing description of Rousseau, in the *Nouvelle Heloise*. It is, however, covered with wrecks of ancient architecture which attest its former consequence, and the perseverance and power of its original inhabitants. The impressions which these remains produce, is heightened by the present solitary and dreary aspect. The surface is an uninteresting waste, broken only by a few stunted and feeble cocoa trees; the coast is uninteresting, while a scorching wind destroys vegetation, and seems to deprive the soil of the power of re-production. Numerous swarms of flies and ants contribute also to recal to memory the plagues of Egypt.

Raynal has combatted the opinion, that in the Marianne Islands, the women enjoy that superiority, which in other countries is vested in the men. Our author, however, gallantly vindicates the prerogatives of the fair sex. He asserts, that a man who marries a woman of superior fortune, is compelled to perform the household and menial offices. If in equal circumstances, these toils are divided. In domestic life also, disputes between the men are settled by the women; but in disputes between the women, no man presumes to interfere. The same superiority is shown in their various sports and dances.

Returning to Guam, he witnesses the songs and dances of the natives of the Caroline Islands. The first are marked by harmony and simplicity; the latter by voluptuousness, grace, variety, and a dexterity truly aston-

ishing. As this interesting people are drawn hither in great numbers by traffic, he availed himself of the opportunity to study their character, and obtain information on their manners and customs. He describes them as amiable, unaffected, and sincere; and bearing in their countenances the calm of innocence and cheerfulness. Their skill and hardihood as navigators are worthy of admiration. In their frail proas, which are only four feet wide and forty long, they make voyages of 600 leagues, guided only by stars and experience. On the water, no perils appear to repress their enterprising spirit; no difficulties to baffle their perseverance. So much importance do they attach to an art, which their situation renders of the first necessity, that schools of navigation are established in the different islands, under the superintendence of their ablest pilots; and the young men are not permitted to marry till they have given undeniable proofs of dexterity in the management of their proas. Our author conversed with one of these pilots, who manifested a superior degree of sagacity and intelligence. By means of grains of Indian corn, he indicated the isles of the Archipelago, and their relative positions. He named them, pointed out those which were easy or difficult of access, and described their productions. To explain how his countrymen guide their vessels, he formed a kind of rude compass, with pieces of bamboo, showed the general course of the winds, and the situation of the stars and constellations; and said, that when deprived of these guides they regulated their course by the currents, with which they were accurately acquainted. He answered all questions with good sense and precision, rectified incidental mistakes, and often appeared to recur to calculation, when his memory failed. The Carolinians believe in a supreme power; they burn their dead, and assert that good men ascend above the clouds to enjoy happiness. War is the punishment of the wicked. From the information of an eye-witness, their conduct is in unison with this principle; for few instances of quarrelling or fighting occur among

them; and they are highly susceptible of the social affections. Brothers and sisters are allowed to intermarry, and children when weaned never sleep in the same apartment with the father. Boys and girls are also separated. They have no characteristic physiognomy, but vary even in the colour of the skin. They are supple and active, graceful in their walk, and swim as if the water were their native element. The bodies of the chiefs are elegantly tattooed, and all pierce their ears, and enlarge the opening till the cartilage descends nearly to the shoulder.

From Guam the navigators directed their course to the Sandwich islands; and on the 6th of August, descried the lofty peak of Mowna Roa. Surrounded by shoals of canoes, they skirted the shore of Owyhee, and anchored before the village of Kayerooa, the Karakakooa of Cook. In the evening they were visited by the chief, who is brother-in-law to the king, and has received from Europeans the name of John Adams, but whose real appellation is Kookini. He spoke English well, behaved with great propriety, and promised a supply of provisions. Our author furnishes a new proof of the rapid progress which these islanders have made in the arts of civilization. On returning the visit of the chief, they found the town of considerable extent; small lanes in imitation of streets and alleys; some of the houses built with stone, and others constructed neatly with planks, and thatched with the palm leaf or seaweed. A dock-yard was formed, a vessel of 40 tons was on the stocks, and numerous canoes were carefully secured under sheds. Two howitzers were mounted near the house of the chief, and behind was a species of park of artillery, covered with mats, and guarded by soldiers armed with muskets.

Soon afterwards they received an invitation to visit O Riou Riou, the reigning sovereign, who had established his residence at Toyai. They repaired thither, and found him a fat, heavy, dirty man, and a prey to unsightly disease. His dwelling was a poor straw-built hut, 25 or 30 feet long, and half as many wide; and the roof covered with

cocoa leaves and sea-weed. The same military indications prevailed here as at Kayerooa: guns were mounted to command the shore, and abundance of soldiers paraded in every direction. At a subsequent interview his majesty appeared in the uniform of a colonel of hussars, with a hat like those worn by the marshals of France. From Mr. Young an Englishman, long domiciliated here, as well as from a talkative, conceited Gascon, who assumed the character of a physician, they obtained much information on the politics of the island, and from the indolent and inefficient character of the reigning sovereign, were led to anticipate an approaching convulsion and change of government.

The period of their arrival was, indeed, peculiarly critical; for it was soon after the death of Tamahaamah, who was long before known to Europe by the narrative of Vancouver. The character of this chief excites at once surprise and admiration. By native energy of mind he raised himself and his country from barbarism and ignorance—judiciously turned to advantage the example and assistance of Europeans and Americans—curbed the turbulent spirit of his chiefs—established a police, and put a stop to the sanguinary rites of his subjects. He laid also the foundation of a naval power, and formed an army, which he reduced to the most rigorous discipline. His very virtues, however, were tinctured with the savage character. He was severe in his punishments; and actuated by a spirit of conquest, which was not bounded to the Sandwich islands, for he meditated the invasion of the more distant groupes of the Friendly and Society Isles, when death put a period to his career. His memory is cherished with a degree of respect amounting almost to adoration, and his name is never mentioned without awakening the most lively emotions of grief and regret. This feeling is heightened by the contrast between his heroic character, and that of his indolent and inefficient son. He purchased a brig and two fine schooners from the Americans, increased the number of his double or war canoes, built forts, and collected

magazines of arms and ammunition; and, at his death, left the sum of 500,000 dollars in the treasury.

It would be unreasonable to expect, from voyages of the present day, any important addition to that knowledge of these islands which we have derived from Cook, Vancouver, and others. The want of chastity among the women is, however, strongly marked; and, from the account of M. Arago, this failing pervades every rank of society, not excepting the wives of the chiefs, who appeared by no means disposed to repel any degree of familiarity. Their system of domestic polity is yet ill understood; but it appears, that the most severe and frequent punishments are inflicted for breaches of the taboo. Their modes of execution are, by dashing out the brains of the offender with a club, or fastening him to a tree and strangling him with a cord passed round the neck. As if to add to the poignancy of suffering, the criminal is previously subjected to a fast of forty-eight hours. Women are punished with death for eating of bananas, hogs, or cocoa nuts—for tasting food dressed at a fire kindled by a man, or even for smoking a pipe which a man has lighted.

From the Sandwich isles the crew of the *Uranie* expected to proceed to Otaheite; and they had scarcely put to sea before they revelled in imagination in the delights of that abode of li-

centious pleasure, but, to their regret and disappointment, their course was directed to New South Wales. On reaching Sydney, our author was surprised to discover the arts and refinements of Europe in a country which, a few years ago, was a mere wilderness, and brought into cultivation by the hands of felons. He speaks in the warmest terms of the attention which he and his fellow voyagers experienced, but his descriptions offer no novelty to the English reader. We shall therefore merely observe that they sailed for Cape Horn; but, on approaching that point, they were shipwrecked on one of the Malouine, or Falkland, islands. Here their voyage of discovery may be said to terminate. After struggling some time with the difficulties of their situation, they were enabled to hire an American vessel, which was employed in the seal fishery, at a neighbouring island. They proceeded to Monte Video, where they made a short stay—then to Rio Janeiro—and, finally disembarking at Havre, had again the satisfaction of breathing their native air.

We have only to add that the narrative is illustrated with a series of plates in the lithographic style, which appear to be spirited and accurate representations; and that the translation in general is well executed, tho' the diction of the original is occasionally deformed with a little national affectation.

(Blackwood's Mag. Feb.)

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH GLUTTON.

Puisque les choses sont ainsi, je pretend aussi avoir mon franc parler.—*D'Alenbert.*

THIS is confessedly the age of confessions,—the era of individuality—the triumphant reign of the first person singular. Writers no longer talk in generals. All their observations are bounded in the narrow compass of self. They think only of number one. *Ego sum* is on the tip of every tongue and the nib of every pen, but the remainder of the sentence is unuttered and unwritten. The rest of his species is now nothing to any one individual. There are no longer any idiosyncrasies in the understanding of our essayists,

for one common characteristic runs through the whole range. Egotism has become as endemic to English literature as the plague to Egypt, or the scurvy to the northern climes. Every thing is involved in the simple possessive *me* and *mine*—and we all cry out in common chorus,

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come mine own?

Since, then, the whole tribe of which I am an unworthy member, have one by one poured out their souls into the confiding and capacious bosom of the

public ; since the goodly list of scribblers, great and small, from the author of *Eloise* to the inventor of *Vortigern*—since the Wine-drinker, the Opium-eater, the Hypochondriac, and the Hypercritic, have in due succession “told their fatal stories out,” I cannot, in justice to my own importance, or honesty to the world, leave the blank unfilled, which stands gaping to receive the *Confessions of a Glutton*, and thus put the last leaf on this branch of periodical personality.

I have one appalling disadvantage beside my contemporaries, in that want of sympathy which I am sure to experience from readers in general. Many a man will be too happy to acknowledge himself hypochondriacal—it is the fashion. Others are to be found in great abundance who will bravely boast of their spungy intemperance, and be proud of their brotherhood with the drunkard. Even opium-eating, like snuff-taking, may come into vogue, and find unblushing proselytes—but who will profess himself a slave to gluttony the commonest failing of all ! Nevertheless, with all the chances of public odium and private reprobation impending over me, I hasten to the performance of my duty, and I am proud to consider myself a kind of literary Curtius, leaping willingly into the gulf, to save my fellow-citizens by my own sacrifice.

The earliest date which I am able to affix to the development of my propensity is the month of August 1764, at which period, being then precisely two years and two months old, I remember well my aunt Griselda having surprised me in an infantine but desperate excess, for which she punished me with a very laudable severity. This circumstance made a great impression on me ; and without at all lessening my propensity, added considerably to my prudence. My voracity was infinite, and my cunning ran quite in a parallel line. I was

“Fox in stealth, wolf in greediness.”

I certainly eat more than any six children, yet I was the very picture of starvation. Lank, sallow, and sorrow-stricken, I seemed the butt against which stinginess had been shooting its

shafts. I attacked every one I met with the most clamorous cries for cakes or bread. I watched for visitors, and thrust my hands into their pockets with most piteous solicitings, while aunt Griselda bit her lips for anger, and my poor mother, who was a different sort of person, used to blush to the eyes for shame, or sit silently weeping, as she contemplated the symptoms of my disgraceful and incurable disease. In the mean time every thing was essayed, every effort had recourse to, to soften down the savageness of my rage for food, or at least to turn what I eat to good account. I was pampered and crammed, with my increasing years, like a Norfolk turkey—I had an unlimited credit at the pastry-cook’s shop, and the run of the kitchen at home, but in vain. The machinery of my stomach refused to perform its functions. I think I must have swallowed every thing the wrong way, or have been unconsciously the prey of an interminable intestine war ; for every article of sustenance took, as it were, a peculiar and perpendicular growth, but never turned into those lateral folds of flesh, which produce the comfortable clothing of men’s ribs in general. At fourteen years of age I was five feet ten inches high, covered almost entirely with the long hair that boys come home with at the Christmas holidays from a Yorkshire *cheap* academy—my bones forcing their way through my skin—and my whole appearance the fac-simile of famine and disease—yet I never had a complaint except not getting enough to eat.

I am thus particular as to my appearance at this period, in the hope, that by this exposure of an unvarnished portrait, I may excite some commiseration for sufferings, which did not proceed from my own wicked will. I was constitutionally a glutton : nature had stamped the impress of greediness upon me at my birth, or before it. In the sucking tenderness of infancy, and the upshooting of boyhood, it was the preponderating characteristic of my nature—no self-begot habit, growing on by little and little, fostered by indulgence, and swelled out, until it became too large for the constitution that en-

shrined it, like those geese-livers which are expanded by a particular preparation, until they become, as a body might say, bigger than the unhappy animals to which they belong. Will you not then, reader, grant me your compassion for my inadvertant enormities. Must I look in vain for the sympathising tear of sensibility falling to wash out the scorching errors of invincible appetite—as forcible at least as the invincible ignorance of heresy, for which even there is hope in the semi-benignant bosom of the church? To you I appeal, ye cooks by profession—ye gormandizers by privilege—to the whole board of Aldermen—to the shade of Mrs Glass,—to Mrs Rundell, Doctor Kitchener, and the rest of the list of gastronomical literati, who, in teaching the world the science of good living, must have some yearnings, one would think, for those victims whom ye lead into the way of temptation.

But lest this unsupported appeal to the melting charities of mankind might be ineffectual in its naked exhibition, I shall proceed to cover it with a short detail of some of the particular horrors to which I have been a prey for upwards of half a century, and I think it must be a hard heart that will then refuse me its pity, and a ravenous maw that will not involuntarily close, to shut out the possibility of sufferings like mine.

Up to the age of fifteen, when I presented the appearance faintly sketched above, I may be considered to have gone on mechanically gormandizing, with nothing to distinguish my way of doing so from that common animal appetite which is given, in different proportions, to all that creep, or walk, or swim, or fly. Those vulgar gluttonies, thus eating for eating-sake, unconnected with mental associations, have no interest and no dignity. A man who supplies instinctively his want of food, without choice or taste, is truly *Epicuri de grege porcus*, or may be compared rather to the *Porcus Trojanus* of the ancients, a wild boar stuffed with the flesh of other animals—a savoury, punning parody upon the Trojan horse. Such a man is no better

than a digesting automaton—a living mass of forced meat—an animated sausage.

I was sent home from six successive schools, on various pretences; but the true reason was, that inordinate craving which no indulgence could satisfy. I eat out of all proportion; and my father was obliged to take me entirely to himself. My mother was miserable, but of inexhaustible generosity; my aunt Griselda was dead, and I had no check upon me. Doctors from all parts were consulted on my case. Innumerable councils and consultations were held, ineffectually, to ascertain whether that refrigeration of stomach, which they all agreed was the primal cause of my malady, was joined with dryness, contraction, vellication, or abstersion. They tried every remedy and every regimen, without success. The fact was, I wanted nothing but food, for which they would have substituted physic. So that between my mother and my physicians, I had both in abundance—and for the mind as well as the body. The *ϕυξὸς* *largeion* was plentifully supplied me by my father, for I had natural parts, and loved reading. But the whole turn of my studies was bent towards descriptions of feasts and festivals. I devoured all authors, ancient or modern, who bore at all upon my pursuit. Appetite, mental as well as bodily, grew by what it fed on; and I continually chewed, as it were, the cud of my culinary knowledge. I rummaged Aristophanes for the Grecian repasts, and thumbed over Macrobius and Martial for the Roman. While seizing on every delicacy within my reach, I feasted my imagination with dainties not to be got at,—the Phrygian attigan, Ambracian kid, and Melian crane. I revered the memory of Sergius Arata, who, we are told by Pliny, was the inventor of oyster-beds; of Hortensius the orator, who first used peacock at supper; of Vitellius, Apicius, and other illustrious Romans,

Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts.

These classical associations refined my taste, and seemed to impart a more acute and accurate power to my palate.

As I began to feel their influence, I blushed for the former grossness of my nature, and shrunk from the common gratification to which I had been addicted. I felt an involuntary loathing towards edibles of a mean and low-lived nature. I turned with disgust from the common casualties of a family dinner, and began to view with unutterable abhorrence shoulders of mutton, beef, and cabbage, and the like. A feeling, I should rather say a *passion*, (the technical phrase at present for every sensation a little stronger than ordinary,) a passion seemed to have taken possession of my mind for culinary refinements, dietetic dainties—the *delicata fercula*, fit only for superior tastes, but incomprehensible to the profane. A new light seemed breaking on me; a new sense, or at least a considerable improvement on my old sense of tasting, seemed imparted to me by miracle. My notions of the dignity of appetite became expanded; I no longer looked on man as a mere masticating machine—the butcher and sepulchre of the animal world. I took a more elevated view of his powers and properties, and I felt as though imbued with an essence of pure and ethereal epicurism, if I may so express myself—and why may I not?—my contemporaries would not flinch from the phrase.

My father was a plain sort of man—liked plain speaking, plain feeding, and so on. But he had his antipathies,—and among them was roast-pig. Had he lived to our times, he might probably have been won over by a popular essay on the subject, which describes, in pathetic phrase, the manifold delights attending on that dish—the fat, which is no fat—the lean which is not lean—the eyes melting from their sockets, and other tender touches of description. Be this as it may, my unenlightened parent would never suffer roast-pig upon his table, and so it happened, that, at sixteen years of age, I had never seen one. But on the arrival of that anniversary, I was indulged by my mother with a most exquisite and tender two-months porker, in all its sucking innocence, and succulent delight, as the prime dish in that annual birth-day feast, to which I was accus-

tomed, in my own apartment—all doors closed—no ingress allowed—no intruding domestics—no greedy companions to divide my indulgencies—no eyes to stare at me, or rob me of a portion of the pleasure with which I eat in, as it were, in vision, the spirit of every anticipated preparation, while savoury fragrance was wafted to my brain, and seemed to float over my imagination in clouds of incense, at once voluptuous and invigorating. Ah, this is the true enjoyment of a feast! On the present occasion, I sat in the full glory of my solitude—sublimely individual, as the Grand Lama of Thibet, or the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The door was fastened—the servant evaporated; a fair proportion of preparatory foundation—soup, fish, &c.—had been laid in, *secundum artem*—the *mensa prima*, in short, was just dispatched, when I gently raised the cover from the dish, where the beautiful porker lay smoking in his rich brown symmetry of form and hue, enveloped in a vapour of such deliciousness, and floating in a gravy of indescribable perfection! After those delightful moments of dalliance (almost dearer to the epicure than the very fullness of actual indulgence) were well over—after my palate was prepared by preliminary inhalements of the odorous essence—I seized my knife and fork, and plunged in *medias res*. Never shall I forget the flavour of the first morsel—it was sublime! But oh! it was, as I may say, the last; for losing, in the excess of over-enjoyment, all presence of mind and management of mouth, I attacked, without economy or method, my inanimate victim. It was one of my boyish extravagances to conform myself in these my solitary feasts to the strict regulations of Roman custom. I began with an egg and ended with an apple, and flung into the fire-place (as there was no fire, it being the summer season) a little morsel, as an offering to the *dii patellarii*. On this occasion, however, I forgot myself and my habits—I rushed, as it were, upon my prey—slashed right and left, through crackling, stuffing, body, and bones. I flung aside my knife and fork—seized in my hands the passive animal with indiscriminate

voracity—thrust whole ribs and limbs at once into my mouth—crammed the delicious ruin by wholesale down my throat, until at last my head began to swim—my eyes seemed starting from their sockets—a suffocating thickness seemed gathering (no wonder) in my throat—a fullness of brain seemed bursting thro' my skull—my veins seemed swelled into gigantic magnitude—I lost all reason and remembrance, and fell, in that state, fairly under the table.

This, reader, is what we call, in common phrase, a surfeit. But what language may describe its consequences, or give a just expression to the sufferings it leaves behind? The first awakening from the apoplectic trance, as the lancet of the surgeon gives you a hint that you are alive, when the only taste upon the tongue—the only object in the eye—the only flavour in the nostril, is the once-loved, but now deep-loathed dish! The deadly sickening with which one turns, and twists, and closes one's lids, and holds one's nose, and smacks one's lips—to shut out, and stifle, and shake off the detested sight, and smell and taste:—but in vain, in vain, in vain! But let me not press the point. Forty-two years have passed since that memorable day—forty thousand recollections of that infernal pig have flashed across my brain, and fastened on my palate, and fumigated my olfactories.

But if such were some of the local and particular waking miseries of my excess, what, oh, what tongue may give utterance to, what pen pourtray, the intolerable terrors of my *dreaming* hours! For many months of my protracted and painful re-establishment, I dreamt every night—not one respite for at least three hundred weary and wasting days—quotidian repetitions of visions, each one more hideous than the former. I dreamt, and dreamt, and dreamt—of what? Of pig—pig—pig—nothing but pig. Pork, in all its multiplied and multiform modifications, was ever before me. Every possible form or preparation into which imagination could convert the hated animal, was everlastingly dangling in my sight, running around me, pursuing and persecuting me, in all the aggra-

vation of the most exaggerated monstrosities. The scenery which accompanied these animal illustrations was always in keeping with the sickening subject. Sometimes, as I began to doze away in the mellow twilight of an autumn evening, or the frosty rarefaction of a winter's day, or a day in spring, it was all one—a sudden expansion of vision has begun to open upon me; and be it remembered that I always fancied myself of Hebrew extraction, Abraham, or Joseph, or Isaac—a Rabbite or a Caraites, as the case might be—the high-priest of the synagogue, or an old clothes-man; but in all cases a Jew, with every religious predilection and antipathy strong fixed in my breast. A sudden expansion of vision, I say, began to open upon me—vast wildernesses spread far around—rocks of tremendous aspect seemed toppling from mountains of the most terrific elevation. The forms of the former were of the strangest fantasy, but all presented some resemblance to a bear's head; while the hills shewed invariably, in their naked and barren acclivities, an everlasting sameness of strata, that presented the resemblance of veiny layers of pickled pork, and the monstrous flowers with which the earth was bespread were never-ending representations of rashers and eggs! A sickness and faintness always began to seize upon me at these sights; and, turning my glances upwards, I was sure to see the clouds impregnated with fantastic objects, all arising out of associations connected with my antipathy and loathing. Gigantic hams were impending over my head, and threatening to crush me with their weight. My eyes sunk, and I caught the peaks of the horrid hills frizzled with the grinning heads, and pointed with the tusks of the detested animal. The branches of the trees were all at once converted to twisted and curling pig-tails. Atoms then, seemed springing from the sand; they were soon made manifest in all the capering and gambols of a litter of sucking gruntings. They began to multiply,—with what frightful celerity! The whole earth was in a moment covered with them, of all possible varieties of colours. They began to grow big-

ger, and instantaneously they gained dimensions that no *waking* eye can bring into any possible admeasurement. I attempted to run from them : They galloped after me in myriads, grunting in friendly discord, while magical knives and forks seemed stuck in their hams, as they vociferated in *their* way, "Come eat me, come eat me !" At other times I pursued them, in the frenzy of my despair, endeavouring to catch them, but in vain ; every tail was soaped, and as they slipped through my fingers they sent forth screams of the most excruciating sharpness, and a laugh of hideous mockery, crying, in a damnable chorus, "What a *bore*, what a *bore* ! Bubble and squeak ! Bubble and squeak !" with other punning and piggish impertinences of the same cut and pattern. Then, again, an individual wretch would contract himself to a common-sized hog, and, rushing from behind between my legs, scamper off with me whole leagues across the desert ; then, gradually expanding to his former monstrous magnitude, rise up with me into the skies, that seemed always receding from our approach, and stretching out to an interminable immensity ; when the horrid brute on which I was mounted would give a sudden kick and grunt, and fling me off, and I tumbled headlong down thousands of thousands of fathoms, till I was at length landed in a pigstye, at the very bottom of all bottomless pits.

At other times I used to imagine myself suddenly placed in the heart of a pork-shop. In a moment I was assailed by the most overpowering steams of terrible perfume, the gravy of the fatal dish floating round my feet, and clouds of suffocating fragrance almost smothering me as I stood. On a sudden every thing began to move, immense Westphalia hams flapped to and fro, banged against my head, and beat me from one side of the shop to the other—huge fitchets of bacon fell upon me, and pressed me to the ground, while a sea of the detestable gravy flowed in upon me, and over me. Then frightful pigs' faces joined themselves together, and caught me in their jaws, when, called in by my shriek, which

was the expected signal for their operations, three or four horrid-looking butchers rushed upon me, and, as a couple of them pinioned and held me down on my back, another stuffed me to choking with pork pies, until I awoke more dead than alive.

Once, and once only, I had a vision connected with this series of suffering, which I must relate, from its peculiar nature, and as the origin of a popular hoax long afterwards put upon the world. I dreamt one night, that preparations were making on a most splendid scale, for my marriage with a very beautiful girl of our neighbourhood, to whom I was (whatever my readers may think) very tenderly attached. The ceremony was to take place, methought, in Canterbury Cathedral. I was all at once seized with a desire to examine the silent solemnity of the Gothic pile. I entered, I forgot how. A rich strain of music was poured from the organ-loft. A mellow stream of light flowed in through the stained glass of the windows. I was quite alone, and the most voluptuous tide of thought stole upon my mind. While I stood thus in the middle of the aisle, a distant door opened, and the bridal party entered. My affianced spouse, surrounded by a clustre of friends, glittering with brilliant ornaments, and glowing in beauty, approached me. I advanced to meet her, in unutterable delight ; when, as I drew near, I saw that the appearance of every thing began to change. The pillars seemed suddenly converted to huge Bologna sausages ; the various figures of saints and angels, painted on the windows, were altered into portraits of black porkers ; the railings of the different enclosures took the curved form of spare ribs ; the walls were hung with pig-skin tapestry ; the beautiful melody just before played on the organ, was followed by a lively and familiar tune, and a confusion of voices sung,

"The pigs they lie," &c.

while a discordant chorus of diabolical grunting, wound up each stanza. In the meantime the bride approached ; but what horror accompanied her ! The wreath of roses braided round her

head was all at once a twisted band of black-puddings. Hog's bristles shot out from the roots of what was so lately her golden hair; a thin string of sausages took place of her diamond necklace; her bosom was a piece of brawn; her muslin robe became a piebald covering of ham-sandwiches; her white satin shoes were kicked, oh horror! off a pair of petticoats; and her beautiful countenance—swallow me, ye wild boars!—presented but the hideous spectacle, since made familiar to the public, under the figure of THE PIG-FACED LADY!!! Hurried on by an irresistible and terrible impulse, I rushed forward, though with loathing, to embrace her; when instantly the detested odour of the hateful gravy came upon me once more; the pillars of the Cathedral swelled out to an enormous circumference, and burst in upon me with a loud explosion; the roof fell down with a fearful crash, and overwhelmed me with a shower of legs of pork and pease-pudding; while, in the agony of my desperation, I caught in my arms my hideous bride, whose deep-brown skin crackled in my embrace, as I pressed to my burning bosom the everlasting fac-simile of a roast pig!—In after years I took a fit of melancholy enjoyment in setting afloat the humbug of the Pig-faced Lady.

I will not press upon the reader the manifold miseries that attended upon subsequent surfeits, for a period of more than five-and-twenty years. From what I have feebly sketched, some notion may be conceived of the nature and extent of my disorder. I need not, therefore, dwell on the consequences of my second memorable excess, which took place on the occasion of my eating turtle-soup for the first time. The misery in this matter was more from fright than from repletion; for when, after the sacrifice of repeated helpings of calipash and calipee, I found my teeth immoveably stuck together—in the style which my city readers well understand—I was seized with the horrible conviction that I had got a locked-jaw. Imagination worked so powerfully on this occasion, that when I had pulled my mouth wide-open, beyond even its natural capacity,

(which is not trifling, believe me, reader,) I sat for hours roaring out for a dentist to punch in two or three of my front teeth, that I might get some sustenance introduced through a quill. Even when I perfectly recovered my senses, I was long before I could bear to sit a moment with my mouth shut, from the dread of a return of my imagined danger. Then came the *dreaming* again—the crawling tortoises; the clammy glutinous liquid; the green fat—but enough of this!

Repeated sufferings like these broke in upon the crust of my constitution, if I may use the trope; so that when I became of age, and possessed of a good fortune without incumbrance, by the demise of my father, and the second marriage of my mother, (who by that step forfeited her jointure, and with it every claim on my regard,) I was in appearance a middle-aged man, and in mind a septuagenary, of the *common* sort I mean—I, like old Burton, had “neither wife nor children”—my early attachment—my beautiful neighbour—the prototype—spare me the repetition, reader!—but *she*, you know, *she*—the LADY was lost to me forever! She had but one failing, poor girl—nervousness, just then coming into fashion; and she took it strongly into her head, that if she married me, I should play the part of the Little Red Riding-hood, and eat her up one night in bed. To avoid this unusual and uncomfortable consummation of our nuptials, she discarded my suit altogether, and I lost her forever. To get over the effects of this blow, I resolved to look for consolation in the joys of foreign cookery. I determined to travel, and I did travel, in pursuit of what I never have been able to discover—the art of allaying an uncontrollable appetite. As for the love affair, I soon swallowed my grief.

I shall not enumerate my adventures in distant countries, nor detail my observations on objects foreign to my purpose. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. I shall therefore merely say, that having eaten frogs in France, macaroni at Naples, ollapodrida in Spain, opium in Turkey, camel's-flesh in Egypt, horse-flesh in Arabia, elephant-flesh in India, cat's-

flesh in China, and hog's-flesh—no, never, never after the affair of the pig—it was a slip of the pen—I returned to England to sit down to plain beef and mutton; convinced that I had come back to the real, healthy, honest standard of good taste. In the broad interval, however, which I had jumped over so rapidly, I had many a visiting of direful consequence. At one time I fancied that I was doomed to die of starvation, and the excruciating agonies then endured from cholics and indigestions (proceeding from my even more than natural efforts to eat up to the standard of sufficiency) beggar all description. On another occasion a horrid apprehension oppressed me, that I should one day—but how express myself in English? I cannot; and I should have been silent perforce, did not the *delicacies* of the French language come to my aid—that I should one day *me crever le ventre!* To guard against this expected calamity, I had a pair of stays made—yes, reader, I was the first of the dandies—the lacing and unlacing of which, before and after meals, was attended with tortments more horrible than those pelting and pitiless showers, imagined by Dante for the Gluttons of *his* Inferno.

I forgot entirely how many years have elapsed since the exhibition of fat Lambert. It is enough to know, that I went to see the show. I saw him.—Would that I never had! Oh, Heavens! what agonies has that sight cost me! The by-standers who observed me as I entered the room, burst into a loud and involuntary laugh—and no blame to them; for never was there a more ludicrous contrast than Lambert was to me, and I to Lambert. I am six feet five inches and a half high in my stockings; extremely like Justice Shallow, only taller, “like to a man made after supper of cheese-parings, for whom the case of a treble hautboy would make a mansion;”—and I will venture to say that the skeleton of the Irish giant, dressed in my habiliments, and its back turned, might be taken for my figure by my nearest acquaintance. You all remember, readers, what Lambert's figure was. I do, alas! at any rate!—The very instant

I saw him, the notion struck me that I had become his second-self—his ditto—his palatable echo—his substantial shadow—that the observer laughed at our “double transformation,” for he was become me at the same time—that I was exhibiting as he then was,—and, finally, that I was dying of excessive fat. The idea was like an electric shock, and in one moment I felt that the double identity was completed—that the metamorphosis of Salamis and her lover was acted over again in the persons of myself and the fat man—that I, in short, was Lambert, and Lambert me!—I shot out of the exhibition-room—rushed into the street—quitted the confines of the city—ran up towards Hampstead-hill—tried back again, and made off in the direction of the river, endeavouring in vain so shake off the horrid phantasm that had seized upon my mind. I darted along with lightning-speed, my long legs seemed to fling themselves out spontaneously, as if they no more belonged to me than Grimaldi's do to him, yet I fancied that I crept with the pace of a tortoise—that my fat totally prevented my quicker motion—that I should be crushed to death between the hedges, the turnpikes, or the carriages that passed me—and thus I ran in the middle of the road, vociferating for assistance, fighting against the foul fiend, and followed by a crowd of draggle-tailed blackguards, till I reached the banks of the river, and saw myself reflected in the stream. Oh, Heavens!—what a delightful sight was that!

“Then like Narcissus——”

But I must leave the quotation unfinished, and come at last to a full stop; for I fear I am trenching upon the privilege—poaching upon the preserve—of some contemporary hypochondriac. If so, if any may have led the way in giving to the world, like me, their *real unexaggerated* Confessions, I can only complain, with the modern poet who accused Shakespeare of forestalling his thoughts, that they, be they who they may, have very unhandsomely and plagiaristically anticipated my own original lucubrations. And now having fairly unbosomed my sins, if they are sins, I trust to receive from a grate-

ful public, in whose interest alone have I compiled these sheets, the absolution which should always follow confession. Then, as is usual in these cases, that having disgorged my over-loaded conscience, I may be allowed to return to my *old courses*—following in this the example of Cæsar, who, according to Cicero, *post cœnam vomere volebat, ideoque, largius edebat*. Should any harsh hearer or rigorous reader be incli-

ned to constrain the bowels of his compassion, and still deny me pardon, to him I beg to propose a question in the words of our immortal Bard, which he may answer the next time we meet at dinner,—

“ ————If little faults
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch
our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd
and digested,
Appear before us !”

(New Month. Mar.)

THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

COME near !—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother, and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust !
Come near ! once more let kindred lips be press'd
On his cold cheek, then bear him to his rest.

Look yet on this young face !
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
Leave of its image, e'en where most it shone,
Gladdening its hearth and race ?
—Dim grows the semblance, on man's thought impress'd ;
Come near ! and bear the beautiful to rest !

Ye weep, and it is well !
For tears befit earth's partings !—Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seem'd to dwell
Where'er he mov'd—the welcome and the bless'd !—
—Now gaze ! and bear the silent to his rest.

Look yet on him, whose eye
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth !
Was he not fair amongst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die ?
But not where Death has power, may Love be bless'd !
—Come near ! and bear ye the beloved to rest.

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again ?
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart !
Is he not gone, our brightest and our best ?
—Come near !—and bear ye the beloved to his rest.

Look on him ! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase ?
—Too still and sad the smile upon his face,
Yet that, e'en that, must fade !
Death will not hold unchanged his fairest guest :
Come near ! and bear the mortal to his rest !

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards ! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your last embrace,
At the gay bridal feast !

* These lines were suggested by a part of the Greek funeral service, which summons relatives and friends to bid their last adieu. During, and after the recitation of this service, they kiss the cheeks and forehead of the deceased, who is laid in an open coffin. See *Christian Researches in the East*—*editor*—*vanan*.

Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast ;
Come near ! weep o'er him ! bear him to his rest.

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quench'd !—For him the past
Is seal'd. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright's hope away !
All is not *here* of our beloved and bless'd !
—Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest.

(Blackwood's Mag. Feb.)

SPECIMENS OF THE ITALIAN ART OF HOAXING.

No. 3.

“How Lazzaro di Maestro Basilio da Milano went to see his neighbour Gabriello fish, and was drowned. Whereupon Gabriello availed himself of his uncommon resemblance to the deceased, by pretending to be himself the Man who had been drowned, and so, having made himself master of all his effects, married his own Wife a second time, and lived a long time with her and his Children in great festivity.”

PISA, as you may have read, and must have often heard tell, was in times past one of the most populous and flourishing cities, not only of Tuscany, but of all Italy, and inhabited by multitudes of rich and noble citizens. Once upon a time, long before it fell under the dominion of Florence, a Milanese doctor arrived there from Paris, where he had studied and perfected himself in the art of medicine, and having (through God's providence) performed some cures which were reckoned very astonishing, and by means thereof established a high reputation, was induced to remain where he was, without thinking of returning to Milan, (where he had no near friends or connexions left,) and practised with so much success, that he shortly became very rich, and was known far and near by the name of Master Basilio of Milan. He had not long been settled at this residence before he took to himself a wife, from among the noble families of Pisa, and in process of time had by her three sons and a daughter. The latter they married well in due season. The eldest son also they provided with a suitable match. The youngest embraced the study of letters ; but the second (whose name was Lazzaro) neither spent much time in learning, nor knew how to profit by that which he spent in it, being of a dull and sluggish genius, by nature shy and unsocial, of few words, and withal so self-willed

and obstinate, that, if he once said, “No,” to any thing, not all the world could ever move him to alter his determination, which induced his father, knowing his clownish and intractable disposition, to send him into the country where he had purchased no less than four very capital manors, and where Lazzaro found, in the pursuit of his boorish amusements, much greater pleasure than the refinements of the city would have afforded him.

He had led this rustic life for upwards of ten years, when a strange and dangerous malady broke out at Pisa, attacking people at first with a burning fever, and then with a deep sleep, or torpor, which ended in death ; and it was as infectious as the plague. Master Basil, who (like most of his profession) was avaricious of gain, thought only of the harvest, but, in the reaping, caught the contagion, and found neither syrup nor balsam of such efficacy as to resist its advances, which, in a very few hours, put an end to him ; and not himself only, but so rapid was the infection, that all the members of his family caught it, and all dropped, one after the other, an old woman servant only surviving to tell the tale. The disorder went on, spreading in its effects throughout all the city so long as the season lasted, and then gradually diminished in force, and exhausted itself, leaving only the remembrance of it behind, which was long very terrible,

being known to the survivors by the name of the "*Mal del Vermo*."* After which, such of the citizens as had fled to escape its ravages, returned to their accustomed employments; and, amongst others, Lazzaro became sole heir to a considerable property by the extinction of his whole family, came to Pisa to collect and take possession of his inheritance, which he had no sooner performed than he returned to his habitation in the country, with no other retinue than the old woman before mentioned, in addition to the man-servant whom he had before retained in his service.

When it was known that the rich Lazzaro was come back to live among them, it will be readily supposed that there was not a family for miles round, but became solicitous of the honour of providing him a wife, notwithstanding his rudeness of manners and obstinate temper; but, in reply to every suggestion, he resolutely declared his intention to take four years to consider of it; which being reported abroad, speedily put a stop to all further solicitations, which it was known, from the character of the man, would be of no manner of use. Meanwhile, he continued to live after his former fashion, keeping himself as much aloof from all intercourse with society as the devil from holy water. It happened that there dwelt in a cottage, or hut, in front of his house, a poor man called Gabriello, with his wife, (whose name was Santa,) and two children—a boy of five, and a girl of three years old. Now Gabriello was an excellent sportsman, and an adept in all arts of fishing and fowling, by means of which, he principally contrived to keep his family from starving, with the assistance, however, of his wife's spinning wheel. It pleased God that this Gabriello bore a resemblance to Lazzaro in countenance which was quite astonishing. Both were red-haired, with beards of similar cut and dimensions, and such that any body who saw them together would have pronounced them to be twin-brothers; and, seen apart, nothing was more common than to mistake one for the

* The Worm-illness.

other—not only their persons, but their very manners and habits being formed in the same mould, and nothing about them, but their dress, by which they could be distinguished. In that single respect, however they differed—the one going clad in the coarse garment of a peasant, while the other wore fine linen and the clothes of a gentleman.

This remarkable resemblance begot in the mind of Lazzaro a strange kind of affection for the person who so resembled him; inasmuch, that he was continually sending to Gabriello meat and drink from his own table; and also frequently invited him to his own house, to dine and sup with him; and this sort of intercourse produced a familiarity so great, that, in a short time, he began to find it impossible to live without him. One day, among others, it happened that the discourse between them at table turned upon fishing; and Gabriello, who, as has been said, was extremely expert in all branches of the art, set about explaining to him the method of diving with the casting-net, at the same time recommending it so strongly, on account of the success attending it, as well as the pastime which it afforded, that Lazzaro became impatient to witness it, not being able to conceive how such large fish could be caught, not only with the net, and by the hand, but also in the mouths of the fishers. He therefore besought Gabriello, who being desirous immediately to comply with his request, they broke up at once from table, and went to the river's side, where, under the shade of some lofty and spreading trees, he caused Lazzaro to rest himself, while he stripped to the skin, and plunged into the water with his nets on his shoulder, which, after a short time, he brought up again with eight or ten large fish of the finest quality.

It seemed no less than a miracle to Lazzaro, when he beheld with how much ease they were caught under water; and, the heat of the sun co-operating with his desire of becoming better acquainted with the mystery, to induce him to follow Gabriello's example, he, with the assistance of the latter, in like manner, disengaged himself

from his clothes, and entered the water at a place where it did not reach above his knees. There Gabriello left him to continue his sport, with an injunction not to advance beyond a certain stake, which he pointed out to him, in the middle of the river, and therewith resumed his fishing; while Lazzaro, enjoying the coolness of the water, and still more the diversion of watching his companion (who every now and then, through mere wantonness, exhibited to him some of the finest fish, as if he had caught them between his teeth in the water,) took it into his head, that, of necessity, there must be day-light at the bottom, to enable him to entrap his prey with such sureness and dexterity. Willing, therefore, to satisfy himself as to this point of natural philosophy, he began to dip his own head under water, at first cautiously, then a littler deeper, advancing at the same time nearer and nearer the prescribed limit, when he gave a sudden plunge, which carried him out of his depth; and having neither the art to keep in his breath, nor an idea of swimming, he sunk like lead to the bottom, and in his struggles to rise again, took in the water at his mouth, ears, and nose, in such quantities, that he became suffocated; and being carried away by the current, was in a short space of time completely drowned, without having had it once in his power to cry for assistance, or in any manner to make known to his companion the danger of his situation.

Meanwhile Gabriello was pursuing his sport with such eagerness and success, as to be not at all aware of what was passing; and having at last filled his nets with the fruits of his toil, dragged them merrily to the shore, when, looking about for Lazzaro, he found him missing; and, calling several times as loud as he was able, received no answer. Upon this, he was not a little astonished and uneasy; but his alarm greatly increased, when, looking on the bank, he perceived his companion's clothes still lying there, as when he took them off; at which sight he immediately conjectured the truth of what had happened, and which was too soon confirmed, when, after a diligent search, he found the body, and dragged it on

shore, but not till every spark of life was extinct. Gabriello, however, was not a man to waste his time in vain regrets and lamentations; so, after having satisfied himself that the case was past hope of recovery, his next thought was for himself; and he began to reflect with fear and trembling, that it might be suspected that he himself had drowned him, for the sake of plunder; and, casting about him how to avoid this suspicion, (the dread of which gained strength the more he considered it,) and being, by his very despair, rendered bold, he resolved at once to give effect to a thought that just then entered his imagination, of taking upon himself the character of his lost companion. He well knew that no eye but his own had witnessed the transaction. The first thing to be done, therefore, was to deposit the fish he had caught, together with his fishing implements, in a bag which he had with him for that purpose. He then took the body on his shoulders, and, heavy as it was, laid it out upon the bank, attired it in his own clothes, and, wrapping round it one of the nets in which he made it appear to have been accidentally entangled, and fastening the other end of the same net to one of the stakes in the river, threw the body again into the middle of the water, where it lay, in such a position as to deceive any body who might discover it, into the opinion that it was drowned by means of that accidental entanglement. He then once more came ashore, and dressing himself in the clothes of the deceased, even to the hat and slippers, took to running with all his might towards home, roaring and crying all the way, "Help! help! make haste this way, and give your assistance to the poor fisherman, who is drowning." A miller, who lived hard by, was the first to hear his exclamations, and came out to meet him, to whom he related, in a confused manner, and with many loud lamentations, how Gabriello, after catching a vast number of fish, had at last got entangled in his nets, and sunk to the bottom, so that he was afraid it was over with him. The miller who never doubted for a moment that it was Lazzaro who addressed him, and being

himself an intimate friend of Gabriello's, immediately hastened to the spot, and commenced his search as directed by his informer. The body was soon found, entangled in the manner already described; and which was such, that the miller was wholly unable by himself to extricate it. By this time, however, the news had spread through the hamlet, and the neighbours crowding to the spot, they at last succeeded in dragging it out of the water, not without considerable laceration of the arms and legs round which the nets had been fastened; so that all who were present agreed, without the smallest hesitation, as to what had caused the catastrophe. So, placing it on a sort of bier, they carried it to a little country church near at hand, where it was decently laid out for inspection, and recognized by all who came to look at it, as the corpse of Gabriello.

The news had by this time reached Pisa; and the unhappy wife and children of the supposed defunct hastening to the spot, were no less deceived than the rest of the by-standers. Abundance of tears were shed, and so sincere was the grief which they demonstrated, that the true Gabriello, who stood by in the clothes of Lazzaro, and observed all that passed, could scarcely refrain from joining, with his whole heart, in the general sorrow for his own so untimely departure. Yet was it no small consolation to him, to find how deeply he was lamented; and pulling his hat (or rather, we should say, the hat of Lazzaro) over his eyes, and holding to them Lazzaro's handkerchief to dry his tears, he said, in a broken voice, (which he counterfeited as much as possible to resemble the voice of Lazzaro,) "Do not weep and bemoan yourself thus, good woman; for I will never abandon you, seeing that your husband, for love of me, and to do me pleasure, caught his death in teaching me how to fish with a casting-net; whereupon I hold myself to be the cause of his disaster, and, so long as I live, neither you nor any of yours shall come to want; and when I die, I will make for you such a provision, that you shall find no reason to regret that which you have lost;" which last words

he uttered with many sobs, as if the death of Gabriello afflicted him beyond measure; and great were the commendations and praises which (in the character of Lazzaro) he received from the by-standers, on account of the generous sentiments expressed by him.

So far every thing succeeded according to his wish; and, when the time came for the afflicted widow to withdraw herself, and for the interment of the corpse, he took his own departure for Pisa; and arriving at Lazzaro's house, let himself in by means of a key which he found in his pocket, and entered the apartments with the air of a master. He then proceeded, without ceremony, to examine into the state and condition of his new-fallen inheritance, and opening all the chests, cupboards, drawers, and closets, one after another in succession, feasted his eyes on stores of plate, linen, and rich silks, and velvets, (formerly the property of the old physician and his family;) but most of all, on the goodly prospect of some two or three thousand florins in hard cash, which had become his property, so that he was now scarcely able to contain himself for joy. However, recollecting what was Lazzaro's ordinary mode of living, he continued to dissemble; and at the usual hour of supper came forth from his chamber weeping.

The old servant-maid and man, who had been left in charge of the house, and who were present at the scene by the river-side, and heard his declarations made to the widow and children, were not at all surprised when he commanded that they should forthwith carry half a dozen loaves of bread, with a couple of flasks of the best wine, and a quantity of other provisions, to the house of Gabriello the fisherman, while he himself sat down to supper on the remainder; and after making a scanty meal, (in further imitation of his prototype) locked himself up in his chamber for the rest of the night, and never stirred thence till late the next morning. The two domestics thought they, in fact, perceived some slight change in their master's voice and mode of addressing them; but attributed it to the grief sustained from the accident, and entertained no suspicion of his identity.

It will not be supposed that Gabriello closed his eyes that night, for ruminating on the part which he had to perform, and how best to sustain it. The next day he, in like manner, sent the best part of his breakfast to his wife and children; and inquiring of the servant-maid, on her return, how she found them, received for answer, that she was still dissolved in tears, and could by no means be comforted. Upon hearing which, he (who above all men living, was tenderly attached to his wife,) could find no comfort himself, till he could devise the means of consoling her. He kept his own counsel, however, for a day or two longer; and then, when he thought he could do it without exciting suspicion, repaired to his own house, and (in the character of Lazzaro) demanded admission to the widow, whom he found seated with one of her nearest relations, and still apparently quite disconsolate. After making the usual obeisances, he now requested as a favour that her kinsman might leave them, as he had something of importance to communicate to her in private—a request which, though it appeared to her very extraordinary, she did not think it convenient to refuse. And no sooner had he quitted them, than Gabriello, without ceremony, locked the door after him, and then withdrawing into a little inner closet, made signs to his supposed widow to follow him. She, somewhat confused and startled at this new demand, began to fear what might be his intentions with respect to her, and hesitated for some time whether or not to obey him. At last, recollecting the familiarity which subsisted between Lazzaro and her husband, and the expressions of his regard and amity which he had made so loudly and repeatedly on the day of the funeral; confiding, moreover, in her own purity of intention and conjugal fidelity, she took by the hand the eldest of her children, (who happened to be present,) and followed the pretended Lazzaro into the closet, where he (forgetting his assumed character in the felicity which he then experienced) had flung himself at his ease on a small couch, on which he was accustomed to

recline, when fatigued with his day's sport or business.

Nothing could equal the astonishment of La Santa (for that was the good woman's name) at this sight; while he, not able to repress a smile expressive of his inward satisfaction, on receiving this proof of his wife's modesty and propriety, pressed his young son affectionately to his bosom, at the same time uttering some expression of tenderness which was familiar to Gabriello, and which raised still higher the wonder and surprise of his spouse. He then once more threw his arms round the child's neck, and kissed it, saying, "Your mother little thinks that it is her own happiness, and the good fortune of yourself and her husband, which she so much bewails." Not choosing, however, to confide to the boy his secret, lest, young as he was, he might inadvertently betray it, he led him gently back into the parlour, and, giving him a few pence, told him to go and play with his sister; then returning to the closet, where his wife had already half penetrated the mystery, cautiously fastened the door behind him, and then, falling into her arms, assured her that he was indeed her own Gabriello, and told her, word for word, the whole of what had passed, precisely as it has been already related. It is a question not to be asked, whether the discreet and faithful Santa was out of her senses with joy at this wonderful and unhopèd-for discovery. A thousand times did she embrace and kiss him, as if she could not have enough of embraces and kisses, bestowing them yet more profusely, in the abundance of joy, on her true living husband, than she had lately lavished, in the excess of agony, on the corpse of her supposed dead one. Both wept from the fulness of transport, and drank each other's tears, mingled together in their kisses; nor would La Santa allow herself to be fully satisfied of the reality, till she had experienced every proof of it, that the endearments of wedded love could supply. But when they had thus fully indulged their natural feelings of happiness, Gabriello explained to his wife the necessity of their still carrying on

the deception, by the abundant advantages which would accrue to themselves and their children, from the possession of such unexpected riches; and, after much deliberation, it was finally settled between them, that they should again separate (however unwillingly) for a season: and that, as soon as the laws of custom would permit, she should receive him in his assumed character of Lazzaro, as a favoured suitor, and be so united to him in a second marriage. This point was no sooner concluded than they parted, with so many demonstrations of grief, that all the household remained persuaded, that the visit he had just paid was one of simple condolence; and he returned to his new habitation, revolving in his mind in what manner he might contrive to expedite the accomplishment of his desires, so as best to impose on the world, by alleging, for a motive, his obligation, in conscience, (as Lazzaro) to bestow both his person and wealth on the widowed and orphan family, in compensation for the loss they had sustained through his ill-starred curiosity to witness the operation of fishing with a casting-net.

The conclusion of the story may be so easily guessed, that I shall not follow the example of the fair Amarantha, by relating step by step the progress towards its accomplishment. Suffice it to say, that Gabriello continued thro' life to enjoy the name of Master Lazzaro di Basilio da Milano, together with the person and affections of the good and loving La Santa, without his title to them ever being called in question; and if the severer moralist should condemn, as of immoral tendency, a denouement which leaves the hero in tranquil enjoyment of the fruits of fraud and imposition, others may make a more charitable allowance, recollecting that the fraud suggested itself, in the first instance, as a measure of self-preservation; and that the commonwealth (to which the estate of Lazzaro must otherwise, for want of heirs, have escheated) was, as a nursing-mother, more than indemnified in the happiness and prosperity of some of the most deserving of its children—setting aside the honest pains they both took (and which were crowned with abundant success) to supply the state with young soldiers.

(New Monthly Mag. March.)

THE SKELETON DANCE. A BALLAD.

THE anthem is chaunting—the priests kneel around—
No unlistening ear in the village is found,
The loud-swelling chorus flies upward to heaven,
To the organ's full peal a fresh volume is given—
The day is now waning—declining the sun,
And the Lord's-day bless'd matins are over and done.

A troop of young villagers outward are pressing,
All greeting, and laughing, and joyful caressing.
Young Roger de Tracy and Ralph Boranville,
Robert Wivell was there, and the young Amourduile.
All gay-blooded Normans—in tourney or court
Could none match the youths of fair Rix-à-la-Port.

The moon she shone mildly, the stars twinkled bright,
And flooded the Chapel with silvery light—
The spires and gravestones look'd gay; and the trees
Seem'd tipped with fair splendour, and waved in the breeze;
And out rush'd the band of the villagers gay.
As the last anthem-peal was dying away.

"Ho! ho!" cried young Roger, "a night such as this
Is sacred to lovers and kisses and bliss—
What say'st, sweet Sibylla? what, comrades? what, ho!
Shall we creep to our couches demurely and slow?
Let us hail yon fair goddess—ay now, ere we rest—
Let us hail her with revel, with dance, and with jest."

Then loud laugh'd his comrades, and shouted assent,
 "Let us to the Green;" but now, as they went,
 The holy monk Francis besought them to stay,
 "Oh! sin not," he cried, "oh! think on the day—
 Oh! think that God hallow'd this day out of seven—
 Oh! think that to pleasure six days hath he given!"

"Away with thy priestcraft," cried Roger with scorn,
 "We will dance, we will jest, we will revel till morn!
 Nay, to punish thy pride, and throw shame on thy face,
 Instead of the Green, we will dance in this place!
 Over the gravestones and over the dead!"—
 "Ay, ay," all his revelling company said.

All but one—and he was the young Amourduile;
 The rest of the band could not hear—could not feel.
 "Dear Matilda," cried he, "oh! quit, love, this place!"
 But she jeer'd at his fears, and laugh'd in his face,
 "Go, coward," she said, "go pray if you will,
 Give me dance and high revel the sunbeams until."

And now each brave youth has a fair partner led
 To dance o'er the gravestones and over the dead;
 And loud shouted Roger, and Sibyl laugh'd high,
 As over the tombs and the flesh-grass they fly.
 And holy St. Francis went mutt'ring away,
 "Ay—dance on for ever—for ever, for aye!"

Then revell'd they on, and the moon she shone bright,
 And still they dance on, as departed the night;
 And then fathers and mothers and elders so grey
 Pray'd in vain that they'd stop, in vain that they'd stay.
 They laugh'd at their fathers, they jeer'd at the grey,
 And all went with jokes or profaneness away.

Still they danced—still they danced, but now nothing said!
 As they rush'd o'er the gravestones and over the dead.
 No laughter's now heard—no revel—no jeer—
 They seem'd not to see, or to feel, or to hear!
 The maidens look'd pale, and no cheek there was red,
 As they flew o'er the gravestones and over the dead.

The morning-blush now had just dappled the sky,
 Still o'er the church-yard—ah! fastly they fly!
 The villagers gazed on the horrible band,
 And speechless—and motionless—spiritless stand.
 Some pray—some lament—some weep, and some kneel,
 When rush'd from the village the young Amourduile.

"Matilda! Matilda, oh! stop thee," he cried;
 "Oh! quit soon this horrible motion, my bride."
 She stopp'd not a moment, and nothing she said,
 But flew o'er the gravestones and over the dead;
 And on rush'd the band with the swiftness of light,
 And whirl'd round and round in the villager's sight.

In young Amourduile rush'd—the band soon came round,
 He flew to Matilda, and caught her fast round.
 She was icy—his blood thrill'd—but still he held fast,
 And on rush'd the horrible company past,
 And on swept Matilda—with fright and alarm
 He found he clasp'd still but a skeleton-arm!

Then vanish'd the band—though that night every year
 Their dance you may see—their shrieks you may hear—
 There lash'd by fierce spirits, they sweep on till morn,
 Who treated God's day and his servants with scorn.
 There the Skeleton Dance may be seen, it is said,
 Dance over the tombstones and over the dead.

(London Mag. Feb.)

THE LITERARY POLICE OFFICE, BOW STREET.

Dogberry. One word, Sir : our Watch, Sir, have, indeed, comprehended some auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your Worship.

Leonato. Take their examination yourself, and bring it to me ; I am now in great haste.—

Dogberry. It shall be suffigance.—Go, good partner, go ; get you to Francis Seacoal : bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol. We are now to examination these men.

Verges. And we must do it wisely.

Dogberry. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act III.

DEAR R——. The other day the Reporter consented to my proposal of accompanying him to one of the Police Offices. The day we chose for our visit was one of great interest and singularity—and my friend obtained for me a seat at the very foot of Sir Richard Birnie, and under the immediate nose, as I may say, of Mr. Minshull himself.

My sheet of paper is large, but the report is extensive. I therefore copy it at once, that I may get all into one sheet, and save you that *double charge*, which is as serious in letters as in guns. Here is the Report.

LITERARY POLICE, BOW STREET.

YESTERDAY the magistrates, Sir Richard Burnie, and Mr. Minshull, were employed the whole day in hearing charges preferred against literary offenders. Some of them were pregnant with great public interest ; some were unworthy of notice.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, a pedlar by trade, that hawks about shoe-laces and philosophy, was put to the bar, charged from a Mrs. Foy, of Westmoreland ; but as no one was near him at the time, and as he was *beside himself*, the charge could not be brought home. Another charge, however, was made against him, for converting to his own use a spade, with which Mr. Wilkinson had tilled his lands—but as Mr. Wilkinson was a gentleman of the Quaker persuasion, he would not appear to swear, and William also escaped on this charge. There were several readers of William's books who were ready to swear, but their oaths could not be taken. The prisoner had several duplicates of his little childish poems and toys about him, which he said he obtained from his grandmother. But it appearing that he had often imposed himself off as that old lady, he was remanded to allow of some inquiry. He conducted himself very extravagantly while before the magistrates, so as to give an idea that he was not quite right. He called himself the first man—king of the poets—and wanted to read passages from his own works to prove it. The officers had much difficulty in restraining him from getting out of the dock to beat the magistrates' brains out with a log of the "Excursion." Jeffrey, the officer, was obliged to *pinion* him.

supposed his *feet* will be all the better for this exercise. This is the same person, though much altered, who passed himself off as the Ancient Mariner, at a marriage in the metropolis some time back.

The Rev. Mr. BOWLES was charged with stealing fourteen lines from an old gentleman's garden of the name of Petrarch, at Putney. But he stating that he was not aware of his own dishonesty, and it appearing that the things were of little or no value—he was reprov'd and discharged. It was supposed that he had stolen these fourteen lines to hang himself with. This is the same person who was taken up on suspicion of being concerned in the attempted murder of Alexander Pope, at Twickenham, some time ago. But it appearing that he had no idea of what he was doing, and was generally reckoned a harmless man—he was not detained. He said he could appear to his own character.

O. GILCHRIST gave information of having been shot at while playing a game at Bowles, in his garden at Stamford. It is supposed he would have fallen, but the *cloth* protected him. Several persons have been apprehended on suspicion—but nothing is to be apprehended from the gentleman who was most talked of as the ruffian.

JOHN CLARE (a comely country-looking man, in a smock frock, and face to match) appeared to resist an order of filiation, made on the affidavit of one of the Muses with whom he had kept company, and who appeared to have been too liberal of her favours to him. The oath being persisted in, his innocence stood him in no stead ; and he was ordered to set apart half-a-crown, out of sixpence a-day, to support the child. He pleaded poverty ; but the magistrates explained to him that a poor soldier had been known to have managed such an allowance, and therefore they resisted his

S. T. COLERIDGE was brought up for idling about the suburbs of the town, without being able to give a satisfactory account of himself. He was taken up for sleeping at Highgate in the day-time. The magistrates committed him to the Muses' Treadmill for two months to hard labour. It is

plea. Clare is said to have a wife, and ten little children all under the age of 4 years, which makes his case more reprehensible.

TOM MOORE underwent a long examination for picking the pocket of the public of nine shillings, in Paternoster Row, under the pretence of selling a book. But as it was proved that there were five partners in this transaction, and that he was a mere instrument in their hands, he was on this charge discharged. He was, however, put to the bar on several other complaints, one of which was from a pretty looking unfortunate girl, one of the family of the Muses, who stated that she had known him some years ago, when by the most plausible arts he completed her ruin. She had since then been obliged to have recourse to the most distressing means for subsistence. She had been utterly deserted by him lately, and on her applying to him for relief, he had shut the door in her painted face, and informed her through the key-hole that he had married a religious woman out of the Magdalen, and was no longer a dealer in *Old Stores*. The magistrates could afford this poor unfortunate no relief. Tom was also charged by one Dan Anacreon (a man himself of no very reputable character), for obtaining odes from him under false pretences:—on this charge he was committed. The odes were exhibited in the office, and appeared to be plated goods.

SAMUEL ROGERS, a youth of very prepossessing appearance, was placed at the bar on a charge of putting off several *forged notes* upon a banker in the City. The case involved much difficulty. The banker stated that he was of the same name with the prisoner, and was perpetually subjected to the annoyance of being mistaken for a poet; the notes, however, on being examined, were found to have nothing in them—and the charge of forgery therefore fell to the ground. The prisoner looked very pale throughout his examination, and was observed to conceal something under his coat towards the end of it—on being searched, it was found to be a brace of dedications; which, from a particular mark, were known to have been shot on the banker's grounds. The banker stated that he was compelled to put a *cheque* to these things, and having suffered much by such depredations, or dedications (we could not catch the precise word) he felt it imperative on him to prosecute. The prosecutor therefore was bound over (in sheepskin), and the prisoner was taken to the strong room.

H. SMITH, and JAMES SMITH, two brothers, were put to the bar on a very serious charge of forgery. The office was crowded by those who had suffered from the ingenious arts of these offenders. Some of the papers were produced at the time of examination, and were found to be executed in the most masterly manner. They seemed to be engraved on *steel*! The Rev. Mr. Crabbe could not swear to his hand-writing

---and one or two *forges* were dead at the time of the forgeries; upon which the magistrates observed, that past obits of this nature were dangerous cases to commit upon. However, Mr. Fitzgerald swore at the forgery upon him, and the prisoners were committed. One of the brothers has, since his committal to *Bridewell*, escaped to the Continent. The other is very penitent, and exhibits great cheerfulness in his confinement. He declares that his wife expects to be *confined* in a few days, which will prove an increase to his comforts! Jem is a short thin melancholy man, with one eye, which is always bent on a joke.

TOM DIEDIN was charged with robbing openly in the day-time, and was sent to the Bench. He sat down with the magistrates.

LORD BYRON, a young person, apparently of ferocious habits, was placed at the bar, under the care of Jeffrey and Gifford, two of the officers of the Literary Police, charged with a violent assault upon several literary gentlemen; when taken, he made a determined resistance, and beat the officers dreadfully. Jeffrey had his head bound up in a blue and yellow handkerchief; and Gifford carried his *arms* in a *sling*, like David the giant-killer. The office was filled with bruised poets and broken prosers, all clamorous against the offender. It appeared, that, going home on a certain day past, he was accosted by a Muse, and was prevailed upon to take a glass of something at the *Flying Horse and Pan-pipes*, which, getting into his head, made him unruly. On quitting the place, he was met by the party complaining, who remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to convince him of the badness of the company he was keeping; when, without a word, he began laying about him manning, and knocking down all that were far or near. Several men were brained for life, and poor Mr. Fitzgerald got an ode on his head, which, it is supposed, will never be subdued; indeed, it increases every year. The prisoner, for want of *Bayle* (which he had lent to Mr. Leigh Hunt, to assist him in his philosophical pursuits), was committed to *Cold Bath Fields*, where it is feared he will soon put all the convicts into hot water. There was also an information lodged against him, by a lady of title, for keeping *unlawful game* in his house, without a licence—he was unable to pay the penalties immediately. The prisoner looked scornfully at the Bench; and Southey declared that he ought to be *hand cuffed*, but had not the courage to carry his declaration into effect. The prisoner, seeing one of Messrs. Longman's firm near him, protested, if they published his *pal* Tom Moore's *Loves of the Angels* to the world, he would make that deed and Heaven and Earth come together! The Bench shuddered at the thought, and Jeffrey was ordered to look to him. On retiring from the bar, the prisoner was very ferocious, and the officers were compelled to put his crooked spirit into a straight

waistcoat. He was scarcely 19 when he committed the offence for which he was committed.

The Rev. Mr. CRABBE, an old man of very venerable appearance, was examined on a charge of having burglariously entered the parish poor-house, and stolen therefrom a joint-stool---a deal table---a wooden spoon---a smoke-jack, and sundry kitchen and washhouse utensils. The case was clearly made out, and the parish was bound over to prosecute. It appeared that this offender had been very hard upon the paupers in the house; and, indeed, while before the magistrates, he made several irreverent jokes upon the occasion.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, alias the GREAT UNKNOWN, alias BILL BEACON, underwent a long private examination, on a sort of *novel* fraud, which was whispered to be one of a very extensive nature; nothing transpired after the examination, and the prisoner was ordered up for further hearing. Sir W. S. being a Baronet, and one of the Bench being a Scotchman, the prisoner was allowed to be out on his own recognizance. He is a tall farmer-looking man---something of a Northern Cobbett. He is said to be the same person that was connected with the Longman gang in the great poetical robbery.

SARAH SIDDONS, a person well known about the theatres, was placed at the bar under suspicion of having disinterred the body of John Milton, a respectable scrivener, from the church-yard of Cripplegate. Some of the limbs were found in her possession. She told a very plausible story, and much affected the Bench. But her powers this way were well known---and the magistrates wiped their eyes, and ordered her to find bail.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was informed against for sending out his poetical coals to Newcastle, without having the *metre's* ticket. He offered to take an oath, that he had a right to do as he thought best---but the magistrates would not listen to him. His *sack*, however, was found to be *full measure*---which was much in his favour. The officers knew Rob well, and stated that he had often been at that bar before. He is the same person that knocked down Wesley in Paternoster-row, and that took away Lord Nelson's life in Albemarle-street. On being called upon to account for his manner of living---he declared that he lived upon the lives of others---that he was the only man of unimpeachable morals in the world---that he knew and revered the King, Mr. Croker, and the constitution; and that he would, if the magistrates pleased, write an Ode on the Police, which might be stuck up in some conspicuous place, to keep respectable peo-

ple away. He was fined in the mitigated penalty of 1*l.* and was ordered to be confined until the same was paid. He sold some waste paper, which his publishers held, and got out without a single rag being left.

BARRY CORNWALL was brought up---charged by the officers with having created a crowd, and occasioned a disturbance at Covent-Garden theatre. On expressing his contrition, and promising to offend again, he was reprimanded and discharged. He seemed to be a young man of very violent habits, and was near *flooding* the officer.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, a man well known about town, was charged with keeping a Little-go---for unlawful insurances in the lottery of Fame. It was proved that he had taken in several poor authors to his concern---and he not being able to account for himself, was ordered to a year's hard labour, and to stand in the pillory in Conduit-street the first day of every month.

The Hon. Mr. SPENCER---Lord JOHN RUSSELL---Lord and Lady BLESSINGTON---the Duke of RUTLAND---Lord THURLOW, and several others, all persons of no literary repute, were placed at the bar from the St. James's watch-house, charged with frequenting a masquerade at unlicensed rooms. They were brought up in their several motley dresses, and made the Literary Police Officers grin at the ridiculous figures they cut. Mr. Spencer was an Apollo---the wreath around his head was of artificial flowers, and he sang complimentary odes to ladies of fashion, which he accompanied on his *tyre*! Lord J. Russell was dressed up as Carlos in the *Duenna*: he supported the part pretty well, but he was obliged to do so, for the part would not support him.---Lord Blessington appeared as Lord Colambre, out of Miss Edgeworth's novel of the Absentee, and did not look well---his lady attempted the character of the authoress, and got some *credit* by writing on the *ready Rhine-o.*---The Duke of Rutland made a very indifferent Mungo Park; and Lord Thurlow was a middling Sir Philip Sidney dismounted!---They all pleaded ignorance as an excuse for their bad works, and were fined a shilling each and discharged.

Just as the Bench had got thro' all these charges, and the magistrates were rising, GEORGE COLMAN was brought in, charged with having attempted to destroy himself with poison. He talked a great deal of skinkable skamble stuff---about the Law of Java---and the Upas-tree---but no one could understand him. It appearing, however, that he had formerly been in his senses, he was given over to his friends, with strict injunctions, that pen, ink, and paper, and all such dangerous weapons should be strictly kept out of his reach.

I have scarcely an inch of *lappel* left to say another word, and indeed my hand is already cramped with copying the report. I sincerely hope, my dear R---, that you will relish it as it is intended;---nought is done in malice, but all in humour---and, I trust, in good humour. Your friend, EDW. HERBERT.

(London Mag. March.)

THE KING OF PERSIA'S FEMALE GUARDS.

EVERY one has heard, or every one may have heard, that his Majesty the King of Persia has eight hundred wives, or ladies in his harem, and that every man in the country has as many as he can keep, and more than he can manage. European husbands, who have only one, and yet find it difficult enough at times to be the masters in their own houses, can hardly imagine the straits their eastern brethren in matrimony are sometimes driven to by thus multiplying their domestic blessings. A man can with little propriety, in this country, talk of his rib, or his better half; he is the mere stem of a cluster of dates—a poor dry stick, surrounded and weighed down with rich ripe fruit. Yet he must endeavour to subdue the inveterate animosities of interested rivals, and contrive to preserve some order amidst the discordance of the divided wives of his bosom (peace and quiet he never hopes for.) As this must be absolutely effected by his own exertions, it being indecent even to name his wife or wives to a neighbour, or to ask his advice or assistance under any circumstances; the science of managing one's own family has long been the favourite pursuit, and intricate study, of the most learned philosophers and able diplomatists. Many are the schemes, good and bad, to effect this great purpose, which have been proposed, adopted, and rejected in their turn. The last, and perhaps one of the best, is that devised, and at present actually practised by the Moolah Alaverdi, of the Ibrahim Mosque. It is concise, simple, and, as far as it goes, tolerably efficacious; but it is extremely limited in its action. It consists in hanging up a small whip, with a whistle attached, to the right hand door-post of the ladies' apartment. When the venerable Moolah enters, he unhooks his whip, and first gives a neat distinct whistle, which immediately assembles the ladies around him; as the pipe of the shepherd collects together his dispersed flock. He then lays the whip smartly over the back of the first, or

head wife, and continues to apply a similar discipline to every one present, till each has received her portion, strictly observing the regular order of precedence and rank, and carefully avoiding all partiality, by giving out his whole strength to each blow. He has hitherto invariably found himself respected, loved, and obeyed at the conclusion of the ceremony by his affectionate and dutiful spouses. He now boasts of his method as infallible, asserts that his theory is now confirmed and established by experiment, and that this is the true and only way to manage a family. The Moolah, like many other men, is the devoted bigot of his own system, and blind to its imperfections as a general practice, or he must feel conscious, as any impartial observer does, that it never could be applied with any advantage in a large marriage establishment. Taking his own word for it, I make no doubt that he has found it perfectly successful in his own; but the Moolah should recollect that the discipline adequate to maintain order and regularity in the house of a parish priest, whose whole inside (as we correctly translate *Haram Khonar*.) contains but four wives and nine concubines, would prove totally insufficient for the extended interior of a Khan or Bey li Beggy. In the first instance, any man, endowed with ordinary strength and facility of wrist, can sufficiently illustrate the necessity of passive obedience to thirteen wives in one quarter of an hour, allowing one minute to each, and two for changing places. But—to proceed from the fountain head, let us turn our eyes for an instant on the Brother of the Sun, our most merciful King, first Cousin to the Moon, Light of the World, and Glory of the Universe, and conceive his having to whip eight hundred wives daily. The thing is in itself impossible. His majesty might neglect the most important of the state affairs, might abstain from all amusement and recreation, not even witnessing the bastinadoing of a Khan, or the bowstringing of a single Mirza, exhausting his precious and celestial powers in

useless efforts, and not accomplish the work to his own satisfaction in the course of one sun. The very few eunuchs attached to the court, and their inability to afford any assistance (except by good wishes) would always leave the whole burthen on his own illustrious shoulders, and convert his Sublime Majesty into a mere carrier of raw hides.

This weighty enterprise has been regulated and conducted in a much more dignified and certain manner by his Majesty's glorious progenitors, predecessors I would say, the Crown here not being exactly hereditary in descent; indeed, our present gracious Sovereign is the first of his race who has reigned by succession. His worthy uncle, whose title he justly inherits, dethroned his master, the then reigning tyrant (all dethroned kings are fools or tyrants). They have ever wielded the sceptre with paternal solicitude, chastising their refractory subjects as a tender parent corrects his disobedient child with the rod. Within the harem is established a regular court, in exact imitation of the exterior one, with officers of state, guards, attendants, &c. —she-duplicates of all, excepting priests. As it always has been a very disputed point, whether women have souls or not, it is deemed more prudent to leave that question undetermined. The establishment of a female priesthood must be expensive, and, without any certain benefit, would tend to confirm them in their ambitious belief, that in the eyes of Providence they are equal to men; yet such is the affectionate lenity of these patriarchal rulers, that every woman asserting herself possessed of a soul is permitted the entire keeping and exercise of it for her own private advantage. To these lady-ministers and generals is entrusted the entire administration of all the interior affairs, the strictest precautions being observed to exclude all communication with the exterior. When his Majesty intends to dispel the clouds of the harem by the joy of his presence, he is conducted by his male guards to the entrance of a certain crooked narrow passage, where they are drawn up to present their parting homage. When the darkness

of the night falls upon the eyes of the exteriors, by the setting of the sun into the afore-mentioned crooked passage, he dawns forth resplendent from the little door at the other end, to enliven with the radiance of his countenance the day of the interior. He is there received by his attendant female goulams and feraches, (or cut-throats) who conduct him through the assembled ministers to the nummud or carpet of state, where he seats himself to administer (first calling for his calcoon or pipe) impartial and severe justice to his faithful female subjects.

One of these trials, or courts-martial, (for the offender it seems, was a military lady) has lately come to my own knowledge; how, I need not explain. I was always inquisitive, and liked to have a friend at court. As the proceedings are rather singular, and in some measure illustrate the interior economy of the royal household, they may not altogether be unacceptable to a European reader. I shall therefore transcribe them, deferring to another occasion my further animadversions and objections to the Moolah Alaverdi's plan, as entirely inapplicable to large insides.

I shall omit the Persian titles of Serang, Sultaun, &c. and adopt as near as may be, the corresponding terms in English, as more intelligible.

The court being solemnly assembled, seated, and served with pipes and coffee, the charges were brought forward and read aloud by the secretary, Minikin, with all the emphasis of nasal monotony of which the language is so peculiarly susceptible.

The indictment, or accusation, is against Ensign Chubby, of the sweetmeat battalion, and is divided into three separate charges of misdemeanour.

First, for most improper, indecent, disorderly behaviour in the public bazaar, having walked across the same without a veil contrary to all moral discipline, or the strict decorum of deportment absolutely imposed on all officers of the rank of Ensign Chubby.

Secondly, for unofficer and unlady-like conduct, totally subversive of all military discipline, in wantonly and cruelly wounding Corporal Dimple;

and in using indelicate language to Major Rosebud of the laundry department, an officer of irreproachable reputation, undeniable virtue, and mother of a large family by a lawful husband, from whose violent temper and cruel stick the Major had every thing to fear, had this slanderous imputation reached his ears.

Thirdly, that, in consequence of certain suspicions excited by the frequent absence of Ensign Chubby from duty, without assigning sufficient cause, a jury of discreet matronly officers had been appointed to examine the case; who, after the most careful investigation, report the aforesaid ensign to be some months advanced in a state, utterly unbecoming the character of a single officer and girl of honour.

Upon the first charge, it was clearly proved, by the testimonies of Captains Sloe-eye and Beauty, confirmed by Serjeant Languish, that on Thursday, the 6th of last moon, at or about the first hour, after calling mid-day prayers, Ensign Chubby walked twice across the jeweller's bazaar with a veil immodestly arranged, and only partially covering the face with one corner of it; two-thirds of the nose at least, and one eye of the said ensign, being absolutely exposed to the public gaze. Moreover, that on turning the corner, just by the shawl-mender's stall, leading to Hassan Ali Mirza's, the said Ensign stopped, and familiarly conversed, full five minutes, with a He Serjeant of the Shegaughies, then quartered in town or passing through. The facts being clearly proved, the guilt of the Ensign was fully established.

Upon the second charge the following facts were advanced, and most distinctly proved by a number of reputable witnesses. The respectable Major, whose superior knowledge and skill in all kinds of needle work is undisputed and admired by the whole corps, was kindly giving some instructions, how to cut out six chemises to the greatest advantage from a piece of Indian muslin, to Corporal Dimple, who had undertaken to make and embroider them down the front with the new Ispahaun pattern, for the lady Fatima. Ensign Chubby entered the chamber, and commenced conversation so as to bring a blush into the cheeks of every young soldier

present. The Ensign continued in the same strain for a considerable period; at the same time throwing on one side the scissors; wilfully burning a thread paper of green silk; at last, beating the Major's best chased silver thimble in the mangal, and privately and maliciously replacing it at the moment that the honest corporal looked out a superfine needle to backstitch the left hand gusset of the second chemise. A horrid wound was inflicted upon the sewing finger of the unfortunate corporal; the celebrated Bandinjon cataplasm was speedily provided and applied by the active exertions of the party; but unfortunately without that happy success which so frequently attends the operation of this far-famed remedy. The suffering object of this diabolical joke remains yet incapable of duty, civil or military; and, in consequence, the lady Fatima is deprived of the advantages of clean linen. No superior officer could witness such outrageous conduct without giving a reprimand to the offender, which, although couched in perfect genteel and lady-like language, provoked a most slipshod reply. Finally, that the slanderous tongue of the aforesaid Ensign dared in the presence of numerous witnesses to contaminate the name of the virtuous Major with an odious appellation.

To the third charge, the person of the ensign bore sufficient testimony of guilt. Accordingly the court found the prisoner guilty on all and each of the accusations; and without hesitation, unanimously declared their verdict. The president, Colonel Simper, of the kitchen guard, a chaste maiden officer advanced in years, after a most delicate and pathetic discourse on the loveliness of virtue, in which the spotless purity of conduct requisite to embellish the character of a young soldier was finely illustrated, pronounced the sentence of the court: That Ensign Chubby, of the sweetmeat battalion, be degraded to the rank of a common soldier, and rendered incapable of ever again bearing a commission. The court, in the mean time, to prevent disgrace to the corps, will take care to provide a husband suitable to the present rank of the late Ensign.

In consequence of this trial, the following general orders have been issued and enforced through the whole harem. That no officer capable of bearing children shall presume to frequent the bazaars, markets, or other public places, without being attended by a reputable old woman. It is also highly recommended to young officers to wear the Indian corsets, for the better preservation of their shapes..

The practice of soldiers suckling their children on parade, having introduced various and considerable disorders in the discipline requisite for all

good troops, male and female; the same is strictly forbidden from this day. Nevertheless, the king of kings, ever careful of the well-being of his army, condescends, in his excelling bounty, to grant one hundred and eighty days leave of absence to all soldiers seven-months gone with child, for the purpose of being confined, and suckling the said child during its tenderest infancy; provided always that the same be lawfully begotten in wedlock, and that no disparagement be brought upon the corps by its birth.

Teheran.

J. W. W.

(Europ. Mag.)

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTER V.

From Sir Charles Darnley, Bart. to the Marquis de Vermont.

Paris.

MY DEAR MARQUIS,

BY the assistance of your numerous and flattering recommendations, I begin to make my way in French society. I am very sensible of the obligations I owe you in this respect, for I find my countrymen are not very popular in this city; and, with the exception of a very small number of persons of exalted rank, who, by peculiar favour, are still admitted, the doors of the most respectable Parisians are shut against the English. Had I not, therefore, possessed such a *talisman*, as the name of your friend bestows on me, I must have been satisfied in dividing my mornings between the gallery of the Louvre, and the promenades of the Thuilleries and Bois de Bologne; and my evenings between the theatres, the Palais Royal, and the gaming-houses. Such is the manner in which two-thirds of British travellers consume their time in this town; and such, and such only, are the opportunities they enjoy of examining your national character.

I, on the contrary, have been hospitably entertained at several houses; and, in becoming better acquainted with the customs of the country, have already reconciled myself to many which, at first, seemed either extraordinary or improper.—For instance: finding, in the commencement of my

career, that only an hour was allotted to dinner (which I confess still appears to me too short a period for that meal, if conversation and not the mere gratification of the appetite brings friends together on such occasions,) and observing that your countrymen immediately after these hasty repasts, hurried away to pay a round of visits, I began to suspect that the French were quite insensible of those pleasures from which we derive our best enjoyments,—I mean the charms of a domestic circle. In acquiring a more correct knowledge of your habits, I perceive my mistake, and acknowledge that the difference between the usages of the two nations in this respect, is more in the name than the reality. Perhaps it is true, that it happens oftener to an Englishman than to a Frenchman, to spend his evenings with his wife and children, without any company, and with only those amusements which conversation, books, or music afford. But if the *soirées* of a Parisian are not exclusively devoted to the inmates of his family, he does not pass them with strangers. The visitors whom he receives, or the persons in calling on whom he passes the hours after dinner, are generally either his near relations, or old and long-tried friends. He seldom stays by his own fire-side, unless it is enli-

vened by the presence of some one whom he sincerely loves; but when he goes from home, it is to enjoy the society of those who are endeared to him by the ties of blood, or by those of the tenderest attachment, or not, as is the case too often when we go into the world in London, to mix in heartless crowds of five hundred or a thousand persons, whom vanity, and not affection, brings together.

Indeed, the manner in which the claims of kindred and ancient friendship are attended to, in this country, is highly honourable to the national character. Nothing, I am told, is more rare than a disagreement between parents and children. The remotest degrees of relationship are respectfully remembered, and the nearer ones are considered almost sacred. Indeed, it is delightful, in the centre of a dissipated city, and in the highest circles of its society, to hear those who compose them addressing each other by the primitive but affectionate titles of father, mother, uncle, aunt, or cousin.—On the whole, therefore, I think it may be said, with truth, that if a Frenchman goes oftener abroad than an Englishman, when abroad the Frenchman is more at home.—His wife and children may not occupy so much of his time, but his parents and near relations see him much oftener. Hence, too, arises another amiable trait, which I have much pleasure in remarking,—I mean the general respect which is paid to age. Instead of persons advanced in life being neglected and rarely invited into company (which I fear are faults of commission and omission equally common in England,) I find them admitted into all parties in France, and received with every testimony of marked and becoming respect. The youngest and most dissipated coxcomb of Paris will offer his arm to a matron of seventy, if, in crossing the room, her tottering step betrays her need of such assistance; nor will his politeness cease, till he has led her to an armed chair, drawn a footstool near her, and placed her work-bag on the table before her. Nor have I ever seen here such scenes, as I fear you have too frequently occasion to remark at our balls in London,

—I mean, two or three giddy girls leaning on the arm of their partners, and making their way to the supper-room, in high glee and spirits, while their respectable mother, alone and unprotected, seems scarcely remembered, and is left to the mercy of a fashionable, but ill-mannered crowd. But after making these concessions, which truth and justice demand, I must be permitted to remark another trait in your national character of a different description, which I was led to observe, by being accidentally present at a curious scene, which I shall now relate:—

I must begin by telling you that I have learnt to conform myself to the usages of this country, and now make a round of daily visits with all the regularity of a London physician. On one of these occasions, while paying my respects to your friend the Countess de —, I found a large party assembled, and busily engaged in a conversation, which my arrival by no means interrupted; for you know, that, in a Parisian circle, every thing is openly discussed, whether it relates to the ingredients of a medicine, or the effects which it has produced—to the arrangement of a court-dress, or to that of a wedding—to the hiring of a servant or a house, or to some occurrence deeply affecting the fortunes or the affections of the parties. Well, I found that the present discussion related to a splendid gala, for which the Countess had sent out cards of invitation, and which is given in honour of the approaching nuptials of her lovely daughter with the Marquis de —. Now the report of this intended gala having reached the ears of the young *Duchesse de —*, she became extremely anxious to obtain a ticket, because, as the company invited are to assume on this occasion, the *costume* of the reign of Henry IVth., she had the vanity to think that her person was particularly suited to the dress usually given in the pictures of those days to "*La Belle Gabrielle*." —Not being known to the Countess, she applied to the Chevalier de —, (who is the intimate friend of both ladies) and he willingly undertook the task, which he was now endeavouring to execute. In answer to his request

of an invitation for the Duchess, the Countess rather coldly answered, "that the entertainment was solely given to her intimate acquaintance, and that she had not the honour of perceiving the name of the Duchess in that list."

"On which list?" rejoined the Chevalier (who would not be deterred from his object) "No person is more ambitious of appearing than her for whom I apply."

"The Duchess is very polite," said the lady of the house.—"*Mais*."

"*Mais*! what?" interrupted the Chevalier; "You can have no objection to visit the Duchess; for, though beautiful, you know her character is irreproachable."

"Undoubtedly," answered the Countess; "and on any other occasion I should be proud to have the honour of being presented to the Duchess.—*Mais*."

"For God's sake," exclaimed the Chevalier, again interrupting her, "give me no more of these chilling *mais*, but let us come to a proper understanding.—I need not remind you, that with the single exception of your own, the Duchess keeps the most agreeable house at Paris. Her weekly parties are delightful, and she authorises me to say, that if you will gratify her in this particular instance, she will be happy to invite you and your fair daughter to these her regular *soirées*, and also to a

masquerade which she is soon to give; and by way of obviating every difficulty on the score of ceremony, before the evening of your *fête*, she will leave her card at your door."

The Chevalier had now touched the magic chord, (for these weekly parties had long been the subject of many an anxious wish in the bosom of the Countess) her frigid word *mais* was no more repeated—every scruple vanished—the lady smiled—the ticket was signed, sealed, and delivered, and M. Le Chevalier hastened away to the expecting Duchess, not more pleased at having executed his commission than the Countess seemed to be at having made so profitable a bargain. Now, though there was no harm in all this, it disclosed a characteristic trait, and shews that such is the ardour of the French, in the pursuit of pleasure, that even the proudest of them are disposed to make a sacrifice of every feeling of delicacy, when amusement offers its seductive bait.

Here, in spite of the unaltered prejudices of your *haute noblesse* against the very name of trade, two ladies of the highest rank were seen bartering ball against ball, with all the trading spirit and manœuvring adroitness which commercial men display when exchanging bales of cotton for hogsheads of claret, or loads of iron for cargoes of East or West Indian produce. Adieu. CHARLES DARNLEY.

LETTER VI.

From the Marquis de Vermont, to Sir Charles Darnley, Bart.

London.

MY DEAR DARNLEY,

IT gives me great pleasure to find, both from your own letters, and from those of my correspondents, that you have already made yourself popular in those circles to which it has been my good fortune to be the accidental cause of first introducing you. My national vanity, too, is much gratified in drawing from you an acknowledgment, that if we have many foibles, we have still some virtues.

As your residence lengthens amongst us, and consequently your knowledge of our habits, I flatter myself that you will discover other objects deserving your commendation; and I am persuaded, that in spite of the caricature

drawn in one of your letters of the manner in which you suppose marriages to be contracted amongst us, you will discover that examples of conjugal felicity are at least as common at Paris as in London.

If my letters have been of any use to you, the obligation has been amply repaid by the benefit which I have received from your recommendations in London. I have already received so many invitations to the hospitable tables of your friends, that I have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the manner in which the English associate together on these occasions. I have by accident visited at the houses of persons in very different situations of life,

and probably of very different fortunes ; and nothing has surprised me more, than to observe in all of them a similar character. I have dined in the families of merchants, lawyers, physicians, private gentlemen, privy-counsellors, and peers, without remarking any distinguishing circumstance, which could have shewn the class to which they respectively belonged. Every where I find a party of sixteen or eighteen persons, who are ushered from the drawing-room to the eating-parlour with *heraldic* precision, according to the rank which each individual is by law entitled to claim. Every where numerous tapers, held in lofty candelabra, or lamps in classical shapes, diffuse a brilliant light. Every where champagne sparkles in the silver ice-pails, while innumerable other wines of the rarest kind, and richest flavour, are handed round in troublesome profusion.

Every where two copious services, with various removes, appear on dishes of embossed plate, or on those of the most beautiful china, and are followed by a dessert of equal magnificence. Every where the attendants are numerous and well dressed, and every where reigns that corresponding neatness and propriety which so peculiarly distinguish your establishments.

Now, though wealth is very generally diffused in this country, I cannot understand how all those persons, among whom this wealth must have fallen in very different proportions, contrive to live with equal splendour and expense. *A propos de la cuisine*, you must pardon me for observing, that the desire of adopting not only the style of our eating, but also the names of our dishes, (which is so prevalent as to become almost a *rage*) leads your ladies and gentlemen into as many mistakes in talking of them, as their cooks commit in the composition of these favourite articles. Thus at one dinner I was asked to help the *bully beef*, at another I was offered a *cutté* of mutton, and at a third I was assured the *raggoo* veal was excellent, yet the persons from whose lips fell these barbarisms were, in other respects, neither vulgar nor illiterate.

After acknowledging the expensive

hospitality with which strangers are received in England, and the taste and elegance which the entertainments given by the higher ranks in this country display, I am sorry to say, that my praises can go no farther.

It does indeed seem to me most extraordinary, that, at tables where such large sums are lavished in procuring every possible gratification for the *eye* and *appetite*, no regard should be paid to the mutual *taste* and *feelings* of the guests. I see every day the most glaring incongruities of this kind at houses, the owners of which would think themselves mortified and degraded, if their servants committed the slightest deviation from received usage, in the arrangement of the various luxuries with which their table is loaded. Thus I have remarked a beautiful and lively young girl seated between a superannuated beau and a prim doctor of divinity. A *blue-stocking belle*, with a giddy officer of the guards on one side, and a fox-hunting squire on the other—a lady of the evangelical school next a professed libertine, a talkative and speculative widow near a married man, (who was also deaf,) and a violent oppositionist by the side of a peer in office. I have seen an author condemned to have for his neighbour, the known writer of a critique, under the severity of which he was still smarting ; and two Frenchmen placed side by side, who, though both emigrants to this country, were driven hither by the violence of their opposite opinions, the one for his unabated attachment to the fallen Napoleon, and the other for his ultra-zeal in the cause of legitimacy. In short, nothing can be more comical than the confusion produced by such ill-assorted parties, and I have sometimes been half tempted to suspect that the giver of the *fête* had amused himself in bringing together the persons least suited to each other.

The natural consequence of the little attention paid to the selection of the company is, that at these great dinners there is but little conversation, and except for professed gluttons no real enjoyment. Indeed, I find, that while the ladies remain at table, a certain number of common place questions are

so often repeated, in lieu of the sensible remarks which I expected from the well informed English, that I am no less tired of hearing them re-echoed than of receiving the circular visits of the servants, who plague one almost every five minutes, with the offer of some fresh kind of beverage. The interrogations I allude to are, with very little variation, as follow :—Will you do me the honour of taking a glass of wine with me? Do you prefer Santerne or Hermitage? Champagne or Hock? Were you at the Opera last night? What do you think of the new ballet? What news have you from Paris? Do you like England? Are you going to Lady Bell Barebone's *quadrille*, or Lady Lappet's "*At Home*?"

When the moment arrives at which, according to your ungallant customs, the female part of the company disappears, those who remain become, I am ashamed to say so, more at their ease, and less disposed to formality. I must confess that I have never yet witnessed one of those Bacchanalian scenes, the dread of which formerly made a journey to this country appear an object of horror to the mind of a Frenchman. Still it seems strange that the absence of that sex (whose presence every where is the signal of pleasure) should here act as a charm in unbending the heart of John Bull. But though on these occasions your countrymen throw aside their gravity, they do not become either more entertaining or more decorous, and I have often heard a kind of conversation at the best tables, such as in France would only be tolerated at the mess of a garrison town, or among professed debauchees in their moments of secret and vicious indulgence.

An English gentleman, free from all prejudices, who has often given me very valuable information, assures me that expensive entertainments are given by many who can but ill afford them, and as the grand object is to *repay* those entertainments of which they have already partaken, and to challenge similar invitations from those whom they are ambitious of visiting, they crowd together as many guests as possible, selecting them, not according to their social qualities, but as policy or vanity

dictates, after examining the *ledger account* in which they regularly enter the parties, past, expected, and to come.

Indeed my informant goes farther, and pretends that *first* and *second-hand dinners* are quite common in London, that is to say, two feasts are given in the same week. To the first all the highest titled and wealthiest of the donor's acquaintance are exclusively invited; and to the second (which is simply a bash of the former repast) his poorer and more distant connexions and country consins, mixed up, perhaps with some needy Scotch lords, who are reserved for the inferior banquet, in order to excite the wonder and respect of the rest of the company. My friend has described one of these scenes in some lines which, with his permission, I shall now venture to transcribe :—

If with limited means you would make a display,
Come listen to me and I'll show you the way;
Pick acquaintance with persons of fashion and state,
I mean such *as are*, or who *think themselves* great;
For our folks of distinction, high rank, and high birth,
Mix strangely with some of the basest on earth;
And those counterfeit great ones pass current, I'm told,
Just as pieces of paper were taken for gold.—
Hire a house in the purlieus of *Ton*, and take care
That it stands in a street near some *smart-sounding*
square :
Such as *Hanover*, *Grosvenor*, or *Portman* at least,
Then make your arrangements for giving a feast.
Of your room and your table first measure the feet,
To see if a score of these dons you can seat.
Wedge together like slaves in a ship, for you know
The object you aim at 's not *comfort* but *show*;
Next, send out your cards, and remember *their size*
Is a thing which by no means you ought to despise;
For a large printed card, like a thundering knock,
Announces a person of no vulgar stock;
And after inviting lords, dandies, and wits,
With some belles, and a few of the feed-giving cits,
Let your board, deck'd by *cuisinier françois* display
As per contract agreed on, *des plats raisonnees*;
And so having made on that day a great *dash*,
You may ask your old friends on the next to a bash;
For these Frenchmen a plan economic pursue,
And out of one dinner, contrive to pinch two.
To be sure it may happen, that things may go wrong;
That the fish may be stale, or the soup not too strong;
That the sauces prove sour, and the cream rather acid;
But keep your own secret, dear Sir, and be placid;
Your second-hand guests (form'd of quizzers who dine
At home on boil'd chickens, roast beef, or cold chine)
In spite of wry faces will cram, and suppose
That all faults are the faults of their taste or their
nose.
And if the next morning their stomachs should rue
The honour allow'd them of feasting with you,
They'll think it a tax, tho' discover'd too late,
Which the little must pay when they mix with the
great.

After saying so much above respecting the dinner-parties of London, I must add a few words on the assemblies with which they are generally concluded. Here, again, as a Frenchman, I shall appear ungrateful, when I complain of the old English country-dance having been abandoned for one, which you now call the *quadrille*, but which, formerly, in your rage for foreign misnames, you used to style the *cotillon*, a word in French, which expresses nothing but an *under-petticoat*, in which sense it is used in one of our most ancient ballads. Well, it appears to me that the good people of this town have, since the peace, been seized with a *dausamania Gallica*. Whenever persons meet of both sexes within the extensive limits of this over-grown metropolis, no matter of whom the company consists, a *quadrille* must be got up, and in adjourning from the dining to the drawing-room, at all the houses which I frequent, I am sure to find an exhibition of this sort already begun—or the lady of the mansion using all her influence with the young men, to offer their hands in this dance to some of the many anxiously expecting damsels.

Though nothing can be prettier than the *quadrille*, when correctly and gracefully danced, it is so difficult to attain any thing like perfection in the perfor-

mance, that, even at Paris, none make the attempt but the youngest of our beaux and belles; and those who do so, devote half their mornings to previous rehearsals. Is it surprising then, that in England it is rarely well executed? Indeed, nothing can be more absurd to the eye of a Frenchman than to see eight, or, at most, sixteen persons of different ages and figures, monopolizing the attention of a numerous assembly, while some unfortunate girl, disappointed of a partner, plays, unwillingly, the part of the musician at the piano-forte. On such occasions, it seems to me that this fashion has the happy effect of making a small number of individuals ridiculous, and condemning every body else to give away their evenings in apathy and ill-humour. But before I conclude, I must beg you to understand, that in venturing to tell you how little pleased I am with the ostentatious entertainments which I have attempted to describe, I am far from wishing to insinuate, that real hospitality is effaced from the list of your virtues; for though, certainly, a plain dinner has now become as rare in London as a plain coat was formerly at Paris, I have, at many sumptuous banquets, been received with the utmost cordiality and unaffected kindness.

Farewell.

DE VERMONT.

(London Mag.)

THE MISCELLANY.

WE shall not trouble our readers with a regular introduction to our third number of the Miscellany. We have brought it into life, nursed it for a couple of months, and henceforward it must shift for itself, without any paternal preface. We are not unfeeling—we are not monsters—but we know when to wean our children, as well as when to humor them.

Our Miscellany opens this month with a sonnet from a correspondent, which is fit to shine through any Miscellany in the world. How gentle and soothing it is! How did the writer arrive at it? We suppose that "*Silence* was took ere she was ware."

SONNET.—SILENCE.

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
 There is a silence where no sound may be,
 In the cold grave—under the deep deep sea,
 Or in wide desert where no life is found,
 Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
 No voice is hush'd,—no life treads silently,
 But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
 That never spoke—over the idle ground:
 But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
 Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
 Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,
 And owls, that flit continually between,
 Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
 There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

T.

MRS. SIDDONS'S ABRIDGEMENT OF PARADISE LOST.*

It much repenteth us that we ever opened this book, for it painfully proves that Mrs. Siddons can do little things. As an actress she towered in our recollections far above her sex, and seemed to be rather some inspired Goddess of Tragedy, than a mere woman subject to the failings of her kind. Her name ever recalled to mind her magic powers, and you thought rather of Lady Macbeth, than of any one breathing the same air with you. This precious book once opened,—down goes her grandeur,—her awful image—like a broken statue! The title page has, indeed, the wondrous name, “Mrs. Siddons,”—but that name is preceded by the title of the book, and what a title;—“The story of our First Parents selected from Milton’s *Paradise Lost*; for the Use of Young Persons!” “Is it come to this?” Has Mrs. Siddons come to this? Could Mrs. Siddons take poor Milton, and thus “first cut the head off, and then hack the limbs?” Could she thus snip up the sublime and beautiful into what Dr. Kitchener would call thin “slices?” Could she really condescend to become an authoress on the strength of an eighteen-penny copy of *Paradise Lost*, and a pair scissors? Is Lady Macbeth sunk into the telling of stories about our first parents? Alas! Is Mrs. Siddons, in

short, destined to be only “for the use of Young Persons?”

It is clear that there is something great in the name of Siddons, or Mr. Murray would not suffer his own to follow it on the title page, or to be connected with so miserable a selection as the present. But if any thing were wanting, besides “the abstract,” to tarnish the brightness of such a name, the Preface would amply complete the ruin.

Sarah Siddons! Who is *Sarah* Siddons? Mercy on us, is this the Christian addition to the grand name of Siddons! With such a plain everyday name, we only wonder how she ever awed the town to weep at her. Isabella we could have borne. Constance, Katharine, Volumnia, would have been endurable. Belvidera we could have worshipped. Indeed we should have guessed her to be one of these:—but hard *Sarah* breaks our very hearts,—and, do what we will, we cannot get rid of the unchristian Christian cognomen; which, indeed, defaces the statue of Tragedy, so long raised in our minds. We grieve at it, as we should at reading, “*Buy Warren’s Blacking*” on the walls of the Parthenon. The friends who caused this book to be printed have much to answer for. “Oh for a good sound sleep, and so forget it!”

THOUGHTS ON SCULPTURE.

There is something sublime in the pale repose of fine sculpture: colour is as noise and motion.—Harlequin is motley and active—but a statue is a thing only of light and shade; and stillness and silence are its proper attributes, and the first inspiration of its presence. On entering the repository of the Elgin Marbles, the voice is instantly subdued to a whisper, and the foot is restrained in its tread; there is no occasion for the written requests of the students to preserve silence—it will keep itself, the best peace officer of the place. We seem to be, not among imitations, but petrifications of life, and feel as if noise, or mirth, or ungentle motion, were an insult to their constrained quietness. The most impassioned, the

most ruffled, are as mute as Niobe when she turned to stone: even that snorting horse, wild and fiery as he may once have been, distends only a breathless nostril to the air, and is fixed for ever. If he move not now, he will never move more, so much he has the look of fierce intent. Theseus sits too, as if he would never rise again; but in him you might fancy it merely the fault of his will. This repose seems the proper mood of a statue. It should be pale in act, as pale in substance—either above or beneath all violence—too rock-like to be rudely acted on, or too delicate and aerial, too sylph-like for touch—too pure even (as it seems) to be stained by the light. I remember a female figure of this na-

* The Story of our First Parents, selected from Milton’s *Paradise Lost*: for the Use of Young Persons. By Sarah Siddons.

ture, which might have been a personification of Silence,—a marble metaphor of Peace. Alone, and still, and hushed, it stood in the dark of a long passage, like an embodied twilight, not dead, but with such a breathless life as we conceive in a solemn midnight apparition ;—passionless, yet not incapable of passion, as if only there was no cause mighty enough in this world to disturb her divine rest. There she

stood, with her blank eyes,[†] gazing no one knew whither—not asleep,—but as in one of those dreams which make up the life of gods, blissful, serene, and eternal—herself almost a dream, she seemed so pale, and shadowy, and unreal—as unreal as if only framed out of moonlight. or (what is quite possible) only the fanciful creation of my own theory. T.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON.

The following is an authentic letter from Gen. Washington, to Doctor Cochran, Director-General of the American military hospitals during the revolutionary war. It is a playful and humorous invitation to dinner, and is curious enough, when we consider it as coming from the emancipator of a hemisphere. It certainly shows that the writer did not justly merit the reproach which has sometimes been cast on him of his possessing a cold and unsocial temper.

West Point August 16, 1779.

Dear Doctor,—I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow ; but ought I not to apprise them of their fare ? *As I hate deception even where imagination is concerned*, I will.

It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies—of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is rather more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since my arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon to grace the head of the table—a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a small dish of greens or beans (almost imperceptible) decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind

to cut a figure (and this, I presume he will attempt to do to-morrow), we have two beef steak pies or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be nearly twelve apart. Of late, he has had the surprising luck to discover that apples will make pies ; and it's a question, if amidst the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beef.

If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron (*not become so by the labour of scouring*) I shall be happy to see them.

I am dear Sir, your most obedient
Servant. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MEIKLE SANDIE GORDON AND WEE SANDIE GORDON.

In the days of the Stuarts, the chief of the name of Gordon, a good soldier and a steady Catholic, resided chiefly abroad, leaving his Scottish lands to the care of two stewards of his own clan, distinguished among the peasantry by the names of Meikle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon. It happened that one Ramsay rented a small farm on the Gordon's estate ; and though the land was stony, and rank with broom and thistles, it was his own birth-place, and that of his ancestors, so he wished the lease renewed.

The two stewards had other views ; they refused to renew the lease, and the old farmer was about to emigrate, when his Grace of Gordon came unexpectedly from abroad ; he asked for, and obtained, an audience. He told his story, tradition says, in a way so characteristic and graphic, that the noble landlord was highly pleased : he renewed the lease with his own hand, and invited him to dinner. The good wine added to the farmer's joy : he told pleasant stories ; said many dry and humorous things ; and his Grace was

[†] These blank eyes (wherein there is no indication of the pupil) are the true eyes of sculpture. They seem to hold no communion with your own, but to gaze, not on points, but on all space, like the eyes of gods, or of prophets looking into the future.

so much entertained, that he took Ramsay—a stiff Presbyterian—through his house. From the picture-gallery, they went into the chapel, ornamented with silver images of the saints and apostles. The old man looked on them with wonder, and said,—“Who may these gentlemen be, and what may your Grace do with them?” “These,” said his Grace, “are the saints to whom we address our prayers, when we wish God to be merciful and kind; they are our patron saints and heavenly intercessors.” “I’ll tell ye what,” said the old

man, with the light of a wicked laugh in his eye “fiend have me, if I would trust them: when I wanted my lease renewed, I went to see Meikle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon, and all I got was cannie words, till I made bold, and spake to your Grace. Sae drop Saint Andrew, my lord, and address his betters.” His Grace soon after became a Protestant; and tradition attributes his conversion to the story of Meikle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon;—a story that for a century and more has been popular in Scotland.

BYE-PAST TIME.

The sky is blue, the sward is green,
The leaf upon the bough is seen,
The wind comes from the balmy west,
The little songster builds its nest,
The bee hums on from flower to flower,
Till twilight’s dim and pensive hour;
The joyous year arrives; but when
Shall bye-past times come back again?

I think on childhood’s glowing years—
How soft, how bright, the scene appears!
How calm, how cloudless, passed away
The long, long, summer holiday!
I may not muse—I must not dream—
Too beautiful these visions seem
For earth and mortal man; but when
Shall bye-past times come back again?

I think of sunny eves so soft,
Too deeply felt, enjoyed too oft,
When through the bloomy fields I roved
With her, the earliest, dearest loved;
Around whose form I yet survey,
In thought, a bright celestial ray
To present scenes denied; and when
Shall bye-past times come back again?

Alas! the world at distance seen
Appeared all blissful and serene,
An Eden, formed to tempt the foot,
With crystal streams, and golden fruit;
That world, when tried and trod, is found
A rocky waste, a thorny ground!
We then revert to youth; but when
Shall bye-past times come back again?

MILTON.

Milton takes his rank in English literature, according to the station which has been determined on by the critics. But he is not read like Lord Byron or Mr. Thomas Moore. He is not popular; nor perhaps will he ever be. He is known as the Author of “Paradise Lost;” but his “Paradise Regained,” “severe and beautiful,” is little known. Who knows his *Arcades*? or *Samson Agonistes*? or half his minor poems? We are persuaded that, however they may be spoken of with respect, few persons take the trouble to read them. Even *Comus*, the child of his youth, his “florid son, young” *Comus*—is not well known; and for the little renown he may possess, he is indebted to the stage. The following lines (*excepting only the first four*) are not printed in the common editions of Milton; nor are they generally known to belong to that divine “*Masque*;” yet they are

in the poet’s highest style. We are happy to bring them before such of our readers as are not possessed of Mr. Todd’s expensive edition of Milton.

The Spirit enters.

Before the starry threshold of Jove’s court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright ærial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Amidst th’ Hesperian gardens, on whose
banks

*Bedew’d with nectar and celestial songs,
Eternal roses grow, and hyacinth,
And fruits of golden rind, on whose fair tree
The scaly harness’d dragon ever keeps
His unenchanted eye: around the verge
And sacred limits of this blissful isle,
The jealous ocean, that old river, winds
His far-extended arms, till with steep fall
Half his waste flood the wild Atlantic fills,
And half the slow unfathom’d Stygian pool.
But soft, I was not sent to court your wonder
With distant worlds, and strange-removed
climes.*

Yet thence I come, and oft from thence behold, &c.

A CHECK TO HUMAN PRIDE.

It is rather an unpleasant fact, that the ugliest and awkwardest of brute animals have the greatest resemblance to man: the monkey and the bear. The monkey is ugly too, (so we think,) because he is like man—as the bear is

awkward, because the cumbrous action of its huge paws seems to be a preposterous imitation of the motions of the human hands. Men and apes are the only animals that have hairs on the under eye-lid. Let kings know this.

THE 119TH PSALM.

Formerly a psalm was allowed to be sung at the gallows by the culprit expecting a reprieve. It is reported of one of the chaplains to the famous Montrose, that, when condemned in Scotland to die for attending his master in some of his glorious exploits, and being ordered upon the ladder to set out a

psalm, he named the 119th, with which the officer (a Scotch Presbyterian psalm-singer) complied: and it was well for the poor chaplain he did so, for they had sung it in grand nasal chorus more than half through ere the reprieve came: any other psalm would have hanged him.

NIGEL, OR THE CROWN JEWELS.—COVENT GARDEN.

The Great Unknown, Sir Walter Scott, no sooner prints a new novel, than the whole dramatic world is thrown into a bustle and confusion. The modern play-house *Restaurateur* begins immediately to hack it into little bits, and make mince-meat of it for the mouths of the players,—Mr. Bishop forthwith turns to the crotchets in his brain, and picks out all the Scotch notes he can lay his hands upon; Mr. Grieve, and assistants, dip five-and-forty brushes into their brimming paint-pots, and paint yards of canvass (to use the wholesome language of a lease) “inside and out, twice or oftener, with oil colour;” the tailors “above-board” snip and slice at the eternal plaid, and plan and construct every description of garment, excepting *inexpressibles*; the tartan is your only dress to which the tailor’s blood warms; Mr. Abbott, Mr. Chapman, and Mr. Horrebow prepare to reap fresh laurels in the North Countree; and bad English, and worse Scotch, are marred on the stage to pleasure the good foolish people of this mad metropolis. Truly the rules of Bedlam are more extensive than those of the Bench. They include more theatres than the Surrey.

That some of the early novels of the great Scotch writer are calculated to furnish forth palatable cold meats for the drama’s tables, we are disposed to admit; but that all the productions are equally well qualified to afford such

supply, we cannot allow. There is a *bookishness* in many of the later novels, which is quite fatal to their dramatic existence. When the author turns to history, and not to history’s prey, which is mankind, he gives us, not a copy from life, but the copy of a copy, and, therefore, the characters which he draws are not flesh and blood people—but clever creations of a well-informed mind—the children of books and reading,—portraits, at full length, of admirable lay-figures. The Heart of Mid-Lothian was a story told from the heart to the heart—its characters grew on Scottish ground; its romance, its horrors, its stern religion, its evil love, its pathos, were all home-bred, things of life. *Douce David* is no dead man—he breathed when the author drew him, he breathes in the author’s words. Jeanie Deans is not sketched out of a book, but drawn from a real Scottish girl’s face, form, mind and heart. Effie is no lay-figure! Could her first wild innocence—her subsequent daring love—and desperate trial be got out of books? Oh no! Then Dumbiedikes is as much alive as he can be,—with his leek-green eyes and eloquent cocked hat!—his poney too—Scotch as ever it can stare,—is not from *Stubbs*, but from the stable. What exquisite perversity!—What truth in his canter!—What sturdy strength!—Talk of taking off the tax from him!—Why, marry! he could have borne

the burthen of the Chancellor's whole budget. Rob Roy is the same forcible picture of life; the Antiquary is the same; Guy Mannering the same: but the Pirate, the Abbot, Kenilworth, Pevenil of the Peak, are books culled from books, and cannot of necessity be as good as new. Even Ivanhoe, the reading of which is similar to the looking into one of Dr. Brewster's Kaleidoscopes, is utterly unfit for the stage—its splendours are evidently reflected from the early tales and romances of the chivalrous ages. The armour is sufficiently burnished,—the spears and falchions glitter and flash right brilliantly, but the man is not seen through the steel. It is only like seeing the armour in the tower set in motion. In short, we fear, that the theatres have already got all that is worth getting from

the great Scotch Novelist. Mr. Terry, fortunately, made hay while the great unknown sun shone; and other dramatists, envying him his crops, have set about mowing in winter, & spreading out withered grass to dry, on barren ground.

In the play of *Nigel, or the Crown Jewels*, the author has foolishly enough sought to reap more fame than could of right belong to him. He has not only twisted the plot into a thousand fantastic shapes, but he has straightened the dialogue into hard blank verse, and loaded the character with the dreadful burthen of a double dull originality. The characters are neither fish nor flesh, like poor Mrs. Quickly, and a man knows not where to have them.

The scenery was beautiful, particularly the Tower of London, with the Thames and City beyond it.

BREACH OF MARRIAGE PROMISE.

Love is sometimes an expensive passion; witness the following case of a gentleman who indulged himself in it to the amount of 70,800*l.* At Thetford assizes, a cause was tried by a special jury, between a young lady, plaintiff, and a clergyman, defendant. The ac-

tion was brought for non-performance of a marriage contract; when it appeared on the trial, he preferred his servant-maid, whom he married, although the young lady had a fortune of 70,000*l.* when a verdict was given for the plaintiff, with 800*l.* damages.

GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

Judges may disagree as to the *quantum meruit* of punishment. Not many years ago, upon the Norfolk circuit, a larceny was committed by two men in a poultry yard, but only one of them was apprehended: the other, having escaped into a distant part of the country, had eluded all pursuit. At the next assizes, the apprehended thief was tried and convicted; but Lord Loughborough, before whom he was tried, thinking the offence a very slight one, sentenced him only to a few months imprisonment. The news of this sentence having reached the accomplice in his retreat, he immediately returned, and surrendered himself to take his trial at the next assizes. The next assizes came; but unluckily for the prisoner, it was a different judge who presided; and, still more unluckily, Mr. Justice Gould, who happened to be the judge, though of a very mild and indulgent disposition, had observed, or thought he had observed,

that men who set out with stealing fowls, generally ended by committing the most atrocious crimes; and building a sort of system upon this observation, had made it a rule to punish this offence with great severity; and he accordingly, to the very great astonishment of this unhappy man, sentenced him to be transported. While one was taking his departure for Botany Bay, the term of the other's imprisonment was expired.

Pedro the Just, King of Portugal, was wise in judgment. He knew that, by the influence of the priests, a monk, convicted of murder, was merely desired not to perform mass for a twelve-month to come. One day a priest having killed a mason, the king dissembled his knowledge of the crime, and left the issue to the ecclesiastical court; where the above usual punishment was inflicted. Pedro privately ordered the mason's son to revenge the murder of his father. The young man obeyed, was

apprehended, and condemned to death ; when his sentence was to be confirmed by the king, he enquired what was the young man's trade ? He was answered, that he followed his father's. "Well then," said the monarch, "I shall commute his punishment, and *interdict him from meddling with stone and mortar for one year.*"

Even Boulter, the notorious highwayman, had his generous fits (*sui generis*) like others. One day he met a young woman in tears and great distress. She told him, without knowing who he was, that a creditor, attended by a bailiff, had gone to a house which she pointed out, and had threatened to

take her husband to prison for a debt of 30 guineas. Boulter gave her the 30 guineas, telling her to go and pay the debt and set her husband at liberty : and she ran off loading the *honest* gentleman with her benedictions. Boulter, in the mean time, waited on the road till he saw the creditor come out ; assaulted him, and took not only the 30 guineas, but every thing else of value about him.

There was once a strange punishment inflicted upon the archbishop's apparitor, anno 18 Edw. I., who, having served a citation upon de Clare, in Parliament time, his servants made the apparitor *eat* both citation and wax.

REPORT OF THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

PERFUMES AS PREVENTIVES OF MOULDINESS.

An interesting paper on this subject has been lately published by Dr. Macculloch. We presume our readers are aware, that mouldiness is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetables. Ink, paste, leather, and seeds are the substances that most frequently suffer from it. The effect of cloves in preserving ink is well known ; any of the perfumed oils answer equally well. Leather may be kept free from mould by the same substances. Thus Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of birch, never becomes mouldy ; indeed it prevents it from occurring in other bodies. A few drops of any perfumed oil are sufficient also to keep books entirely free from it. For harness, oil of turpentine is recommended.

Bookbinders, in general, employ alum for preserving their paste, but mould frequently forms on it. Shoemaker's rosin is sometimes also used for the same purpose, but it is less effectual than oil of turpentine. The best preventives, however, are the essential oils, even in small quantity, as those of peppermint, anise, or bergamot, by which paste may be kept almost any length of time ; indeed, it has, in this way, been preserved for years. The paste recommended by Dr. Macculloch is made in the usual way with flour, some brown sugar, and a little corrosive sublimate ; the sugar keeping

it flexible when dry, and the sublimate preventing it from fermenting, and from being attacked by insects. After it is made, a few drops of any of the essential oils are added. Paste made in this way dries when exposed to the air, and may be used merely by wetting it. If required to be kept always in use, it ought to be put into covered pots. Seeds may also be preserved by the essential oils ; and this is of great consequence, when they are to be sent to a distance ; of course moisture must be excluded as much as possible, as the oils prevent only the bad effects of mould.

MAGNETISM.

M. Hanstæen, of Christiana, has made some remarkable discoveries with respect to the magnetism of the Globe, by means of a small oscillating instrument, consisting of a magnetic steel cylinder, suspended by a very fine silken thread and enclosed in a glass globe. The principal of these discoveries is, that the intensity of the Earth's magnetism is subject to daily variation ; that it decreases from the early hours of the morning until about ten or eleven o'clock, which is the period of its *minimum* ; that it then increases until about four in the afternoon, and during summer until six or seven in the evening ; that it again decreases during the night ; and returns to its *maximum* about three o'clock in the morning.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1823.

(Blackwood's Mag. Ap.)

THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf !
A voice in every rill !

A voice that speaketh everywhere,
In flood and fire, through earth and air ;
A tongue that's never still !

'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused
Through every thing we see,
That with our spirits communeth
Of things mysterious---Life and Death,
Time and Eternity !

I see Him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder cloud ;
I hear Him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forest hoar,
When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, *everywhere*,
In *all things*---darkness, light,
Silence, and sound ; but, most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
At the dead hour of night.

I *feel* Him in the silent dews,
By grateful earth betray'd ;
I feel Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine, and the shade.

And yet (ungrateful that I am !)
I've turn'd in sullen mood
From all these things, whereof He said,
When the great whole was finished,
That they were "very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things
Fell like unwholesome dew---
The darkness that encompass'd me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet He was patient---slow to wrath,
Though every day provoked
By selfish, pining discontent,
Acceptance cold or negligent,
And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread
For my insensate heart---
Not always so---I woke again,
To join Creation's rapturous strain,
"O Lord, how good Thou art !"

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
The glorious sun broke out,
And love, and hope, and gratitude,
Dispell'd that miserable mood
Of darkness and of doubt.

STANZAS—THE CLOUDS WERE DISPERSED.

THE clouds were dispersed, and the tempest was o'er,
The crimson of evening illumined the sky,
And the soft-heaving waves, as they rippled ashore,
Gleam'd bright with the tint of its magical dye.

The swallows were sweeping the fields of the air,
The black-bird sang forth from its leafy retreat ;
And the valleys, renew'd in their bloom, smiled as fair,
As the long promised land at the Israelites' feet.

Beside me the roses and lilies were spread,
The pink and carnation of delicate vest ;
The columbine lifted the pride of its head,
And the dial of the sun-flower was turn'd to the west.

The butterfly wanton'd on wings of delight,
While the bee on her errand of industry bent,
Was rifling the blooms, at the fall of the night,
For a noonday of tempest in idleness spent.

'Twas soothing, 'twas holy—a scene to be felt ;
And I doubted if Grief could abide in a world,
Where the sunbeams of Joy were so lavishly dealt,—
Where the banners of Glory and Peace were unfurl'd.

No more, in the scowl of Misfortune, my soul
Was dim as the winter, when tempests impend,
And the winds, in their fury, rush forth from the Pole,
The ocean to churn, and the forests to rend.

To the main, to the mountains, with love-beaming eye,
Rejoicing I turn'd, and their looks were as calm
As the beautiful arch of that deep azure sky,
Whose aspect was glory, whose zephyr was balm.

Oh ! thus, ere the days of this pilgrimage cease,
May the sunset of life be as placid and mild,
The storms of Adversity still'd into peace,
All passion becalm'd, and all sorrow exiled !

JUNE.

(Time's Telescope.)

THE SUCCESSION OF FLOWERS.

The *snowdrop*, foremost of the lovely train,
Breaks through the frozen soil ; in calm disdain
Of danger, robed like innocence, steps forth,
And dares the threatening furies of the North,
Long ere the sap is to the bud conveyed,
'Midst icicles in various forms displayed.
Next peeps the *crocus* out, with timid air,
Still doomed the rage of howling blasts to bear :
Afraid she seems 'midst ruffian winds to shoot,
Lies close, and hardly ventures from her root.
The *violet*, stored with each emissive sweet,
Like modest virtue, seeks a calm retreat,
And, though possessed of each attractive grace
That in the royal garden might have place,
She deigns our humble hedges to adorn,
And decks the rugged feet of many a thorn.
In comes the *auricula* ; array'd she comes
In splendour, and in liveliest beauty blooms :
Scarcely can the crystal lustre of her eye
With her rich garment's glossy satin vie :
Around her bed the sweet perfumes arise,
And clouds of unseen incense mount the skies.
The *tulips*, all erect in gaudy show,
Flush the parterre with a distinguished glow :
Here wanton Beauty plays a thousand freaks ;
A rich diversity of colours breaks
In variegated dyes ; their cups unfold
The blushing crimson, and the flaming gold.
See next *anemone's* fair bottom spread
A circling robe ; a rising dome her head :

See her loose mantle elegance supply ;
Her bending tufts, exactest symmetry.
The gay *carnation*, decked in various dyes,
Beauty with fragrance blended then supplies.
See next the bold *ranunculus* expand,
In graceful texture, to the florist's hand :
In richest foliage destined to outvie,
It pours the soft enamel on the eye.
Lilies of purest white their place resume,
In pleasing contrast to the *rose's* bloom.
The *rose*, of brilliant hue, and perfumed breath,
Buds, blossoms, dies, and still is sweet in death.
To these, fresh flowers, that transiently preside,
In quick succession crown the garden's pride
With vivid radiance bursting forth to view,
The treat enliven and the charm renew.
All rise in different form, yet all agree
To speak the praises of the *Deity*,
Who gives to every plant and every flower,
To show the wonders of creative power.
While every plant and every flower conveys
The transient nature of our fleeting days.
Still deep reflection paints, to human kind,
Those flowers that decorate the virtuous mind.
These, watched by constant care, by heavenly aid,
In beauty still matured, can never fade ;
With life renewed, they shall survive the tomb,
And deck a paradise with endless bloom. J.V.T.

THE PHYSICIAN---NO. V.

(New Mon. Apr.)

OF COLDS, COUGHS, AND CATARRHAL COMPLAINTS.

THIS is the period of the year when few persons are exempt from colds, and when you hear in company almost as much coughing as talking. Obstructions and coughs annoy the heads and chests of the majority of our fellow-citizens, and the conclusion of the present winter confirms the observation of Sydenham, that cough sometimes rages like a contagious disease. Both these complaints, however, are peculiarly fortunate, inasmuch as people are much better satisfied with them than with many others of inferior consequence. A person must have an obstinate cough, and of long standing, before he can resolve to apply for medical advice respecting it. He rather keeps it up by saccharine and oleaginous domestic medicines, and is the more pleased the more he expectorates. I have no wish to disturb the tranquillity of my readers, which occasions them so many restless nights. I might indeed easily alarm them, by merely quoting Pringle, who says, that the mildest catarrh is a slight inflammation of the lungs, which without great care is liable to produce dangerous disorders of the chest, or even consumption. But I am not so much an enemy to peace as to frighten my readers without the most urgent necessity. It is certain, that an ordinary recent cough is in many cases attended with very little danger, and that the domestic applications usually employed against it are extremely innocent.

I shall beware of entering into a learned dissertation on the subject of catarrh and cough. All my readers know what these complaints are, though not perhaps in Greek; and none of them will expect a formal prescription for such slight disorders. Let them persevere in the use of their domestic remedies, till they think it worth while to consult a doctor, and he will know what course to pursue. He will divide catarrhs and coughs into various classes; he will go through the different causes of all these classes, and

enquire to which of them the case before him is to be ascribed. This cause he will counteract, and happy will it be for the patient if he hits upon the right one. It is not my intention at present to enter so deeply into the subject: all that I shall recommend for the cure of these complaints consists of trifles, by which an apothecary cannot live, and a doctor would starve. Heaven give them both bread in other ways!

The savages, when they have a catarrh, blow the smoke of tobacco through the nose, and whoever chooses to follow their example will find that it is a good and innocent remedy. Boerhaave, being applied to by a schoolmaster, whose mischievous boys had strewed sneezewort for him on a rose, which had almost made him sneeze to death, cured this artificial catarrh, by causing him to snuff up frequently warm milk into the nose. Lukewarm water might answer the same purpose; or if this were too troublesome, the patient need but draw repeatedly into the nostrils the hot steam of tea or coffee. Catarrhs have been very quickly removed, by putting the feet into hot water, which produces a still better effect if mixed with bran, or setting them on large bags filled with hot sand. At the commencement of a cold, some lay amber, mastix, incense, gum animæ, or other fragrant substances, on red-hot stones or iron, and allow the smoke to diffuse itself over the room. By washing the mouth often with a solution of nitre in warm water, a catarrh is alleviated without danger. It is also useful to wet a corner of one's handkerchief with vinegar for the purpose of smelling to it. Many chew the costus-root for the purpose of breaking the phlegm. Lemonade, or vinegar and water, taken abundantly; abstinence from wine, coffee, and all heating aliments; and upon the whole a cooling diet, and a cool, dry atmosphere, are highly to be recommended.

For a cough many saccharine and oleaginous matters are employed to promote expectoration. This is very

well at first, but when such remedies have been long used, they keep up the expectoration and cough for six or even twelve months together, and injure the stomach. Gruel, barley-water, infusion of bran, and hartsorn and water, sweetened with currants or figs, are good applications in the ordinary cough which arises from acrid humours and cold. All heating spices and drinks, all strong acids and salts, excite cough, and are to be avoided in catarrh.

Thus far I have fallen in with the tone of the old women; but it is now time to relinquish that. There are other rules to which we must attend if we would avoid catarrh and cough, and these are more ineligible, clogged with fewer conditions, and of more general utility than the rules for the cure of those complaints.

The nose, throat and gullet are lined internally with a membrane traversed by an infinite multitude of small vessels, which secrete from the blood a humour, that in time becomes a viscous slime. When this humour is too abundantly secreted in the nose, it flows out in drops, and an obstruction of the head or catarrh is the consequence. When the same thing takes place in the windpipe, the irritation of its acridity occasions a cough. The profuse determination of the humours to the nose, or windpipe, may result from a variety of causes: it may arise from catching cold in the feet, which drives the humours to the head; or in the head, which interrupts the transpiration by the skin; or in the whole body, because therein both these causes are combined. A pungent dust, or a sharp fog excites unusual sensibility in the nose and the windpipe, which is succeeded by a determination of the juices to those parts. Thus snuff produces an incessant catarrh, and the extremely volatile Spanish snuff occasions cough, because it flies as far as the windpipe. Cold, which prevents the transpiration from the inner surface of the nose and the windpipe, is liable to produce an accumulation and obstruction of the humours in those parts, which are commonly followed by catarrh and cough.

On persons of great sensibility, these causes of catarrh and cough operate very powerfully. There are people who sneeze and cough when they sit at an open window, where they are exposed to the air on one side; when they put a hand or a foot out of bed; when their hair, wet with perspiration, becomes cold on the head; when they dip their hands into cold water, or go out of doors without a hat. Fallopius observed, that the smell of the rose makes some people sneeze; and Boerhaave noticed, that a sudden admission of light to the eye in a morning, occasions sneezing in men, horses, and horned cattle. It is the same with cough. A feather tickling the head of the windpipe causes a violent cough; exposure of the breast, a fog, or the inhaling of cold air, may be the cause of a long and troublesome cough.

Hence it is obvious why catarrh and cough are so common, in great and rapid changes of temperature. The proper weather for catarrhs is when the air is damp, cold, and windy; as it frequently is in autumn, winter and spring. When, therefore, cold damp winds prevail, people should be particularly careful to preserve an equable warmth in all parts of the body, and to keep up the general transpiration without overheating themselves. A person easily contracts a cough, when he goes abroad in sloppy weather and his feet become wet and cold, while all the rest of the body is warm with walking, and perhaps perspires. In windy weather, that side which is exposed to the wind is always colder than the opposite side; hence it is almost impossible to avoid coughs and catarrhs in spring and autumn. But the most extraordinary part of the business is, that those who dress and keep their apartments the warmest, are most troubled with coughs, catarrhs, and fluxions. Too great precaution commonly causes people to be more susceptible of taking cold; and if I have here convinced my readers of this truth, I am certain that I have rendered them a permanent service.

I mean not to deny that a moderate covering is beneficial; neither would I advise any one, who has been accus-

tomed to warm clothing and apartments to change his system at once; for this should only be done by degrees, and with caution. So much, however, is certain, that one who is not in the habit of keeping himself too warm, does not incur, under the same circumstances, half as much risk of catching cold, as one who is always huddled up and unable to bear a breath of air. It is not every admission of cold air to the body that is pernicious, or causes us to take cold; since *being cold* and *taking cold* are very different things. A person takes cold, when a disease is produced by the admission of cold air. This happens partly when the body passes rapidly from heat to cold, and then it is the more severely affected, the greater the difference between the degree of the previous heat and the degree of the succeeding cold; partly when the warmth, expelled from a certain portion of the body only, is kept up in the rest of it, and then the severity of the cold caught is in proportion to the difference of the temperature of the two parts. Experience furnishes incontestable evidence of this. Colds are not near so frequent in winter as in the hottest summer days, when these are followed by cold nights; and in winter the coldest beverage seldom proves so pernicious as cold water in summer: the former, because the body, overheated in the day, is cooled too suddenly in the night; and the latter, because in summer the temperature of our juices is far higher, owing to the heat of the atmosphere, than in winter; consequently the difference between it and the temperature of cold water is much greater. In like manner experience teaches, that we are much more liable to take cold from incautiously uncovering the head or feet, than if we were to cool the whole body by degrees, as much as the head and feet alone have been cooled. A person may bathe in cold water, even in hot weather, without injury; but were he at the very same time to put his feet only into cold water, he would in all probability catch a dangerous cold. Thus the danger of taking cold is always the greater, the greater the difference between the warmth of the body and the

temperature of the atmosphere; that is, the warmer one dresses, and the warmer the apartments in which one is accustomed to abide. Hence one and the same temperature may prove harmless to a man who is not in the habit of keeping himself very warm, and give a violent cold to another, who is rendered delicate by over-indulgence.

Another circumstance is likewise to be considered. Who can equally protect every part of the body? Neither decorum nor the necessary performance of various functions, admit of this. You may have a bosom-friend at your breast, but cannot fasten one about your head when you go abroad. It is therefore possible enough that one part may differ materially, in regard to the degree of warmth, from another which is kept very warm; and as this alone is sufficient to give cold, nothing can promote the taking of cold more than the practice to which I have just alluded. This may sound as extraordinary as if I were to assert, that a person may take cold by keeping too good a fire in his room; and yet the one is as certain as the other. When a room without fire has a temperate atmosphere, a person may remain in it without danger of taking cold; but let a fire be made there, and a man place himself by it in such a manner that only one side gets warm, in this case a sensible difference will take place in the temperature of the opposite sides of the body, and the person will presently begin to sneeze and cough. Or let him lie in a bed, with one side close to the wall, and another person on the other side. As the latter will cause that side to be by far the warmest, there arises a difference between the transpiration of the two opposite sides, which occasions cough, catarrh, and pains in the arm that is next to the wall. Whoever feels comfortable in a room of moderate temperature, need but set his feet on a hot bottle if he wishes to have a catarrh. Thus the disproportionate heating of some parts of the body produces the same effect as the cooling of the opposite parts; and if this be the case, it is easy to consider how it happens, that people who never stir out of their houses in winter, but huddle themselves up

in furs and ten-fold garments, complain of continual coughs, catarrhs, fluxions, and rheumatic pains, while the wretches who lie about in the streets know not what it is to have a cold.

As most diseases in this country are supposed to originate in colds, I trust that the preceding observations will be perused with particular attention. This theory, may perhaps be correct; but for my part, I am of opinion, that colds produce more diseases than they otherwise would, because we are too anxious to guard against them. We should not be so liable to take cold, if we were not to keep ourselves too warm, and to overhear some parts of the body in proportion to others. Look at the postillion, who drives for whole days together in all weathers, with the wind pouring right into the aperture of the ear, which he never thinks of covering. Another would severely feel the ill-effects of that from which he sustains not the least inconvenience. How often do you see labouring men working till they perspire again, while their feet are as wet as the mud, mixed, perhaps with snow and ice, in which they are standing: nevertheless they scarcely know what it is to have colds or coughs. When these people have amassed money by their industry, and are enabled to indulge themselves; when they can bask by the fire-side and muffle themselves up in warm clothing; they soon become as subject to colds as their superiors, and then first learn from experience what coughs, catarrhs, and fluxions are. Our error therefore lies in this, that by our very solicitude to guard against colds, we render it almost impossible to avoid them.

Are we, then, it may be asked, to throw off our clothes and to sit without fire in winter? By no means, we will not run from one extreme to the other. We are sufficiently punished for the

one; who knows what the other might bring upon us? But it would not be amiss to follow Hoffman's advice, to wear in all seasons the same kind of apparel, which should be of such a nature as not to be too hot for us in warm weather, or too cool in the cold. This rule is a very rational one, and unattended with danger. It preserves us from effeminacy, it hardens the constitution, and relieves from the troublesome attention of changing our dress according to the weather—a practice by which alone the health of many has been ruined. Were I to add any thing to the above recommendation, it should be this, not to heat rooms which you make your usual abode, too hot; and above all, to habituate children in their infancy to all weathers, and to clothe them as lightly as is compatible with reason, and with their comfort. By attention to these directions everything may be accomplished. By means of such a system the gipsies go half naked in winter: and the inhabitants of the countries contiguous to Hudson's Bay brave the most intense cold with bare shoulders, though the rest of the body is covered with furs, and even account this a healthy practice.

I know I shall most likely be met by the objection, that coughs and colds are but trifling complaints, which it is easy to bear. But are those who entertain this notion aware, that a cough, how slight soever at first, may lead to consumption, and death; and that there are catarrhs which terminate in paralysis? Hildanus relates that a man became blind with violent sneezing; and Hallet made the same observation, respecting females who sneezed immoderately. It is, moreover, but too well known, that severe and neglected colds may occasion apoplexy and death.

Feb. 20.

A variety of communications have been addressed to me through the publishers of the *New Monthly Magazine*. I must confess that the less I had anticipated the honour of such correspondence, the more I feel flattered by the attention which seems to be paid to my papers. My readers will not, I trust, be displeased with the occasional insertion of such of the epistles with which I may be favoured, as tend either to throw new light on the subjects of my monthly lucubrations, or to elicit information on points connected with the preservation of health.

The following may be regarded as introductory to this supplemental department :

To the Physician.

SIR,—Now I have read a few of your papers, I have totally changed the opinion I had formed of them from the first announcement. I imagined you were going to furnish us with directions in the style of those popular writers who pretend to teach people how to cure themselves of all kinds of diseases. We have already too many works of that sort, and I am convinced that they do more harm than good : indeed I know as much from my own experience. A few years since actuated by a particular solicitude for the preservation of my health, I resolved to pay particular attention to myself, and to be my own doctor. Accordingly I purchased a celebrated work, in which the causes and symptoms of every disease were described, and to which belonged a medicine-chest, containing whatever was necessary for curing all the complaints incident to human nature. I perused the first chapter of this work most attentively, and recognized in the description of the first disease treated of much that seemed to apply to my own case. You may easily imagine how delighted I was to reap so early a harvest of my industry. I had already resolved to set about the cure of this first disorder immediately : and meanwhile, out of mere curiosity, turned to the description of the second. My joy increased, when I found the second disease presented a much more accurate delineation of me than the first. No, said I to myself, I have but some symptoms of the one ; the actual cause of my misery certainly lies in the other. Thoroughly satisfied that my complaint could be no other than the second, I took the cathartic prescribed for it, and read the same morning, by way of amusement, the account of the third. To my utter astonishment, I found it coincide so exactly with my state, that I wished myself well rid of the cathartic, in order that I might swallow the emetic which was

recommended for the third disorder. I now began to perceive the necessity of perusing the whole work before I could ascertain exactly with what disease I was afflicted. To cut the matter short sir, I laboured through fifty-four grievous complaints and mortal distempers, and found in all of them so many of the characteristics of my particular case, that I could not but look upon myself as an epitome of all possible diseases. I ran through the whole book to discover how a man ought to act who has every disorder at once ; but for this deplorable situation, no directions whatever were given. Figure to yourself my consternation, when I learned that I was plethoric, paralytic, scorbutic, cachetic, gouty, hypochondriac, nephritic, jaundiced, dropsical, epileptic, feverish, apoplectic, consumptive, and hectic. ‘Who can relieve me, miserable Job!’ I exclaimed, and was overwhelmed with despair, till my wife came and threw the confounded book into the fire. While it was burning the evil spirits which had hitherto turned my brain seemed gradually to quit me. I have made a vow, and thus far kept it too, never again to read any such book which I am not qualified to appreciate and understand. I warn all my friends, as they value their peace, to beware of such works, and you, sir, will, I trust, agree with me. Permit me to bear testimony, that your papers are not calculated to overwhelm any of your readers, how susceptible soever, with a load of diseases which they really have not ; and at the same time to beg you to make my melancholy story known to the public for the benefit of the community. I hope you will continue as you have begun, and I can assure you, that so long as *The Physician* shall appear in the pages of *The New Monthly Magazine*, I shall remain its, and your attentive reader,

JEREMIAH JOBSON.

(Lond. Mag. Ap.)

A SHIPWRECK.

ON the 26th of last November, late in the day, a solitary vessel was discovered off——, on the coast of Sussex, whose broad, round, and elevated bows and stern, bespoke her plainly to be Dutch. She was loitering on the waters, as these Dutch vessels are apt to do, while her general movements and conduct, in relation to the shore under her lee, the state of the tide, and the coming night, indicated the doubts and embarrassments of a stranger. She was an object of deep interest to a little group of fishermen, assembled at their ordinary evening council at the capstan, and the opinion among them was, that evil awaited her. The appearances of the weather were fearful: the sky was foul with vapour, and the sun, low in the west, stood staring through the mist with a pale, rayless, and portentous face, that told of approaching danger and disaster. There was little wind, but the sea roared loudly, and came rolling in with an agitated swell, which old John Read remarked denoted that the gale was already up to windward, and would soon be upon us. He was right; before dark it blew a storm, and the last time the stranger-ship was seen from the land afloat, she was bending down to her beam ends under a press of sail, doing her utmost to gain an offing, and weather Beachy Head. It was not to be. At ten o'clock, and at about high-water, the wind blowing dismally, and a monstrous sea on, she came ashore, running nearly close up under the lofty chalk cliffs, half a mile east of——. The crew were speedily relieved from all apprehension about their safety, by the retiring of the tide, when all hands on board combined with all——, in the anxious labour of saving what they could of the cargo, before the coming on of the next flood. The vessel proved to be *De Jonge Nicolaas*, of two hundred tons burthen, laden with wine and brandy from *Cette*, and bound to Amsterdam.

Dutch ships bear a reasonable resemblance to Dutch men, and are to

the ships of most other nations, what dull, plodding, steady men are to men of genius, and quick passions. They sail slowly and heavily, but they are safe sea boats, and derive many and great advantages, in the various vicissitudes of a voyage, from the peculiarities of mould and construction, which will not allow them to be swift and lively. As they draw very little water, they drift away broadside to leeward when sailing near the wind; and for their head-way, their bows are about as well formed for cutting through the water, as their broadsides. Thus appointed, the Dutchman, in a fleet of all flags, will inevitably bring up the rear; but he bears this distinction in a spirit of quietism that keeps his ship quite in countenance; and replies to your ridicule by letting you know, that he can walk his fore-castle and quarter-deck in a gale with dry shoes, while you shall be plunging your fine front bowsprit-under,—or can make a small harbour, or ground on the main and step ashore, while you must keep the sea, or strike in deep water and be drowned. To fit your ships rather for encountering the shore than the sea, is not in the highest spirit of enterprise; but we must remember, that if, under such a system of prudential preparation, Columbus had not discovered America, *Pearse*, perhaps, had not been lost. The difference, after all, is only as between dispatch and delay. The Dutch do all, or are in a course of doing all, that other nations do; and as nothing is denied to perseverance, they will, before doomsday, do all that is to be done. It is not their way to push themselves forwards into the foremost ranks, as discoverers and inventors; yet they are not idle; they are always following, and, only let them choose their own century, they will not always be behind. If they are to act extempore, you must at least give them time.

I went forth at daylight to see the unfortunate *Nicolaas*, and was just in time to witness her last battle with sea

and storm, and her final overthrow. I have often thought, that a gibbet on the beach at —— would make it, as a picture of desolation, quite complete. An effect of as much force, perhaps, was supplied by the masts and tattered rigging of the wreck, which were just distinguishable through the mist of the surf, and combining with the natural bleakness and dreariness of the place, gave a depth of meaning to the gloom of a black November morning, which went at once to the heart. The gale had abated considerably, but it had left its signs. Vast, lowering, bloated clouds, full of wrath and mischief, darkened the sky; and the sea, swollen by a spring flood, was bordered to the distance of half a mile from the shore with tiers of hurrying, foaming, crashing breakers, on the verge of which the devoted ship stood, like a criminal before his executioners. She had as yet suffered no material change visibly, and looked altogether so sound and compact, that there were some hopes and more fears, that she might live through the battery of another flood, and, if more moderate weather should succeed before night, be got afloat again, and even (who could tell?) show her old hull in Amsterdam once more. An unprejudiced spectator, however, could scarcely observe the character and action of the sea that was rapidly advancing, and calculate upon any other result than her destruction.

A great concourse of people from the neighbouring villages and farms had been brought to the spot by tidings of the accident; shopkeepers great and small; artisans, high and low; farmers, ploughmen, shepherds, and fishermen—every body, and his wife and children too—all of whom conceived that they had, at least, a contingent interest in the vessel and her rich contents. No one could possibly stay at home on so tempting an occasion. Withered and forgotten old women, not seen abroad twice in a twelvemonth, emerged into life and were out in the world again; mothers with infants in their arms, and large families clinging to their aprons—veteran paupers from the poor-house, stumping about on

sticks and crutches—all found time, and strength, and resolution enough, to join the crowd, on this great day of invitation. The inhabitants of the coast look upon the wreck as a largess of the elements, which it would be almost a sin not to receive with grateful alacrity. They sally out to enjoy the good things provided for them by such a visitation, with precisely the same sense of general right and welcome, as they might do, were it to please the skies to rain bread and cheese, and beer.

I followed the various throng up to the top of the cliff,—a smooth-shaven perpendicular precipice, from whence we had a clear view of the vessel, lying at the depth of a hundred and fifty feet beneath us, and heard, or thought we heard, the cracking of her planks and timbers, and could note the effect of every wave that burst over her, through the whole progress of her ruin. How magnified in our apprehension was the mightiness of the ocean by the interposition of this victim, which it was destroying before our eyes! As the heavy, beetling seas came roaring on to the attack, they seemed, in our fancies, to be raging with a savage joy, like monsters over their prey. It was like looking upon wild beasts at feeding-time. I could not help feeling, as the vessel from time to time showed her shattered deck through the parting foam, a sort of pity and sympathy for her, as though she had been, not a thing of wood and iron only, but of life and sensation; and the same sentiment was obviously shared by the crowd about me—a momentary mercy—a “natural tear”—prevailing over the selfishness of their final hopes and wishes. It was not the loss of property that any body felt or cared for: it was the ship—the *Nicolaas*—that we deplored, the friend and companion of man, his house and helpmate through many a day of danger and distress, now cast forth to perish without a hand to aid her. ‘Poor thing!’ said a woman near me; ‘Lord help her!’ drawled out another. There were four or five strangers present, heavy, ruddy, fat-faced men, bulkily clothed in Flushing jackets and trowsers, who were remarkable

among the anxious crowd, as preserving countenances untouched by the lightest sign of curiosity or disturbance. Sleep might have closed their eyes, but could scarcely have added to the calmness and repose of their looks. These were Dutchmen, the crew of the vessel—and what was it all to them? They had their pipes; and if they smoked on the top of a cliff in Sussex, on board the Nicolaas, or on the borders of one of their own dikes—where was the mighty difference.

After the vessel had been exposed for about half an hour to the full range of the sea, her masts loosened from the bottom, and carrying all before them, descended slowly, and with a crashing noise, to the water. This was a fatal signal: the next sea completed her destruction at a blow; it struck her, and she disappeared, scattered into fragments, like a cask with the hoops knocked off; no vestige of her whole bulk being again visible, except now and then a timber-head, sticking up like a black post in the hollow of a sea. At this final act of the catastrophe I looked up wistfully into the face of one of the Dutchmen, shook my head, and so, in my best Dutch, told him, how sincerely I condoled with him. He evidently understood me, for he took his pipe from his mouth—ejected a cataract of saliva over his shoulder—shook out the ashes—rammed down the remaining charge with a tawny, broken-nailed thumb—replaced the pipe between his teeth—blew out a cloud of smoke with three or four sharp, sudden, puffs—found all right—and thereupon looked, not as if the Nicolaas was not, but as if she had never been. I quite hated the fellow for his barbarous resignation. He and his shipmates, with mute sobriety, now returned to the town, where they at once seemed as used to the place, and as little moved and wondering, as the posts. These are your men for troublesome times: a revolution that moved them, would move the hills. An earthquake, nothing less, could put them out of their way.

On the ebbing of the tide, there was “a rush,” as at the opening of the doors at the theatre, for good places or prizes under the cliffs, and we immediately

found ourselves amidst the ruinous litter of the wreck. No one asked now—where is she?—She was every where. I never saw a vessel in so short a time so completely broken up. To the extent of a mile and a half, the beach directly under the cliff was strewed, without the clear space of a yard, with her fragments and her cargo. A person not familiar with such sights, would have supposed that here were materials for a dozen ships; and the pipes of wine, three hundred in number, lying in clusters of four and five, as far as the eye could see them along the beach, seemed cargo enough to have filled them. A little wreck, as they say of a little blood, makes a great show; and in a state of dispersion gives a very deceitful account to the eye of its actual quantity.

As there were no lives to be lost or saved, it may be imagined that, as a spectacle, the mere rubbish of broken beams and timbers must have been dull and insignificant. But this was by no means the case. A wreck, as a sign only of the power and danger of the sea, is always an impressive sight; and, though the crew may have been only Dutchmen, is full of associations connected with human interests, which will not allow us to look upon it without emotion. The ruins of a house, destroyed by fire, are always an object of earnest curiosity; we gaze anxiously amongst the blackened ruins upon every trace of our old acquaintance, rooms, and their furniture; a stove and a poker, a bit of papered wall, or any such familiar images of domestic comfort and security, become full of a deep and melancholy interest. It is the same with a wreck: every poor cast-away plank has its story—every remnant of deck and cabin something to say in its desolation, that may stop a man for a moment to think and to sigh. I observed the cook’s huge black boiler, full of sand, pebbles, and sea-weed, lying in dismal companionship with the vessel’s figure-head, a goggle-eyed gentleman with flowing locks and a three-cornered hat, radiant all over with green and gold. Ah! what did all this coxcombry avail him now? Pieces of rope and ragged canvass, bedding,

coats, boxes, lay jumbled together with the splintered fragments of the ship amongst the beach and weeds; a blanket stuck upon the jagged points of a broken mast—here and there was a *drowned* hat and a shoe, not to forget a pair of blue breeches, of the true Batavian mould, pasted out in full dimensions against the white face of a chalk rock,—a striking example of the mixed ludicrous and pathetic.

I had wandered about for an hour, keeping at a distance from the people and their noise, that I might enjoy, if I may say so, the natural circumstances of the scene without disturbance; and was on my return, when I met a man lustily singing out a jovial song, tumbling about, and snapping his fingers with an emphasis that clearly showed he cared not a fig for the world. Such manners produced in me an unpleasant revulsion of feeling, for they certainly were not in harmony with dreadful precipices, the awful voice of the sea, and the mournful memorials of its fury that lay in my path. Aye (said I to myself), this rascal has been moralizing for his part over the contents of one of the wine casks, having eluded, no doubt, the vigilance of the guards. Presently I met another exactly in the same plight; and “a third whose air was like the former;” till, on rounding a projecting point of rock, I had the whole company again before me—all revolutionized since I had last seen them, and brought by the same means to the same likeness. The devil could not have added a more artful bait to the ordinary temptations of a wreck than this provoking cargo. It was irresistible: flesh and blood, in Sussex at least, literally could not stand against it. I never saw drunkenness on such a scale, or in such variety before. One has seen at a fair considerable numbers very fully drunk, but still they were the exceptions—the minority, and served rather, like the red flowers in a corn field, to diversify the crowd, than to mark its general character and condition. Here, on the contrary, in a multitude of four or five hundred people, the sober man was the rarity, and so much so, that like one bonnet in the “pit,” he was quite lost in the reeling

tumult by which he was surrounded. The whole history of getting drunk was here exhibited at one point of time; from the earliest symptoms of innovation, up all the steps to the very top of the ascending flight—and then down again on the other side, lower and lower, even to the bottom—the level “dead drunk.” The chattering, the laughing, the singing, the bawling, the jiggling, the quarrelling, the challenging, the fighting, the staring, the silent, the sulky, the sentimental, the rolling, the falling, the fallen—were all confounded together, and composed certainly as wild a set of figures for a picture of the sea-beach at noon-day, as the most riotous imagination could desire. You might go through all Cook’s Voyages, I fancy, and not find for it a worthy companion-piece. The women confined themselves principally to dancing and singing, clamorously beset by a host of squalling children—drunk too, poor little sufferers; the boys, of all sizes, were kicking one another’s hats into the sea, pulling off the women’s caps, huzzaing at a fight, or shouting and laughing at some methodistical old beldame, who would be preaching in her cups; while the men, every one who was not absolutely *felo de se*, and quiet at his length, were at work—or enacting every extravagance of Bedlamites, as they played at rolling casks into carts. And were there no superintendants to check such doings? Oh! yes—fifty, if there was one; but, somehow or other, these men of authority, were, of all the persons on their legs, the most helplessly drunk; having arms in their hands, it appeared to me, for no other purpose, but that they might themselves drink without stint or question. At the top of every loaded cart that moved away, you beheld one of these “safe conducts,” an officer they called him, *lolloping* about with a drawn sword, and a face of solemn incompetency, his whole surviving powers being insufficient for the maintenance of his seat, let alone his dignity, for any two minutes of his journey. We had half a dozen dragoons too, galloping along the beach, and slashing the air with their sabres, and rolling about in their saddles, with a freedom

that must have ended in twenty tumblers, had they been any thing less than drunk—and dragoons. There were still higher powers, even guagers and supervisors, who had been equally open to the seductions of the rosy god. The rabble had accomplished their sly potations in holes and corners, with a bladder, a hat, or a shoe, for a goblet; but, with the magistracy, all was done openly and becomingly—such are the advantages of authority.

In the course of my ramble, I joined a little group who had assembled round a mighty cask, and taken it into their heads that it was necessary they should pronounce upon the nature of its contents. A large can, holding some quarts by way of sample, was filled and handed over to the chief man, already much *disguised*, though capable of much more. He collected himself, as a collector should, on receiving the rich measure, swallowed a mouthful, and continued for a minute deliberately smacking his lips, with his head declined a little, and his eyes fixed in a profound, judicial stare; then another mouthful, with smacking as before, and another, and another, till tired of this dribbling and doubting, he determined to have a fair taste at once; and, with the help of both hands, began gulping down a horse-like draught, which lasted as long as his breath, when the can, splashing and swashing, was redeemed from his unsteady grasp, and with a crapulous hiccup, he announced that it was—"port, de—de—decidedly port." The can was then filled and emptied again and again, as it performed its rounds among the whole jury of inquisitors, who came to the same verdict, that it could be nothing but port, and all "for the benefit of the underwriters."—There was one cask at a considerable distance from the rest, which I found under the special charge of a sailor belonging to the *Preventive Service*, who, remote from the general tumult, was abiding here "in single blessedness," about as happy and helpless as it is in the power of wine to make a man. Not knowing with what command I might be commissioned, he thought it necessary, on seeing me, to put on a grave, superintending face;

and, as he stood *minuetting* before the cask, with a cutlass in his hand, and the brass knob of a huge pistol staring out from his breast, he formed altogether the most ludicrously contradictory figure I ever beheld. "What cheer, mate, what cheer?" said I: "All's well," said he; and immediately fell flat upon his back. Now, thought I, he must certainly acknowledge his delinquency: but no: after much uncalled-for plunging and sprawling, for which he damned himself soundly, he contrived to bring himself to a perpendicular again, and, to my amazement, fixed upon me the same official, responsible face, as before, which would have me to know, that he was as sober as a judge. I could resist the appeal no longer, but burst out into a loud laugh, in which the poor fellow at last very cordially joined me; though the approach of his commanding officer soon spoiled the joke, and I left him to authenticate his temperance with what success he might.

There were two hundred casks of wine, as they called it, saved, and of these, it was in due time discovered, there was not a single one which had not been tapped and *tasted*. It was three days before the whole cargo was deposited in a store-house; and though, after the first day, it was protected against any general violence, there were still such opportunities of indulgence, through the milkiness, or *wini-ness*, rather, of the sentinels, that not a man in the town was quite himself, as long as there was a cask left. They began early; there is nothing like it. I met many most despotically drunk before sun-rise; which, indeed, is not to be wondered at, when we consider that they had been drinking all night. Cold, sour, turbid, wine, drunk out of a rusty tin can, in the open air, at seven o'clock, on a wet morning, in November! How I envy them their stomachs! Some bruised heads, and a few broken legs, were among the results of this Bacchanalian jollity; and black eyes, fist-made, are to this hour still traceable in their last livery of blue and yellow.

It had occurred to me on the first day of the revels, as I looked upon so

many senseless carcasses, lying like corpses on the strand, that darkness and the flowing tide might bring some of them into peril, from which they were little in a condition to escape; and had it not been for the exertions of sisters almost sober, and wives only half-drunk, it might have proved a sad day for ——— indeed. As it was, only one fatal accident occurred.

A dragoon, a fine young man, with his horse, was found drowned on the following morning, by some mischance or misconduct which nobody could explain. He was observed late in the night quite frantic with drink, and, unfortunately, the spectators were too much elevated for thoughts of danger or precaution. By what strange mysterious ties is our death sometimes related to events, remote, one might have thought, from all possible connexion with it! I had seen this man, on the evening when the vessel first appeared, talking with some of his comrades about her distress; and he retired with them, no doubt to his snug quarters, blessing himself in his enjoyments and security. His story was plain and intelligible enough when it was all over; but how inconceivable would he have thought it, had he been told, at the moment when he was pitying the labouring ship, that she would bring death to only one—and that the one would be himself!

I should be happy to find out some grounds of excuse, or palliation at least, for the spirit of plunder that prevails on our coasts, and is so general, indeed, that it may almost be imputed to us as a national reproach. At no very distant period, the business of “wrecking” was often combined with acts of merciless violence and ferocity that the Cossacks or the Malays might have been ashamed to acknowledge. People were not then satisfied with robbing the ship, but would fall upon the unfortunate crew, carry off their little property, tear their clothes from their back, and, if they resisted, knock them on the head. Such barbarities are now, thank God, seldom heard of. I have witnessed many shipwrecks on various parts of the coast, but certainly never saw ill-usage or inhumanity of

any kind extended towards the crews. On the contrary, the first consideration, with all denominations of people, even those who would be most forward to plunder when the season came, was invariably to make every effort in their power for the preservation of lives. In this generous labour, which is engaged in without a thought of reward, I have seen so many examples of the noblest courage and self-devotedness on the part of the “rogues and vagrants” of the sea-side, that I am almost willing to forgive them the ordinary trespasses of their trade. As the Reviewer said of Lord Byron’s *Corsair*, they have “every virtue under heaven except common honesty.” It is the ship and her cargo alone that they regard with hostility; and even these, in the present improved state of feeling on such subjects, are not condemned till they have had, what is considered, a fair trial. As long as a vessel holds together, and can be called a ship, they admit that it fairly belongs to its proprietors; but as soon as it is broken up and scattered in fragments along the shore, it is nothing—its identity is gone for ever. In this state of dissolution, they consider it as at once emancipated from all exclusive claims of ownership, and cast beyond all recognized boundaries of law and right, upon some waste element, as it were, or scramble-land, open to any adventurer who fears not the sea and surf. They do not feel that plunder in such a case is chargeable with any degree of cruelty and injustice: the sea, they say, has done all the mischief; we only take what it pleases to send us; and, whether it be lobsters and flat-fish, or pieces of plank and coils of rope, we hold ourselves equally innocent. You might tell them, that a considerable part of a wreck might be collected for the benefit of the owners; but you cannot tell them what part; and, as they know that a considerable proportion of it is likely to be swept away by the sea, they choose to think that all which they save is justly made their own. A certain quantity may or may not be recovered—nothing can be more doubtful—and in the meantime, the whole lies in so loose a state, so

unnoticed and unguarded, so much in short like something lost, that they cannot help believing that it belongs to any body who will stoop to pick it up. "We found it," they say, "and there can be no harm in that." You may tell them too, that if there is no other owner, the lord of the manor has the first turn; but the reasonableness of his priority is quite beyond their comprehension, and, to speak honestly, I do not wonder at it. His estate, they think, terminates with the land, and has no continuity, as far as interest and authority are concerned, with the shore: *that* belongs to the sea, which belongs, they contend, to every body. How far does the lord paramount push his dominions? To low-water mark? *High-water* mark is his natural frontier according to the popular opinion, and I am greatly inclined to agree with it. If he has a just title to every old cask and plank that is cast on the shore by the sea, he may with equal propriety, as it appears to me, claim all its natural produce, the fish, as far as I know not what mark; and in this manner, our sovereign squires round the kingdom might come to the grace of parcelling out the ocean among themselves, as they have parcelled out the air, and make it as criminal to pick up a periwinkle, as to shoot a partridge.

The occasional interference of lords of manors, with their arrogant and unintelligible pretensions, tends rather to quicken, than restrain, the general eagerness for plunder. "If you come to that, what business has *he* with it more than another?" I have been often asked by some of these rapacious people, and I never could answer them to their satisfaction or my own. Convince them that "wrecking" is robbery, and they will cheerfully desist from the practice. It is by no means the needy and knavish alone whom you may see hovering with eager eyes and ready hands about a stranded ship: men of substance and character, who hold their heads high in the world, attend vestries, and sit upon juries, join in the pursuit without scruple or shame. The baker, the butcher, the grocer, the whole aristocracy of the village, are perfectly prepared to pick any little

portable God-send on the sea-shore, that may come in their way; though they are all, undoubtedly, people, who would scorn to soil their hands by any of the vulgar modes of plain and admitted dishonesty. Mr. ———, our respectable blacksmith and bell-hanger, would not hesitate to *find* property belonging to a wreck, to the amount of twenty or thirty pounds, or more, if he could be so lucky; but he would sooner die, I am sure, than pick a neighbour's pocket of a penny, and would combine with all honest men to hoot down the wretch who could be guilty of such a deed, as too infamous for this earth.

Ignorance and prejudice, confirmed and endeared by immemorial habit, are the cause of these moral inconsistencies; and they are the more obstinate, no doubt, as they happen to have a little present profit on their side. All such blinds will eventually be cleared away, I trust, by that "growing intelligence of the age," which we hear so much of just now, but which has not yet got quite so far as the coast. Severe laws and violent punishments would have no effect: as they would not enlighten the minds of "wreckers," they would be regarded only, like the gamelaws and the penalties against smuggling, as tyrannical exertions of authority against the poor man's right of a livelihood. The victory will not be speedy or easy, whatever are the means applied; as any one may convince himself, who will take the trouble to reason a little with a "wrecker" on the nature of his opinions. I have done *my* best, as a good subject, to open the eyes of such offenders as have fallen in my way; but, whatever I may be fit for, I have not discovered in myself any gift of making converts amongst them. I talk to them of doing as they would be done by, and they answer me, that they will have ~~no~~ such new-fangled doctrines on the sea-shore; and that what was no sin with their fathers before them, can scarcely be sin in them. What! not let a man take what the sea sends?—there will be no living in England then, if this is to be the law. They talk of a good wreck-season, as of a good herring-season, and thank Providence for both.

(New Mon. Mag.)

PATENT BROWN-STOUT.

A Brewer in a country town
 Had got a monstrous reputation;
 No other beer but his went down,
 The hosts of the surrounding station,
 Carving his name upon their mugs,
 And painting it on every shutter:
 And though some envious folks would utter
 Hints, that its flavour came from drugs,
 Others maintained 'twas no such matter,
 But owing to his monstrous vat,
 At least as corpulent as that
 At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.

His foreman was a lusty Black,
 An honest fellow;
 But one who had an ugly knack
 Of tasting samples as he brewed,
 Till he was stupefied and mellow.
 One day in this topheavy mood,
 Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
 (Just then with boiling beer supplied,)
 O'ercome with giddiness and qualms he
 Reel'd—fell in—and nothing more said,
 But in his favourite liquor did,
 Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

In all directions round about
 The negro absentee was sought,
 But as no human noddle thought
 That our fat Black was now Brown Stout,
 They settled that the rogue had left
 The place for debt, or crime, or theft.

Meanwhile the beer was day by day
 Drawn into casks and sent away,
 Until the lees flow'd thick and thicker,
 When, lo! outstretched upon the ground,
 Once more their missing friend they found,
 As they had often done—in liquor.

See, cried his moralizing master,
 I always knew the fellow drank hard,
 And prophesied some sad disaster;
 His fate should other tipplers strike,
 Poor Mungo! there he welters, like
 A toast at bottom of a tankard!

Next morn a publican, whose tap
 Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
 Not having heard of the mishap,
 Came to demand a fresh supply,
 Protesting loudly that the last
 All previous specimens surpass'd,
 Possessing a much richer *gusto*
 Than formerly it ever used to,
 And begging, as a special favour,
 Some more of the exact same flavour.

Zounds! cried the Brewer, that's a task
 More difficult to grant than ask.—
 Most gladly would I give the smack
 Of the last beer to the ensuing,
 But where am I to find a Black,
 And boil him down at every brewing?

YORK KIDNEY POTATOES.

ONE Farmer Giles, an honest clown,
 From Peterborough had occasion
 To travel up to London town,
 About the death of a relation,
 And wrote, his purpose to explain,
 To cousin Jos. in Martin's-lane;
 Who quickly sent him such an answer as
 Might best determine him to dwell
 At the Blue Boar—the Cross—the Bell
 Or some one of the caravanseras
 To which the various coaches went,
 All which, he said, were excellent.

Quoth Giles, "I think it rather odd he
 Should write me thus, when I have read
 That London hosts will steal at dead
 Of night to stab you in your bed,
 Pocket your purse, and sell your body,—
 To 'scape from which unpleasant process
 I'll drive at once to cousin Jos's."

Now cousin Jos. (whose name was Spriggs)
 Was one of those punctilious prigs
 Who reverence the *comme il faut*;
 Who deem it criminal to vary
 From mode prescribed, and thus "monstrari
 Pretereuntium digito."
 Conceive him writhing down the Stand
 With a live rustic in his hand,
 At once the gaper and gapee,
 And pity his unhappy plight

Condemn'd, when tete-a-tete at night,
 To talk of hogs, nor deem it right
 To show his horrible *ennui*.

Jos. was of learned notoriety,
 One of the male Blue-stocking clan,
 Was register'd of each Society,
 Royal and Antiquarian;
 Took in the Scientific Journal,
 And wrote for Mr. Urban's Mag.
 (For fear its liveliness should flag)
 A thermometrical diurnal,
 With statements of old tombs and churches,
 And such unreadable researches.

Wearied to death one Thursday night,
 With hearing our Northampton wight
 Prose about crops, and farms, and dairies,
 Spriggs cried—"A truce to corn and hay,—
 Somerset House is no great way,
 We'll go and see the Antiquaries."

"And what are they?" enquired his guest;—
 "Why, Sir," said Jos. somewhat distress'd
 To answer his interrogator,—
 "They are a sort—a sort—a kind
 Of commentators upon Nature!"
 "What, common 'tatoes!" Giles rejoin'd,
 His fist upon the table dashing,
 "Take my advice—don't purchase one,
 Not even at a groat a ton,—
 None but York kidneys does for mashing."

(London Mag.)

EXPEDITION FROM PITTSBURGH TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

WITHIN the last half century, the most important and valuable additions have been made to the geography of the New World. Before that period indeed the operations of war and policy, and the speculations of trade, had laid open many of its wilds and recesses; but still some of its most prominent features were involved in obscurity, and the mind dwelt, with a species of awe, on its mighty waters, whose volume proclaimed the length of their course, and its interminable forests—the haunts of a race, whose very name was inseparably associated with ideas of craft, rapine, and cruelty. The skill and enterprise of different navigators have been successfully employed, in tracing the vast outline of its shores; while efforts no less persevering, and, in many cases, equally successful, have been made to explore its interior. In these attempts the American government has been honourably conspicuous; and its exertions have been at once stimulated and aided, by the progress of population in the Western States, and the acquisition of Louisiana from France, which placed at its command a rich and varied territory, inexhaustible in natural resources, and almost indefinite in extent.

Between 1803, the date of this transfer, and 1807, three exploratory parties were sent out by the executive government of the United States. Major Pike first proceeded northward, to trace the current of the Mississippi towards its source; and afterwards directing his steps westerly, endeavoured to ascertain the courses of the Arkansa and Red River. In this journey he approached the stupendous Alpine chain, distinguished by the name of the Rocky Mountains, which is evidently a continuation of the Andes in the south, and may be said to traverse the whole

northern Continent, and form a peculiar and striking lineament in its geography. But his researches were stopped by the Spaniards; and he was compelled to desist, without fulfilling the purpose of his employers. At a later period, another party, under Captain Sparkes, endeavoured to ascend the Red River, from its confluence with the Mississippi. When however they had proceeded nearly three hundred miles, they were met by a strong detachment of Spaniards, and deemed it prudent to return. The most remarkable of these enterprises, and in fact, one of the most memorable in the annals of modern discovery, was that of Captains Lewis and Clarke, in 1804, 1805, and 1806. These gentlemen explored the Missouri to its source, traversed the stupendous barrier of the Rocky Mountains, and in their descent towards the coast of the North Pacific Ocean, dispelled the doubts which had been long entertained, respecting the origin and direction of the Columbia River. They were so fortunate as to effect their return, after a dangerous and toilsome journey of nearly 9,000 miles, without any serious casualty.

Still anxious to acquire a more accurate knowledge of the chain of Rocky Mountains, and of the different streams which, from that elevated region, pour their tributary waters into the Mississippi, the American government confided to Major Long the direction of the present Expedition, composed of men of science, spirit, and enterprise, and accompanied by riflemen, hunters, and assistants. Embarking on board a steam boat at Pittsburgh, they proceeded by the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri, to Fort Osage, a military post, established in 1808, which may be considered as the utmost limit of civilized population in this quarter. From hence, while the boat ascended the Missouri, to the point designated in the journey of Lewis and Clarke, by the name of Council Bluff, a detachment was ordered to penetrate westward, across the Konzas, and taking the near-

* Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains, performed in the years 1819 and 1820, by order of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, under the command of Major S. H. Long, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers. Compiled from the notes of Major Long, Mr. T. Say, and other gentlemen of the party. By Edwin James, Botanist and Geologist to the Expedition. London, 1823.

est route to the Platte, to descend that stream, to its confluence with the Missouri. The water party experienced considerable difficulty in struggling against the current of this powerful river, and found essential changes both in its banks and channel, from the effect of inundations, since the voyage of Lewis and Clarke; but they attained their destined station on the 9th of September. The detachment was, however less fortunate; for, after reaching the Konzas, and receiving a hospitable welcome from the Indians on that river, they were met and plundered by a war party of Pawnees, and had no other resource than to rejoin their companions with the utmost expedition.

The commencement of October was spent in different councils and negotiations, with the neighbouring tribes of Indians, under the direction of Major O'Fallan, the Indian agent of the American government, whose representations were effectually supported by the vicinity of a military force. In the meantime, the exploring party prepared for their winter residence, which was fixed in a spot, called Engineer Cantonment, a short distance from Council Bluff. The necessary arrangements being completed, Major Long returned to Washington, leaving orders for a more particular examination of the surrounding country in his absence. Such a sojourn enabled the party to study the habits, customs, and character of the Indians; and to collect much curious information with respect to the Pawnees, Konzas, Omawhaws, Sioux, and other native tribes, who frequent the upper course of the Missouri. This part of the work will be perused with interest, by those who delight to contemplate mankind in the various stages of savage life.

Early in the spring Major Long returned, and in his route, crossed a part of the country, little known, by proceeding in a direct line on the eastern side of the Missouri, from Fort Charaton to Council Bluff. On the 6th of June they commenced the second and most arduous part of their journey, by diverging westward into a vast wilderness, remote from all the aids and com-

forts of civilized society, and compelled to depend, for their chief subsistence, on their skill and fortune in hunting. Their portable provisions consisted only of a supply of biscuit and Indian corn parched; and their instruments, for ascertaining and directing their course, of a sextant of five inches radius, a box sextant, an artificial horizon, three travelling compasses, and a patent lever watch. Their mode of travelling was not adapted to the conveyance of a barometer, which would have been highly useful; but they had two thermometers to ascertain the temperature of the air. The party were provided with a competent number of horses and mules, with tents for shelter, arms and ammunition, and a small supply of Indian goods for presents.

Their route was first directed towards the Pawnee villages, situated on the Loup fork, a little above its confluence with the Platte. They transported their baggage across the Elkhorn in a species of canoe, of Indian invention, formed of a bison's skin, drawn into the shape of a basin, by a rope, and kept distended by its contents. They then traversed the extensive prairie of the Platte, catching a distant view of the narrow line of wood, which marks its course; and, on the 11th of June, reached the dwellings of the Pawnees, from whom they expected information for their future guidance. Their reception here was, however, far from gracious; and no representation appears to have been spared, which was likely to deter them from their purpose. At length they procured three guides, who were not only well acquainted with the languages and habits of the Indians, in this quarter, but also with the language of signs—an acquirement which, from the number and diversity of the different dialects, is often an indispensable medium of communication. On the 14th of June they drew towards the Platte, and directed their course up in its northern bank. They found the scenery uninteresting and monotonous: on either side an unvaried plain, from two to ten miles wide, bounded by higher ground, the surface of which was undulating, and incurably sterile; the river broad

and shallow, fordable at every point, when not swollen by floods; the bed sandy, and the range from low to high water not exceeding eight feet. From these peculiarities it derives its name of the Platte or Flat River. On the 22d of June they reached the confluence of the north and south forks, where they forded both streams, without dismounting, though the breadth of the latter was not less than 900 yards; and pursued their course up the southern bank. Such was the scarcity of wood, that they here found a difficulty in collecting sufficient to light a fire. Their vicinity to what are called the salt licks, was announced by herds of bisons, wild horses, deer, and other animals, swarming in every direction; and their curiosity was excited by a variety of curious and interesting plants, scattered over the plain.

On the 26th, a diminution of the heat, which had hitherto been oppressive, was considered as indicating their approach to the mountains; and, on the 30th, in the morning, they had the satisfaction of catching the first view of this magnificent natural barrier. At first seen faintly like distant clouds, its outline was soon marked in bold indentations on the luminous margin of the sky; and in the midst appeared a point, divided into three summits, which is distinguished by Lieutenant Pike as the highest peak. At this period of the journey, the evaporation was so rapid, as to produce a *mirage*, like that observed in the deserts of Egypt; and the effect so beautiful and perfect, as to deceive the whole of the party. Here commenced the first of their privations; for their stock of biscuit being nearly exhausted, was supplied by parched maize, of which a gill was distributed to each man daily. They calculated on attaining the limit of their journey by the 4th of July, the anniversary of American independence; but they were obliged to hold their course over the same monotonous surface till the 6th, when they at length reached the base of the mountains, after a weary progress of nearly a thousand miles. They found the plain terminated by a range of naked and almost perpendicular

sandstone rocks, rising abruptly to the height of 150 or 200 feet, and serving as a species of skreen to the grand Alpine mass behind. They fixed their camp opposite to a chasim, which affords egress to the waters of the Platte.

On a nearer examination of the sandstone range, they observed such different degrees of obliquity in its strata, as induced them to conclude, that it had been detached by some powerful agent from the horizontal strata found on the plains. It is separated from the primitive granatic range by a valley about a mile in width, through which are scattered numerous insulated columnar rocks, sometimes of a snowy white, and interspersed with mounds, formed by the decomposition of similar masses. The lower parts contain exclusive beds of conglomerate, or pudding stone, often of a reddish hue; and in the more compact portions are found the remains of sub-marine animals. This stony rampart is intersected by all the large streams which descend into the plain. The Platte is here about twenty-five yards wide, with an average depth of three feet, the waters clear and cool, and the current rapid.

On the 7th of July they crossed the Platte, in order to climb the mountain. Passing the rampart of sand-stone, they began to ascend the primitive range, under an oppressive degree of heat, and found the rocks more abrupt than they expected. The surface was destitute of vegetation, except the prickly pear and yucca, and a few stunted oaks or junipers: the mass an aggregate of felspar and hornblende, approaching in character to sienite. Advancing westward, the hornblende became more and more predominant, and the fissures between the lamina nearly perpendicular, giving it the columnar structure of trap. A few interesting insects and plants were discovered; and occasionally appeared a hardy ever-green, whose short and gnarled trunk, and recurved branches, showed the force and frequency of the storms it had withstood. After climbing several ridges successively, each of which they supposed to be the summit, they still found others beyond, more lofty and rugged. They halted to

rest; and placing the thermometer under the shade of a large rock, found the temperature 72° , while in the camp below it was 86° . From this elevation the Platte appeared like a small brook, formed of two branches, one descending from the north-west, and the other from the south, and uniting a short distance before its exit from the chasm, in the mural precipice of sandstone.

At noon they began to descend, and experienced no less fatigue than in their ascent, being exhausted with heat, and oppressed with thirst. At length quitting the precipitous parts, they traversed a rugged tract, encumbered by fragments detached from above, and in a narrow ravine were gratified to find shelter, and a spring of cool water. Here one of the party was seized with a sudden and violent indisposition, which they attributed to some ripe currants, gathered and eaten on the mountain. While another was despatched to the camp for assistance, they heard a loud noise, as if some large animal was mounting the defile. They presently saw a huge bear advancing towards them at full speed; but giving him a volley with their rifles, he sprang up an almost perpendicular precipice, and disappeared in an instant. The sick man recovering, they returned slowly, and reached the camp late in the evening. Another party afterwards penetrated on the left bank of the Platte, and ascended a primitive mountain, which appeared of superior elevation, but found the horizon to the west still bounded by succeeding heights, towering majestically above. Looking towards the plain on the east, its undulations disappeared, and it stretched like a map before them. The Platte, and other streams, either meandered amidst slight fringes of wood, or glittered like silver in the sun-beams, while light and feathery clouds, flitting over the surface of heaven, cast their shadows on the earth, and enhanced the beauty of the scene.

On the 9th of July they directed their steps southward, traversed the ridge dividing the waters of the Platte from those of the Arkansa, and proceeded along the base of the mountain, having on the left the sandstone ridge,

and on the right the brown and naked granite, rising above in shapeless masses. Occasionally they caught, through fissures worn by the torrents, a view of the distant summits glittering with eternal snow. Winding their way with considerable exertion, amidst precipitous ledges of rock, they approached the point where the Arkansa emerges, and established their camp for a stay sufficiently long to ascertain the height of the mountains in this quarter.

While some of the detachment were employed in a trigonometrical measurement, others engaged in a new ascent. They first visited what are called the boiling springs, and found them resembling, in taste and effect, the highly ærated mineral waters. The ebullition appeared to be caused by a considerable discharge of gas, and the temperature was about 68° . Mounting upwards, they observed the same succession of rocks as before; but their progress was much more laborious, not only from the steepness of the ascent, but from the loose and dangerous footing it afforded. After thus toiling, for the space of two miles, they were compelled to pass the night in a spot where they could no otherwise secure themselves from rolling down the precipice, than by placing a pole against two trees. The next day, resuming their efforts, they at length attained a distinct view of the peak, which was the object of their ambition; but it still appeared distant, and the ascent steep. Here the character of the rock changed to a fine grained aggregate of quartz, felspar, and Kornblende—the latter in small proportion. Continuing to ascend, they passed the region of wood, which formed a definite line encircling the peak; and though from the plain it appeared near the summit, was now found scarcely to reach half its elevation. Above, they entered a tract of peculiar beauty, and equal interest, for its botanical productions. The intervals of soil were clothed with a carpet of low but brilliantly coloured alpine plants, chiefly with matted procumbent stems, and, including the flower, scarcely more than an inch in height. The prevailing tint was a deep blue. After a short halt, they determined to proceed, at

the risk of passing the night on the the mountain. They collected numerous unknown plants, but vegetation ceased entirely as they approached the summit, which contained an area of ten or fifteen acres. It was covered with splintery fragments, which, on removing, they found to rest on a deep bed of ice, as permanent, perhaps as the rock itself. To the north-west and west the view rested on innumerable mountains, white with snow; while below flowed the Arkansa, whose course could be traced for sixty miles. On the north, was a stupendous mass of snow and ice; and on the east, lay an extensive plain, rising as it receded, till it appeared to melt into the sky. At this elevation they were astonished to find the air filled, in every direction, with clouds of grasshoppers, which appeared to extend upwards, to the utmost limit of vision, as their wings sparkled in the sun. The thermometer sunk to 42° , while in the camp below it stood at 96° ; and the elevation of the peak, according to the scale annexed to the map, amounted to about 10,000 feet. To this point they gave the name of James's Peak, in honour of the botanist and zoologist of the expedition. The latitude of the camp below was found to be $38^{\circ} 18' 19''$ north, and longitude $105^{\circ} 39' 44''$ west, from Greenwich.

On the 16th of July they moved towards the Arkansas, over a loose, stony and barren soil; their sufferings from heat, thirst, and fatigue, aggravated by the contemplation of the dreary scenery before them. Thermometer in the shade from 90° to 100° . Approaching at length the ridge, overlooking the river, they descended to its base, and found themselves in a beautiful level plain, diversified with scattered cottonwood and willow-trees. On the 19th they turned back finally from the mountains, and quitted the grand objects they had been contemplating, with a feeling of regret, which was rather heightened than diminished, by the prospect of a long and wearisome pilgrimage. From one of their guides they learnt, that the region lying west of the first range of rocky mountains, between the sources of the Yellow Stone River, on the north, and Santa Fé on the south,

is composed of numerous ridges and spurs, intersected by vallies. The ridges are abrupt, and often towering into inaccessible peaks, covered with perpetual snow; and the inner ranges the most elevated. The vallies are extensive, stretching, in width, from ten to thirty miles, and watered by beautiful streams: the soil deep, the surface undulating, and well adapted to cultivation.

Having obtained from a solitary Kaskaia Indian some information respecting the route to the Red River, the Expedition separated on the 24th of July. Captain Bell, with one party, was left to descend the Arkansa; and Major Long, with ten men, six horses, and eight mules, proceeded southward in order to reach the Red River. With infinite labour and difficulty they traversed the ridge between these two streams, by ascending and descending deep, gloomy, and rugged ravines, worn by the tributary waters on either side, and suffering at the same time from heat and fatigue, hunger and thirst. On the 4th of August they at length descried the river, which they deemed the object of their search; and its appearance seemed to justify the supposition. Its bed was sixty yards wide, forty of which were naked sand, and the water, which was about ten inches deep, was intensely red, and of the temperature of new milk. It was not, however, unpleasant to drink, and produced no disagreeable effect. The valley through which it flowed was bounded by hills, from 100 to 200 feet high, with a deep sandy soil. In their progress downwards, they encountered, on the 9th of August, a party of Kaskaia Indians, amounting, with women and children, to 250; provided with numerous horses, and armed with bows and arrows. By these people they were informed, that they were on the Red River, and at their invitation passed the night in their camp; but the next morning it appeared that these attentions only covered a purpose of plunder; from which the savages were at length deterred by the dread of their rifles. From the 12th to the 16th of August they continued their toilsome journey, parching under the rays of a vertical sun; with a temperature from 100°

to 105°, which seemed to dry the scanty vegetation to ashes, and annoyed by showers of drifted burning sand, which penetrated through every part of their dress, and almost deprived them of the power of guiding their horses. The bed of the river, in some places, was expanded to a width of 1400 yards; but the water was diminished to a few stagnant pools, rendered loathsome, both to the sight and smell, by the excrement of bisons and other animals.

On the 17th they halted in a small valley, which presented a more cheering aspect. The low elms, with which it was tufted, were bending under the weight of innumerable grape vines, laden with such a profusion of purple clusters, as to give colour to the landscape. On the opposite side of the river was a range of low sand hills, fringed with vines, which appeared to rise not more than eighteen inches above the surface. On examination, they found these hills produced by accumulations of sand, which, burying every part, except the upper branches, had performed the office of a pruning knife. The clusters of grapes were so abundant as to hide the stems, and the fruit surpassed in richness and flavour that of any native or exotic of the United States.

From the 18th to the 24th, the country began to improve in appearance, and a succession of showers occasionally tempered the heat of the air. Their supply of meal, or parched maize, being at this period entirely exhausted, they had no other alternative than to eat their bison flesh or venison, without salt condiment of any kind. They suffered or also considerable inconvenience from the scarcity of water. By digging in the sand, they had procured sufficient for drinking, and for the purposes of cookery; but the want of the means of ablution, during so long a period, was severely felt.

On the 29th of August they found the hills based on a variety of sandstone, differing from the glaring red rock, which had marked their progress from the mountains. The elevations now became higher and more abrupt, the woods more extensive, the streams of water more frequent, and the aspect of the country in general indicated their

approach to a more mountainous region. Their annoyances were augmented by swarms of blowing flies, which scarcely permitted them even to dress their meat; and by multitudes of minute wood ticks, which penetrated the legs, and produced intolerable itching, pain, and inflammation.

On the 5th of September they observed, for the first time, a regular current of water in the bed of the river, and a few miles below, reached the confluence of the great North fork, which discharged a considerable stream. Continuing their progress, they passed several rapids, and at length, on the 9th, they found the river, which they had traced for nearly 800 miles, flowing into the Arkansa. This confirmed the suspicions they already began to entertain, that they had mistaken the Canadian for the Red River. The disappointment arising from this error was the more deeply felt, from their utter inability to remedy it, in their wearied and exhausted condition. After penetrating through a thick forest, they had the satisfaction of emerging near the haunts of men, on the 13th of September; and at Fort Smith situated on the Arkansa, in the heart of the Ozark mountains, they experienced that kindness and attention which their fatigues & privations rendered doubly welcome.

We now revert to the party who followed the course of the Arkansa, under the direction of Captain Bell. On the 26th of August they met a considerable body of Indians, from whom they experienced much savage hospitality. This horde consisted of Kiawas, Kaskaiaas, Shiennes, and Arrapahoes, and differed in stature, features, and habits, from the tribes on the Missouri. For three years they had been without any settled habitation, wandering about the head waters and tributaries of the Red River; and they decamped with a degree of rapidity, method, and alertness, which proved them accustomed to the habits of a vagrant life.

As the party descended, the stream dilated, and was occasionally studded with small islands. The general aspect of the country was, however, sterile and uninteresting. Nothing occurred, to give character to their journey, ex-

cept meeting with two parties of Indians, till the 5th of August, when they found themselves surrounded with countless herds of bisons and antelopes; the loud and dissonant sounds of the former making one continued roar, not ill associated with the idea of barren and inhospitable wastes. On the 7th, having passed the range of the great Indian war tracks, they dismissed their guides, who departed on a pathless journey of 300 miles to the Pawnee villages on the Platte. Hitherto the soil consisted of a deep light sand, which rendered travelling laborious; and timber was so scarce, that their fuel had chiefly consisted of driftwood.

From the 12th to the 15th of August the grass grew more luxuriant, but wood was still scarce. The temperature was the highest they had yet experienced, being 99°; but the heat was extremely oppressive. They had now exhausted their little stock of meal, which they had husbanded with the utmost frugality. From this time to the 31st, they continued their progress, occasionally endeavouring, but in vain, to quit the confined valley of the river, and make their way over the prairie, and higher ground. The country became gradually more wooded, till they found themselves entangled in a thick forest. At this period they suffered a severe loss, in consequence of the desertion of three of their soldiers, who robbed them of some of their manuscript journals, and three of their best horses. They were also in want of provisions, and greatly debilitated by fatigue.

On the first of September they were visited by a party of Indians, from a village in the vicinity, who supplied them with refreshments, and offered to assist in apprehending the deserters;

but proved more intent on plunder, than on fulfilling their promises. They therefore continued their route, and on the 5th reached a trading house, near the Verdigrise river, where they once more enjoyed some of the comforts of civilized life. On the 9th they concluded their peregrination at Fort Smith, the appointed place of rendezvous.

Some account is afterwards given of an excursion to the hot springs of the Washita, and to Cape Girardeau, and a brief description of the Red River, as far as its course has been traced. Annexed is also a general description of the country, traversed by the Expedition, in an official report from Major Long to the Secretary of War; and, finally, a Series of Observations on the Mineralogy and Geology of the Regions west of the Mississippi. The work is illustrated with a map, and a few aquatinta plates, very indifferently executed.

In closing these volumes, we cannot but applaud the zeal, perseverance, and intelligence of the gentlemen composing the Expedition; and though the narrative is presented in the unstudied form of a diary, we have no hesitation in saying that it will be perused with pleasure and satisfaction, and will supply an ample fund of information on many points, to which the limits of this analysis will scarcely permit us even to advert. We think it necessary, however, to add, that we have had before us only the London edition; and we are informed by a gentleman on whose authority we can rely, that this is but a mutilated reprint of the American edition, which is much more copious, and illustrated by an atlas of plates; and that even the map has been copied in a very imperfect manner.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

A short time since, a respectable Medical Practitioner, not a hundred miles from Ludlow, was called up in the night by a labouring man, residing at a few miles distance, to attend his wife, who was in child-bed. Dr. W., who had often attended under similar circumstances without obtaining any remuneration, asked the man who was to pay him. The countryman answered, that he possessed five pounds, which, kill or cure, should be his reward. Mr. W. consequently paid every attention to the poor woman, who notwithstanding died under his

hands. Soon after, Mr. W. met the widower at Ludlow, and observed that he had an account against him. The man appeared greatly surprised, and inquired for what? On being informed, he replied, "I don't think I owe you any thing;—did you cure my wife?"—"No, certainly, (said the accoucheur,) it was not in the power of medicine to cure her."—"Did you kill her then?" said the countryman. "No, I did not," was the reply. "Why then," said the countryman, "as you did not either kill or cure, you are not entitled to the reward."

ORIGINAL FRENCH ANECDOTES.

(Literary Gazette.)

MADAME CAMPAN'S MEMOIRS OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MARIA ANTOINETTE.*

IN the first of our *Literary Gazette* for the present year, we gave an account of Madame Campan and of her Memoirs, then on the eve of publication in Paris; and beg to refer the reader to our letter from that city of Dec. 18th, and of Jan. 1st. in the following Number, for these details and extracts. We had just finished the perusal of the French edition, with the intention of going into a regular review of it, when the work issued from the London press in its English garb. We have now therefore both copies on our table, and can say of them, that they are of a most interesting nature, full of anecdote, and recording events either strikingly curious or deeply affecting to every description of reader.

Before entering upon these selections which must recommend Madame de Campan's narrative to great popularity, we rejoice to have an opportunity of correcting the falsehood circulated on the pretence of her authority, against the late unhappy Marie Antoinette. So far from imputing any blame to that wretched lady, on the night of the 6th October, these Memoirs distinctly exculpate her from that foul slander, and do justice to a Queen as virtuous as she was unfortunate.

The memoirs, after a biographical notice of their author, and a preface, commence with a picture of the Court of the fifteenth Louis, admirably drawn, and replete with remarkable incident. Every page is so worthy of being selected, that we experience much difficulty in making our extracts to illustrate this most agreeable work. We quoted in our former papers the story of the *rose coloured minnet* when the princesses were under the charge of Madame de Joulanges, a lady who was afterwards Abbess of Royal Lieu; and Madame Campan adds—

"This excellent woman fell a victim to the revolutionary madness. She and her numerous sisters were led to the scaffold on the same day. While leaving the prison, they all chaunted the *Veni Creator* upon the fatal car. When arrived at the place of punishment, they did not interrupt their strains. One head fell, and ceased to mix its voice with the celestial chorus—but the strain continued. The abbess suffered last; and her single voice, with increased tone, still raised the devout versicle. It ceased at once—it was the silence of death!"

Of Landsmath, the blunt Eqnerry of Louis xv., we have also already related an anecdote; the following is equally piquant:

"This same M. Landsmath, who by his military and familiar language thus calmed the fears of Louis xiv. on the day of Damieus' horrible crime, was one of those people, who, in the most haughty courts, often tell the truth bluntly. It is remarkable, that there is a person of this description to be found in almost every court, who seems to supply the place of the ancient Kings' jester, and to claim the right of saying whatever he pleases.

"His Majesty one day asked M. de Landsmath how old he was? He was aged, and by no means fond of thinking of his age; he evaded the question. A fortnight after Louis xv. took a paper out of his pocket, and read aloud, 'On such a day in the month of *** one thousand six hundred and eighty *** was baptised by me, rector of *** the son of the high and mighty lord, &c. 'What's that?' said Landsmath, angrily; 'has your majesty been procuring the certificate of my baptism?' 'There it is, you see, Landsmath,' said the King. 'Well Sire, hide it as fast as you can; a prince entrusted

* *Memoires sur la Vie Privée de Marie Antoinette*. &c. Paris, 1823.

Memoirs of the Private Life of Maria Antoinette, Queen of France and Navarre: To which are added, Recollections, Sketches, and Anecdotes, illustrative of the Reigns of Louis XIV. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. By Madame Campan, First Femme de Chambre to the Queen. London, 1823.

with the happiness of twenty-five millions of men, ought not hurt the feelings of one individual at pleasure."

The following also belong to the period of Louis xv.

"Three young men of the college of St. Germain, who had just completed their course of studies, knowing no person about the court, and having heard that strangers were always well treated there, resolved to dress themselves completely in the Armenian costume, and, thus clad, to present themselves to see the grand ceremony of the reception of several knights of the order of the Holy Ghost. Their stratagem met with all the success with which they had flattered themselves. While the procession was passing through the long mirror gallery, the Swiss of the apartments placed them in the first row of spectators, recommending every one to pay all possible attention to the strangers. The latter, however, were imprudent enough to enter the bull's eye, where were Messieurs Cardonne and Ruffin, interpreters of oriental languages, and the first clerk of the consul's department, whose business it was to attend to every thing which related to the natives of the east, who were in France. The three scholars were immediately surrounded and questioned by these gentlemen; at first in modern Greek. Without being disconcerted, they made signs that they did not understand it. They were then addressed in Turkish and Arabic: at length one of the interpreters, losing all patience, exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, you certainly must understand some of the languages in which you have been addressed, what country can you possibly come from then?' 'From St. Germain-en-Laye, Sir,' replied the boldest amongst them; 'this is the first time you have put the question to us in French.' They then confessed the motive of their disguise; the eldest of them was not more than eighteen years of age. Louis xv. was informed of the affair. He laughed heartily; ordered them a few hours' confinement, and a good admonition; after which they were to be set at liberty. - - -

"Louis xv. liked to talk about death, though he was extremely apprehensive

of it; but his excellent health and his royal dignity probably made him imagine himself invulnerable; he often said to people, who had very bad colds, 'You've a church-yard cough there.' Hunting one day in the forest of Senard, in a year in which bread was extremely dear, he met a man on horseback, carrying a coffin. 'Whither are you carrying that coffin?'—to the village of —,' answered the peasant. 'Is it for a man or a woman?'—'For a man.'—'What did he die of?'—'Of hunger,' bluntly replied the villager. The King spurred his horse, and asked no more questions.

"Weak as Louis xv. was, the parliaments would never have obtained his consent to the convocation of the States-general. I heard an anecdote on this subject from two officers attached to that prince's household. It was at the period when the remonstrances of the parliaments, and the refusal to register the decrees for levying taxes, produced alarm with respect to the state of the finances. This became the subject of conversation one evening at the *coucher* of Louis xv.; 'You will see, Sire,' said a courtier, whose office placed him in close communication with the King, 'that all this will make it absolutely necessary to assemble the States-general.' The King, roused by this speech from the habitual apathy of his character, seized the courtier by the arm, and said to him in a passion,—'Never repeat those words: I am not sanguinary; but had I a brother, and he were to dare to give me such advice, I would sacrifice him, within twenty-four hours, to the duration of the monarchy, and the tranquillity of the kingdom.'"

We shall content ourselves with continuing these anecdotes, and make this Number a vehicle only for a miscellany of that character.

"It appeared at this period as if every feeling of dignity was lost. 'Few noblemen of the French court,' says a writer of the time, 'preserved themselves from the general corruption. The marshal de Brissac was one of the latter. He was bantered on the strictness of his principles of honour and honesty; it was thought strange that

he should be offended at being thought, like so many others, exposed to hymeneal disgrace. Louis xv. who was present, and laughed at his angry fit, said to him, 'Come, M. de Brissac, don't be angry; 'tis but a trifling evil; take courage.' 'Sire,' replied M. de Brissac, 'I possess all kinds of courage, except that which can brave shame.' - - -

"At the courts of Louis xv. and xvi., he was a model of the virtue, gallantry, and courage of the ancient knights. Count de Charolais, finding him one day with his mistress, said to him abruptly, 'Go out, Sir,' 'My lord,' replied the duke de Brissac, with emphasis, 'your ancestors would have said, Come out.'"

"The coronation took place at Rheims, with all the accustomed pomp. At this period, Louis xvi. experienced that which can, and should, most powerfully affect the heart of a virtuous sovereign. The people's love for him burst forth in those unanimous transports, which are clearly distinguishable from the impulse of curiosity, or the cries of party. He replied to this enthusiasm, by marks of confidence, worthy of a people, happy in being under the government of a good king: he took a pleasure in repeatedly walking without guards, in the midst of the crowd which pressed around him, and called down blessings on his head. I remarked the impression made at this time, by an observation of Louis xvi. On the day of his coronation, in the middle of the choir of the cathedral at Rheims, he put his hand up to his head, at the moment of the crown being placed upon it, and, said 'It pinches me.' Henry III. had exclaimed, 'It pricks me.' Those who were near the King, were struck with the similitude between these two exclamations, though it will not be imagined, that such as had the honour of being near the young monarch on that day, were of the class which may be blinded by the superstitious fears of ignorance. - - -

"M. de Vaudreuil was passionately fond of the arts and of literature: he preferred encouraging them as an amateur, rather than as a man of con-

sequence. He gave a dinner every week to a party consisting only of literary characters and artists. The evening was spent in a saloon furnished with musical instruments, pencils, colours, brushes, and pens; and every one composed, or painted, or wrote according to his taste or genius. M. de Vaudreuil himself pursued several of the fine arts. His voice was very pleasing, and he was a good musician. These accomplishments made him sought after, from his earliest entrance into society. The first time he visited madame la Marechale de Luxembourg, that lady said to him, after supper: 'I am told, Sir, that you sing very well. I should be delighted to hear you. But if you do oblige me so far, pray do not sing any fine piece—no cantata—but some street ballad—just a mere street song. I like a natural style—something lively—something cheerful.' M. de Vaudreuil begged leave to sing a street ballad then much in vogue. He did not know that madame la Marechale de Luxembourg, was before her widowhood, countess de Boufflers. He sang out with a full and sonorous voice the first line of the couplet, beginning, 'When Boufflers was first seen at court.' The company immediately began coughing, spitting, and sneezing. M. de Vaudreuil went on. 'Venus' self shone less beauteous than she did.'—The noise and confusion increased. But after the third line, 'To please her all eagerly sought,'—M. de Vaudreuil perceiving that all eyes were fixed upon him, paused. 'Pray go on, sir,' said madame la Marechale, singing the last line herself: 'And too well in his turn each succeeded.' M. de Besenval's remarks respecting madame de Luxembourg render the anecdote plausible. But, perhaps, in such a delicate dilemma, she may be considered as having given a proof of presence of mind, rather than of impudence.

"Modesty was one of Gluck's virtues. Madame de Genlis, in her *Souvenirs*, says, that he spoke of Piccini judiciously and plainly. 'One cannot help feeling,' adds she, 'that he is equitable without ostentation. However, he said yesterday, that if Picci-

ni's Roland succeeds, *he will do it over again*. This remark is striking, but it is of a nature that will never please me. It is so much more a mere proof of feeling, to speak always with diffidence !

We close with a detail of considerable literary as well as political interest :

"The duke de Lauzun (since duke de Biron) who made himself conspicuous in the revolution, among the associates of the duke d'Orleans, has left behind him some manuscript memoirs, in which he insults the name of Marie Antoinette. He relates one anecdote respecting a heron's plume. The following is the true history of the matter.

"The duke de Lauzun had a good deal of original wit, and something chivalrous in his manners. The Queen was accustomed to see him at the King's suppers, and at the house of the princess de Guéménée : and always shewed him attention. One day he made his appearance at Guéménée's in uniform, and with the most magnificent plume of white heron's feathers that it was possible to behold. The Queen admired the plume, and he offered it to her through the princess de Guéménée. As he wore it, the Queen had not imagined that he could think of giving it to her ; much embarrassed with the present which she had, as it were, drawn upon herself, she did not dare to refuse it, nor did she know whether she ought to make one in re-

turn ; afraid, if she did give any thing, of giving either too much or too little, she contented herself with wearing the plume once, and letting M. de Lauzun see her adorned with the present he had made her. In his secret memoirs the duke attaches importance to his present of the aigrette, which proves him utterly unworthy of an honour accorded only to his name and rank.

"His vanity magnified the value of the favour done him. A short time after the present of the heron plume, he solicited an audience ; the Queen granted it, as she would have done to any other nobleman of equal rank. I was in the room adjoining that in which he was received ; a few minutes after his arrival, the Queen opened the door, and said aloud, in an angry tone of voice, 'Go, sir,' M. de Lauzun bowed low, and withdrew. The Queen was much agitated. She said to me : 'That man shall never again come within my doors.' A few years before the revolution of 1789, the marshal de Biron died. The duke de Lauzun, heir to his name, aspired to the important post of colonel of the regiment of French guards. The Queen however procured it for the duke du Chatelet : such is often the origin of the most implacable hatred. The duke de Biron espoused the cause of the duke d'Orleans, and became one of the most violent enemies of Marie Antoinette."

The Drama.

(New Mon. Mag.)

COVENT-GARDEN, APRIL 1.

Miss Mitford's Tragedy.

THIS is a noble and extraordinary work.

Its author has been for some time known to the literary world, as a lady of elegant and accomplished mind and of graceful fancy ; but her poems do not give the slightest indication of that genius which is developed in her "Julian." No one would, we think, recognise this as a woman's play, except by the delicacy and tenderness of young Alphonso's character, which forms a delightful relief to its sterner passions and sorrows. It is, in all its parts, essentially dramatic ; its characters are boldly and decidedly drawn ; its action passes and lives in present vividness before us ; its poetry is inspired by its passion, and elevates and softens its expression, without retarding the progress of the scene. It has

defects undoubtedly ; but none which detract from the wonder which so great an exhibition of pure dramatic power is calculated to awaken.—The story, which has the disadvantage of being entirely fictitious, has its scene in Sicily. The late monarch has died in the flower of his age, and left his son, of tender years, to the care of his brother the Duke of Melphi and his nephew Prince Julian. The kingly orphan, who is a child of pensive and affectionate disposition, has indulged his grief at his country villa since the death of his father. The Duke of Melphi, his uncle, a nobleman of amiable qualities, which are obscured only by his intense desire to reign, sets out to conduct him to Messina, there to be invested with the symbols of power. His cousin Julian waits his return with extreme impatience, and, at last, sets out to meet him. Annabel, Julian's

beautiful wife, is astonished to see her husband return in a state of horror and distraction, and accompanied by a stranger page, who attends him with duteous care. At the opening of the play, Julian is discovered lying asleep on a couch, having fallen, after eight days delirium, into disturbed slumber, and Annabel is watching over him. In her cautions to the page to be silent, and in her first affectionate conversation which she holds with the poor sufferer on his waking, use has been made of the affecting commencement of the *Orestes*, where *Electra* is bending over her distracted brother, and joyfully performing the most menial offices of love. The entire scene which follows, and which occupies the whole of the first act, is admirably wrought.—Julian, at first, believes that he is waking only from a horrid dream; but on seeing *Alphonso*, knows that the dreadful incident which haunts him is real, and exclaims,—“Lay me down, that I may die!” After many struggles, he tells the melancholy tale,—that in a deep glen he heard the cry of one in anguish, and hastened to his succour—that he saw young *Alphonso* sinking beneath the sword held over him by one who averted his face, as if he dared not look on his victim—that he plunged the sword into the assassin's side, and in the moment when he fell recognised his father! Hints are given that the duke may yet live: Julian seizes them with eager and passionate hope; a moment of terrible suspense ensues—and news is brought that *Melphi* lives. Julian sinks on his knees, overpowered with joy, and the scene closes. In the second act, *Melphi*, who has revived after Julian's hasty departure, makes his appearance in the city, and assumes the title of king, on the supposition that *Alphonso*, who stood between him and the accomplishment of his dearest wishes, is no more. *D'Alba*, a scornful observer of mankind, whose suspicious nature is excited by his disappointed love for the lady *Annabel*, insinuates doubts respecting the truth of *Melphi's* story, but is silenced by the high and kingly manner of the new sovereign. The duke's eye wanders about the circle of lords in fearful search of his son, whom he summons to his presence, and an interview takes place between them. *Melphi* now tries to inspire Julian with the ambition by which he is himself impelled, and, finding the attempt hopeless, endeavours alternately to awe and to soften him into an acquiescence with his plans; but the prince, though almost distracted by the misery of the dilemma in which he is placed, resolutely declares his intention to support the rightful claims of *Alphonso*. The whole of this scene is uncommonly spirited and effective: *Melphi's* pride and joy in the regality he is about to assume are admirably contrasted with the virtuous resistance and filial agony of Julian. *Melphi*, by the commanding energy of his character, silences the scruples of the Barons, and proceeds, in spite of the sneers of *D'Alba*, to assume the crown in the great cathedral, at the foot of the old foun-

der of his race. Just as his wishes are about to be completed, Julian rushes in with the young King, and passionately appeals to those who knew the late sovereign, whether he has not the very lineaments of his father. The identity is recognised; *Melphi* is charged by *D'Alba* with treason and intended murder, and Julian is appealed to as a witness of the scene in the pass of the *Albano* mountains. The son, however, refuses to fulfil the desire of his father's enemies, and accuses himself of being a party to the imputed treason. Both of them are now banished, excommunicated outlaws and fugitives; agitation and sorrow cause the wound of *Melphi* to burst forth again, and he dies in the highway, soothed only by Julian and the boyish King, who would relieve his dying miseries. While the prince is ministering to his father, news is brought that *D'Alba* has conveyed the lady *Annabel* to a lone tower, having decoyed her from her home, under pretence of conveying her to her husband; which rouses him from the stupor of his grief, and he rushes off, if possible, to preserve her honour. Meanwhile, *D'Alba* threatens his fair captive that unless she will forsake her husband, now under the church's ban, and wed him, he will accomplish his death; but she steadfastly refuses, although she sees none to help her. Julian now scales the tower where she is confined, and rushes to her arms;—but his steps are tracked, the fortress is surrounded, and no hope of succour remains. Thus encompassed, he determines to kill her in order to save her from the worst disgrace and agony—and breaks his design to her so tenderly and soothingly, as almost to charm away the bitterness of such a fate. This horror is, however, saved him; for after she has expressed her readiness to die, and only implored him to survive her, the soldiers rush in to seize him, she throws herself before him, receives the blow aimed at his heart, and falls dead. Julian kills the soldiers, and, hearing *D'Alba* coming with a sort of frenzied passion for justice, flings his cloak over the body, and envelopes himself in the garb of one of the men whom he had slain. *D'Alba* enters, full of rapturous anticipation of his meeting with *Annabel*, whom he is equivocally told is “at rest,” when Julian tears away the cloak and discovers her body. *D'Alba* is appalled at this sad spectacle; *Alphonso* and his guards arrive and seize him; and Julian's heart breaks, and he dies, leaving *Alphonso* “alone in the world.”

Such is the story of “*Julian*,” and the faults of the play are those which appear on the recital. There are great improbabilities in its frame-work, and these are not very artificially smoothed away by the conduct of the scenes. It has been called *melodramatic*; and perhaps justly, in reference to the mere development of the plot, in which effect rather than coherence has been obviously sought. But in the more essential part of the work, in the passions, which are its essence, this censure is very far from applying; for these are all finely

developed, and discriminated with the most exquisite skill. There is something very original in the character of Julian, although it is so gentle; a certain dreamy and meditative softness, a disposition formed for filial and conjugal love, which engage more than common sympathy for his strange and terrible sufferings. The towering Melphi stands boldly from the canvass, redeemed from detestation by the regality of his spirit; and D'Alba is far removed from the class of ordinary villains. Born "strong in scorn, the wise man's passion," he has been awakened into other feelings by the charms of Annabel, and his disappointment adds bitterness to his hatred of the world; yet his love, all reckless in the means which it would use, is still intense and devoted enough to render him an object of pity. Alphonso is formed in the mould of those children whom the old dramatists have drawn, though of softer mould; and Annabel is most delicately portrayed. The diction of the play is uncommonly nervous, yet scarcely ever borders on the extravagance so characteristic of modern tragedies. Who would believe that the following reply of Melphi to Julian, when he asks what the little word "a king" would do for him, was written by a woman?—

"That little word! why that is fame!
And power and glory! That shall fill the world,
Lend a whole age its name, and float along
The stream of time with such a buoyancy,
As shall endure when palaces and tombs
Are swept away like dust. That little word!
Beshrew thy womanish heart that cannot feel
Its spell—Hark! hark! the guns! I feel it now—
I am proclaim'd—Hark! King Rugiero!
Dost hear the bells, the shouts? Oh 'tis a proud
And glorious feeling thus at once to live
Within a thousand bounding hearts, to hear
The strong out-gushing of that present fame
For whose uncertain dim futurity
Men toil and slay and die."

When Annabel describes to Julian the horrors of the night she had passed in the tower, she gives in two lines three of the

grandest images which we can remember among the personifications of poetry:—

—"the forms

Of wild thoughts that wander'd through my brain,
Bright chattering Madness, and sedate despair,
And Fear the great unreal."

There is not a moment's lagging in the progress of the scenes. The first act, which introduces the necessary explanations, is in itself one of the most beautiful, perhaps the most finished, portions of the tragedy. Here the anxious love of Annabel and the affectionate gratitude of Alphonso intersperse touches of the truest pathos; while the manner in which the dreadful picture of what has been, gradually grows clearer to the mind of Julian, is exceedingly original and striking. The second act is occupied entirely by the meeting between Melphi and the nobles, and his subsequent interview with Julian, both of which seem to live before the mind even of a reader. In the third act are the interrupted coronation—the whole turn of fortunes—and the sentence on the Melphi: in which the grand address of the Duke at the statue, Julian's refusals to answer, and his defiance to his foes, and D'Alba's caustic sneers blended with his passionate exclamations on Annabel's beauty, are in a high degree poetical and dramatic. The fourth act contains the bold conception of Melphi's death in the highway, which might be too dreadful were it not softened down and alleviated by the tenderness of Julian, and the sweet pity of the young King, who comes like a ministering angel. All the earlier part of the fifth act is full of pathos, where Julian endeavours to reconcile Annabel to the fate which he dares not announce; and her death by an act of self-devotion, comes as a timed relief from the anticipated horror of the sacrifice. The incident of veiling the body, though censured as melo-dramatic, is taken from the *Electra* of Sophocles, where Clytemnestra is veiled by Orestes after death, in order to appal Egisthus before he is slain. It is unquestionably one of the most remarkable effects in modern tragedy.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTER VII.

From Sir Charles Darnley to the Marquis de Vermont.

My dear Marquis,

Paris.

IN your last letter you have criticized somewhat severely the dinner and quadrille parties of London, not to speak of your comments on the matrimonial speculations of our mammas and misses. I am about to make a generous return by giving you an account of an entertainment at Paris, of which I can only speak in terms of unqualified praise. You have no doubt

heard, that *Bals Costumés* or in other words balls, at which the company appear in fancy dresses, though not in masks, have been much the fashion during the present winter in the French capital.

Mde de ———, (who you know is celebrated for contriving new methods of enlivening her house,) determined that the juvenile branches of her acquaintance should partake of a diver-

sion, which appeared to be so popular among their elders. She accordingly issued cards for a "*Bal Costumé donné aux enfans de ses amis.*" This lady, who, by similar attractions, has the talent of drawing into her circle the most distinguished inhabitants, as well as visitors of Paris, collected on this occasion, besides almost every French person and foreigner of renown, eighty of their children; and no expense had been spared, either in the dresses of these youthful exhibitors, or in the pleasures prepared for them. The whole entertainment was more novel, more gay, and more characteristic than any of the kind which I have yet witnessed. In a large and elegant saloon, brilliantly lighted and decked out on the occasion, with every possible additional ornament, accompanied by their respective parents, (who were still in the full enjoyment of manly vigour, or the bloom of female beauty) appeared the destined representatives of your most illustrious houses, all of whom personated an assumed character, and wore an appropriate garb. A lovely Duchess held in her arms a little girl, scarcely six months old, who was clad in the full attire of a superannuated lady of the last century, with a fly cap, long ruffles, stiff stays, and green spectacles. Besides an infant Hercules, a baby Alexander, and a pigmy Achilles, we had Presidents *au mortier* of the parliament of Paris, who (though the eldest was not more than eight years of age,) preserved the full appearance of a gravity so becoming the robes of magisterial office.

We had smart little *Abbés*, scarcely three feet high, who aped not unsuccessfully the effeminate manners and pert loquacity of those once well-known members of French society. We had Monks whose pillowed rotundity reminded us of the jolly friars of former days. We had miniature *dames pressentées de l'ancien régime*, with trains two thirds longer than the persons of the wearers, high *toupies*, high feathers, long lappets, powdered heads, and brilliant jewels. We had also *Maréchaux de France*, both of the old and new school; Cardinals, Statesmen, Legislators, Financiers, Merchants,

Peasants, Turks, Jews, running footmen, flower girls, *savants, et savantes*, all dressed and correctly acted, though very few of the exhibitors had reached their tenth birth day. But the most striking feature of the whole evening was the performance of a *real quadrille*, (such as the courtiers of Louis XIV. were in the habit of dancing,) by a party of youthful masqueraders, correctly dressed after the best pictures of that age. A well-chosen band of musicians (also dressed in character) struck up the tune of an ancient march, when, preceded by their pages, four boys, who represented four ancient *Seigneurs*, (M. Le Duc de la Rochefoucauld, M. Le Duc de Lauzun, M. le Mareschal d'Hocquincourt, &c.) made their appearance, accoutred in long and laced coats, black wigs, with long ringlets which fell down their shoulders; stockings with red clocks, which were tied above the knee, and and hats *à l'Henri IV.* They moved forward from an adjoining room with becoming solemnity, each giving his hand to his allotted partner. The young ladies who played the parts of four celebrated women of Louis XIV's court, (Mde. La Duchesse de Longueville, Mde. La Marquise de Sevigné, &c.) were no less appropriately dressed. They wore gowns with long waists, powdered hair, rouged cheeks, high heels, &c. Proceeding forward in measured time, the youthful dancers took their places in the centre of the saloon. The pages now with bended knee approached their respective lords, received their swords, and then after several bows retired. The *Seigneurs* began their task by making a profound reverence to the company assembled, and then repeated the same compliment to their partners individually. The music now changed to the air appropriate to the quadrille, which was admirably executed, with its ancient figure and ancient steps; nor did the exhibitors lay aside for one minute the gravity which they had thought it right to assume.

When the dance was finished the music changed to a march, the pages came forward and returned the swords, in a submissive attitude similar to that in which they had received them, to

their respective *Seigneurs*; who, after renewing their bows to the company and their partners, gave the latter their hands, and conducted them out of the room with the same solemnity which they had observed on entering it.

I must now mention as a curious instance of national character early acquired, (for certainly you are the first actors in the world) that these young people on being called upon to repeat the whole of this exhibition, at the request of an illustrious stranger who came too late to see the first performance, achieved the second task required from them with equal propriety, and without losing for a moment that self-possession and command of countenance which had already excited so much applause.

I should mention, before I conclude this imperfect sketch of a most amusing evening, that at ten o'clock the eighty children, who had appeared *en costume* adjourned to the eating-room where a splendid repast had been prepared for them.

I was very much pleased with the politeness of the little Frenchmen, who instead of rushing forward as so many English boys would have done, selected their favourite belles, and led them to the supper table.

Nor did they forget to put their napkins through their button holes, in doing which they reminded me of my

friend, the *bon-vivant* at Beauvilier's, who never begins his meal till this ceremony is performed.

Here, however, their regard for good manners seemed to cease; for no *roturiers'* sons have eaten more ravenously than did these children of *la haute Noblesse*. They were waited on by their *bonnes* (or nurses) who wore their provincial dresses, which added another curious feature to the scene. I smiled at remarking, that not a few Marshals of France, Cardinals, and Presidents of Parliament, received a friendly hint from these good women, not to make themselves sick by eating too much; a piece of advice which, like most counsels, seemed to be but little attended to.

Among the many circumstances which threw a charm around this gala, I must add that the mothers of the juvenile exhibitors were still young themselves, and contained in their number some of the handsomest women at Paris. Their beauty, animated by viewing the performances and merry faces of their children, was seen to great advantage; but I must do them the justice to say, that I believe they were all at this time too much occupied with the charms of their offspring to think of their own.

This little *fete*, displayed at once a union of innocence, gaiety, and maternal affection. Farewell.

LETTER VIII.

From the Marquis de Vermont to Sir Charles Darnley.

London.

I fear, my dear Darnley, that you will think me very ill natured, but, having promised to give my opinion candidly and without disguise, I must confess that I am, every day, more and more surprised at the contradictions which I discover in the character of your countrymen. They have the reputation of being fond of retirement, yet they are for ever in public;—they are said to be simple in their habits, yet their establishments, their equipages, their tables, their plate, and their jewels, display the most ruinous contempt of prudential considerations. They boast of the advantages they enjoy of living under a government of law and

liberty; yet when a disposition is displayed by other countries to struggle for similar blessings, they support and justify their oppressors. They cultivate literature more than all the nations of Europe, and I believe the books published yearly in London, greatly exceed the aggregate number of those, which issue from the united presses of the rest of the civilized world; and certainly information is no where more generally diffused, yet science and letters are very rarely the subjects of conversation. The English are the liberal patrons and professed admirers of musical talent, and, at an immense expense, tempt to their shores the most celebrated performers

of Italy; yet neither at the Opera-House, nor at public or private concerts, is it possible to enforce that necessary silence, without which the charms of soft sounds cannot be enjoyed. Your ladies are said to be domestic; yet, as I have had occasion before to observe, they waste their mornings in the lounges of Hyde Park or Bond Street, and their nights in crowded assemblies, where the youngest and most beautiful of them, after exhibiting their beautiful and only half-veiled persons to the gaze of five hundred spectators in the quadrille or less delicate waltz, seem to feel no sense of impropriety in seating themselves with their partners in some distant corner of the room, far removed from the eye of their husbands or mothers, where, without a blush they listen to all the silly nonsense which passion or folly whispers, and vanity and inexperience so greedily devour.

You are strict moralists, and severely condemn our Government for checking some of the evils of gaming, by taking it under its direction; and, as vice cannot be avoided in a great city, for making it at Paris available to beneficial purposes, in applying the profits of the *Salon*, and other similar establishments to the support of our hospitals and houses of relief for suffering poverty. Yet your Parliament yearly sanctions the drawing of a Lottery—of all kinds of gaming decidedly the most pernicious, and one by which the lowest orders of society are lured to their ruin by an irresistible bait. In spite, too, of the pretended strictness of your manners, the most abandoned women are allowed to throng your streets, and to fill the lobbies and upper boxes of your national theatres.

You are a religious nation, and particularly rigid in the rules you lay down for the observance of the Sabbath. Indeed, I have often heard Englishmen complain of the little respect paid to that day at Paris, though the amusements which you condemn, and which we think innocent, are not suffered to commence till after the hour at which the churches are closed. Well—in spite of all the extreme severity of opinion, I remark many contradictions in

your manner of “keeping holy the seventh day.” Your play-houses and shops are shut, but your eating houses of all descriptions are thrown open. It is the day in the week chosen preferably to all others for country excursions; and those who remain in town loiter away several hours on foot, on horseback, or in carriages, while the evening service is still performing at no great distance from the promenade in which they take their exercise—and while you hold it criminal to ask your friends to card parties or balls, Lords, Ministers, Judges and Bishops, give dinners on Sundays; and at those dinners, I believe there is no less wine drank by the gentlemen, and no less scandal spoken by the ladies.

But of all your contradictions it appears to me, that the greatest is that deference (I am almost disposed to say *homage*,) which is paid to *rank* in this country. The writers on the British Constitution boast, and boast with reason, that all Englishmen are equal in the eyes of the law, and that though your Peers have sundry privileges, these privileges are less beneficial to themselves than to the public; that *they* constituting your only real nobility, are not a *caste* or exclusive order—marked and separated from the rest of the people by an insuperable barrier: that most of them before they became Peers were Commoners, while their children remain such, during their life-time, and have no legal superiority over the rest of their fellow-subjects. Well, in spite of these assertions, which are evidently founded on truth, I know no country in which the hierarchy of rank is so rigidly observed.—

When I arrived in England, finding myself frequently placed by the lady of the house at the tables where I dined, I attributed this politeness to the general urbanity of your countrymen towards strangers, and was far from suspecting what I have since discovered, that I owe all this distinction to the title which I happen to bear.

I believe you are sufficiently acquainted with our manners to know that a man's importance (even according to the etiquette of the old court) depends principally on the antiquity of

his family, and that members of noble houses are indiscriminately called Marquises, Counts, Viscounts, Barons, or Chevaliers, without the difference of appellation producing any in their rank. It is, however, to the accidental circumstance of my possessing the first of these denominations that I am indebted for the precedence so undeservedly bestowed.

M. le Marquis is translated into the English *Lord Marquis*, and treated as such. I am given every where the *pas* after Dukes; and, indeed, I often blush at being received in this manner, while, perhaps, a countryman of mine, over whom I have no pretensions to arrogate the slightest superiority, is placed at the bottom of the table, because his title of "Chevalier" is considered only tantamount to that of a simple Knight. Nothing has surprised me more altogether, than observing in a country, celebrated for the liberality of its institutions, so servile an attention to distinctions of this kind. To collect together as many great people as possible seems the ambition of the donor of an entertainment. Indeed, it was long before I understood the jargon of fashionable life. When I was told that at a house at which I was about to visit, I should find a *delightful party*, I expected to meet ladies of graceful manners or extraordinary beauty, and men of sense, wit, and information. Think then of my disappointment, when, in going to one of these promised delightful parties, I found 3 or 4 Dowagers long past the meridian of life; half a dozen Lords, who could talk of nothing but their horses, their dogs, or their amours, except when the flavour of the wines, or the excellence of the sauces, claimed the admiration of their epicurean taste; an Earl's younger son, much taken notice of at *this time*, he having paid considerable damages for *crim. con.* with the wife of his most intimate friend; another "*Honorable*," who, after ruining a host of tradesmen (while he indulged in the most undue extravagances) had just been discharged from the King's Bench Prison under the Insolvent Debtor's Act, and a dashing Baronet lately deprived of his commission, for having deprived a brother officer of a considerable sum at the gaming table;

and lastly, of a Comic Actor from one of the Theatres, who, knowing the price which he was expected to pay for his dinner, endeavored by the grossest buffoonery to raise the drooping spirits of the high-titled, but very unprincipled, and very tiresome personages, who composed this "*delightful party*."

I make a similar remark respecting those motley crowds in which you pass your *nights*, rather than your evenings. When invited to one of these entertainments, what do I find? A mob of six or seven hundred persons, all complaining of the heat, and seeming no less anxious to get away than they were a few minutes before to arrive; yet I am assured that this is a particularly select and elegant party; and if I may venture to ask in what its merits consist, I am shewn two or three cabinet ministers, several members of the *corps diplomatique*, various Peers and Peeresses, and in their train some of the fashionable hemisphere, with the addition, perhaps, of a renowned English or foreign hero, an abdicated sovereign, an Otaheite chieftain, a Persian envoy, a Greek celebrated for the tie of his turban, a learned lady, for the brilliancy of her wit, or a traveller, for his recent discoveries; in short of something extraordinary—of some object (no matter what) to which the eye of curiosity is at this moment directed; for rank has but one rival in England, and that is novelty; and the giver of a *fête* seems to think that but three things are necessary to ensure its success. I mean an ample supply of lords, ladies, and *lions*.

In short, it appears to me that such is the reverence paid to rank, that those who possess that advantage, however deficient in mental or moral qualifications, are in little danger of being banished from the highest circles of London, unless the most egregious crimes are proved against them, on clear indisputable evidence; while persons not so distinguished, though eminent for virtue, talent, knowledge, and even ancient birth, may pass their time very dull in this gay city; particularly if too proud and independent to propitiate, by presents and servile adulation, the very noble but very vicious leaders of the fashionable world.

(Literary Gazette.)

VERSES, BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

Composed for the Celebration of Burns's Birth-day, at Sheffield.

What bird in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the Bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,
As ever child of air ?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns
For whim or pleasure change ;
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The Blackbird, oracle of spring,
When flow'd his moral lay ;
The Swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play :

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm ;
The Raven, in the tempest gloom ;
The Halcyon in the calm :

In "Auld Kirk Alloway" the Owl
At 'witching time of night :
By "Bonnie Doon" the earliest fowl
That caroll'd to the light :

He was the Wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein ;

At "Bannockburn" the Bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train :

The Woodlark in his mournful hours ;
The Goldfinch in his mirth ;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his pow'rs,
Enrapt'ring heaven and earth :

The Swan in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still ;
But rous'd,—no Falcon in the chace
Could, like his satire, kill :

The Linnet in simplicity ;
In tenderness the Dove ;
But, more than all beside, was he
The Nightingale in love !

Oh ! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice ;
How had Devotion lov'd to name
That Bird of Paradise.

Peace to the dead ! in Scotia's choir
Of Minstrels great and small,
He springs from his spontaneous fire,
The Phoenix of them all !

THE EMIGRANT RETURNED.

Upon visiting a Stream familiar to his youth.

My well known Stream as clearly flows
As it was wont, and still there grows
The willow o'er a little bay :
And still the water-lily blows
Beyond my reach, as when in play
My thoughtful hand would strive to gain
(Though distance made the effort vain)
Its blossoms purely gay.

Still its low banks with rushes teem,
And as they bend and kiss the stream,
The current ripples that before
Gave to the Sun a perfect beam ;
But now with undulating gleam
Is sparkling to the shore.

O Sun ! I've seen thee shine on plain,
Where every tree with gum distils,
And where the milky cocoa fills ;
And I have seen thee on the main,
Whose bed is coral, and the gold
Upon the sands profuse is roll'd ;
But never, never have I known
Such joy from thee, as when I knelt

Upon my native land, and felt
Thy beams around me thrown.

The flowering lot, the tree, the reed,
Are yet the same, and still the wave
Gives brilliance to the floating weed,
As in my days of youth it gave
When my young limbs I used to lave
Within its tide, and used to stray
Upon its banks so green and gay :
But now my hours of youth are flown,
And I like them am old ; but Spring
To them new life, new youth will bring,
While I am left to age alone.

Since on thy banks my feet were last,
How much of sorrow, and of joy
How small the portion ! But 'tis past :
Fame's vision can no more decoy,
And at my lot I'll ne'er repine,
Tho' other once my hopes, my aim ;
Yet as my fate is will Divine,
That will must reverence claim ! E. M.
March 8, 1823.

* These were sent to us as "unpublished."

VARIETIES.

FIRST LOVE.

Talk of first love as the world may, we never experience in a second any thing half so sweet. The object beloved the second time may be more amiable—may be more deserving of affection, but in the first there is a novelty of circumstance and feeling—an untasted cup of joy, which in a repetition falls short of its original flavour. We are, in a second affection, going over a path already trodden; in the first, we explore a new track covered with wild roses and spontaneous luxuriance, that diffuses odours, which lose of their freshness on being again exhaled. We always know we are in love, the second time, from our former experience. The first time we are novices, and receive our maiden impressions gilded by brighter hopes, and hallowed by a sanctity that casts almost a religious holiness over them. Repetition of love grows more and more sensual: it is in youth's first affection only that a love like that of angels is exchanged—ethereal, unstained, lucid with heavenly purity. First love is like youth, virtuous, full of generous impulses and exalted feelings. In successive visitations it becomes corrupted, as in advancing years we get more and more the creatures of circumstance, interest, and the world's custom. Youth is infinitely nearer the optimism contemplated by moralists and philosophers than manhood. "Love," too, it has been observed wisely, "is always nearer allied to melancholy than to jollity or mirth." The instances recorded of the purest and most exalted passion are among the sedate temperaments. The souls that feed upon themselves, that keep back from the multitude, that cannot put up with common-place, but aspire to idealities and creations of their own—these have generally the earliest, the most durable, and the deepest impressions from love.

RISE AND FALL OF NATIONS.

Mr. Burke, one of the most ingenious and profound writers of a late period, has made the following observations on the prosperity of nations:—"In all speculations upon men and human affairs, it is of no small moment to dis-

tinguish things of accident from permanent causes and from effects that cannot be altered. I am not quite of the mind of those speculators who seem assured that necessarily, and by the constitution of things, all states have the same periods of infancy, manhood, and decrepitude, that are found in the individuals who compose them. The objects which are attempted to be forced into an analogy are not founded in the same classes of existence. Individuals are physical beings, subject to laws universal and invariable. Commonwealths are not physical but moral essences; they are artificial combinations, and, in their proximate efficient cause, the arbitrary production of the human mind. We are not yet acquainted with the laws which necessarily govern that kind of work made by that kind of agent. There is not, as in the physical order, a distinct cause by which any of those fabrics must necessarily grow, flourish, and decay: nor indeed, in my opinion, does the moral world produce any thing more determinate on that subject than what may serve as an amusement (liberal indeed, and ingenious, but still only an amusement,) for speculative men. I doubt whether the history of mankind is yet complete enough, if ever it can be so, to furnish grounds for a sure theory on the internal causes which necessarily affect the fortune of a state. I am far from denying the operation of such causes; but they are infinitely uncertain, and much more difficult to trace than the foreign causes that tend to depress and sometimes overwhelm society.

BLUNDERS.

What singular absurdities and inconsistencies sometimes possess one for a moment, in the hurry of sudden thought and immature recollection! "I have my mouth full of water," says Swift, "and was going to spit it out, because (I reasoned with myself) how could I write when my mouth was full." Such errors of combination on the impulse of the moment, every body must be sometimes aware of. I was going to take a walk the other evening with a friend, who proposed that we should go along a certain road which he admired. "No

no," said I, "not that, because of the post." I ride a horse which always starts at this post, so that when on his back I usually avoid it if I can. Was I afraid that I should start? No—that was not it, I suppose; but I should certainly not have trusted the road if left to myself, with no other than that dim objection the post.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Rhymes are to children the very signs of poetry; they read them with emphasis, and remember them tenaciously; and, therefore, it is of the first importance, that they should chime correctly, in order that the infant tongue may not acquire a bad and vicious pronunciation. And in this particular I know of no juvenile author so faulty as the Rev. Dr. Watts; who, although a very good and pious man in other respects, was a very bad rhymist, and is not, therefore, as Dr. Johnson says of him in his *Life*, 'one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased.' The Doctor too truly objects, elsewhere, 'that his rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent.' Thus, in his *Divine and Moral Songs for Children* you meet continually with such flagrant examples as these:—

How skilfully she builds each cell,
How neat she spreads the wax,
And labours hard to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes.

Or 'maks,' which is a Scottish pronunciation, and even to the offspring of that country would make no rhyme with the antecedent word, which they would call 'vox.'

God quickly sent two raging bears
To stop their wicked breath,
That tore them limb from limb, with tears,
And blood, and groans, to death.

To tear them with tears (tares) is tautology, and to read it tears (teers) would require it to be raging, or foaming, *beers*.

I might, Sir, trouble you with innumerable other instances, but the present are sufficient to show the evil consequences that must result from such errors to the juvenile mind, which, till it begins to reason, attaches so much importance to rhyme. B.

A SONG—(for Music.)

1.

WHITHER art thou gone,
Unhappy lover?
Wilt thou wander forth alone,
All the world over?
Through the white snow wastes, and where
The hot sun doth parch the air,
Through poverty and through despair,—
Unhappy lover?

2.

Ah! come back to me,
Wandering lover!
Wherefore should'st thou ever be
A luckless rover?
Here is wealth, if thou dost sigh;
Here are friends who do not fly;
And if thou lovest—am not I
Too ready to be link'd to thee,
Ungrateful lover? B.

RICHARDSON.

"Alas! my life has been a trifling busy one," says Richardson, "I never found time to read all the *Spectators*." A fine compliment this to literature, from a man of business! Hear it, ye slaves, who think that money-getting is the only useful employment.

THE TURK

has an odd way of doing things. "Prepare my tents and expand my standards (horse-tails) for an expedition against the enemies of the true faith," said the Sultan Selim. The vizir humbly asked towards which quarter of the world the enterprise was directed, and received no answer but the bow-string. Another, who had heard the same orders, repeated the question and was strangled. A third avoided the same fate and received praise, by forming a camp near each quarter of Constantinople, and telling the despotic Selim, that, 'to whichever part of the world his resentment might point, all was ready.'

PREVENTION OF FIRE.

M. Cadet Vaux, considering that fires in dwelling houses begin, in very numerous instances, in the chimney, and that means cannot always be applied in time to extinguish the fire at its commencement, turned his thoughts to the discovery of some method for effecting this purpose. He reflected that combustion cannot be carried on without the presence of vital air, and consequently if the air in a chimney or fire could be rendered mephitic, the fire must go out. This object he obtained by the simple means of throwing flour of sulphur on

the fire in the grate, the mephitic exhalation of which extinguished the fire, as it would suffocate any living creature. A Roman nobleman has not only repeated this experiment with entire success, but, being desirous of ascertaining whether an ignited body suspended in the chimney would be extinguished in the same manner, he caused a faggot to be suspended in a chimney, nearly at the summit, and set on fire; though by its situation it was nearly in contact with the open air, the flames were instantaneously extinguished by throwing a handful of flour of sulphur on the coals below.—*Italian Journal*.

SONG.

I'll meet thee at the midnight hour,
When their light the stars are weeping
O'er the roses of our bower,
In their pleasant odours sleeping.

Like a spirit I will glide,
Softly thy dear bosom seeking,
Till the eastern clouds are dyed
With the light of morning breaking.

Thou shalt bid thy fair hands rove
O'er thy soft lute's silver slumbers,
Waking sounds of song and love
In their sweet Italian numbers.

Then I'll make for thy dark hair
A coronal of moonlit roses,
Every rose-blush but less fair
Than that which on thy cheek reposes;

Or with thy heart so near to mine
That I feel its every motion,
Many wild tales shall be thine
Of the wonders of the ocean.

But when morning comes I fly,
Like the stars, away from heaven,
Farewell plighted with one sigh,
One kiss, half stolen, half given.

By those eyes of dark beauty,
The spell of that sigh;
By the blush that now burns
Though thou art not nigh;

I would love thee as truly
As woman can love,
More dear than the light
From yon blue sky above;—

But I know that thy vows
Are too light to be true:
They are sweet as spring flowers,
And as perishing too. L. E. L.

ANTIPATHIES.

There was a lady at Paris, who undertook to conquer animal antipathies, and succeeded; for she had taught a dog, a cat, a sparrow, and a mouse, to live together like brothers and sisters

in one room. The dog licked the cat, and the cat licked the dog, the mouse played with the paws of the cat, who was taught to draw in her nails, and the sparrow flew about, and sometimes pecked one and then another. The talent displayed by this lady in reconciling discordant interests might have been very successfully employed in congresses and diets, constitutional armies and armies of faith, radical and anti-radical meetings, &c.

HINDOSTAN.

At a late sitting of the Institute of France, the following observations were read on the Geography and present State of Hindostan.

The name of Hindostan is but of modern use; it is a Persian word, derived from *Hindoo*, black, and *St'han*, a place; but it is now adopted by the natives, as well as by foreigners. In Mahometan writers, the term represents the countries immediately subject to the sovereigns of Delhi: which in 1582, were divided into eleven soubabies, or provinces; most of these have retained their primitive limits. Their names are Lahore, Moultan, Ajmire, Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, Bahar, Oude, Bengal, Malwa and Guzerat. A twelfth division was formed of Cabul, and the countries west of the Indus, including Cachemire; afterwards, three were added of the conquests made in the Deccan, Berar, Candeish, and Ahmednugur, now known by the name of Aurungabad. European geographers generally comprise within Hindostan all the countries wherein the religion of the Hindoos prevails; these consist of four great divisions, Northern Hindostan, Hindostan Proper, the Deccan, and those parts of India that lie south of the Krishna. This last division is usually called the Peninsula, but is more properly an equilateral triangle, the northern limit of which towards the Krishna forms the base, the Coasts of Coromandel and Malabar the sides, and Cape Comorin the summit.

It does not appear that any of the former conquerors of Hindostan employed native disciplined troops for the defence of their sovereignty, though they had numerous tribes to hold in subjection. If this seems hazardous in theory, it has been found safe in practice; with the English, the difficulty is entirely theoretical. They have another advantage over their predecessors, that, there being two nations, the Mahometans and Hindoos, they may set one against the other; and in time, raise up a third, at the expense of both. But no measures of this nature have been in contemplation, though their practicability may be well inferred.

Foreign conquerors will doubtless favour their countrymen, and the English government raise theirs to the highest posts and appointments; but numbers of the natives are admitted into the army, and put into the exercise of civil power. Of enemies, the latter have become friends; and, from

the consolidation of interests, though different in colour, language, and manners, the English possess a force much superior in firmness to that of the Mahometan dynasties.

On the whole, notwithstanding errors and defects in public men and measures, a quick eye may readily discover, that the revolution which has taken place is greatly to the profit of the population at large, and (to the honour of the local administrations,) that solid improvements in principles and practice are rapidly advancing. Protection had been afforded against foreign depredations and internal commotions: a double advantage, unknown in Hindostan during the lapse of many years.

There is every reason to think, that the Hindoos were, in very remote ages, a commercial people, as, in the first book of their Sacred Laws, which, according to them, was revealed by Menu millions of years ago, there is a curious passage relative to the legal interest of money, and to the rate of exchange, in different cases, with particular provisos for transactions connected with sea-faring concerns. The three great articles of general exportation from India, for the Greeks and Romans, were spices, pearls and precious stones, and silk. The ancient importations were, woollen stuffs of light fabric, linen cloth, certain precious stones, and aromatics unknown in the country, coral, storax, glass vessels, wines of Italy, Greece and Arabia, copper and tin. That of money, also, was very considerable; and, from the natives, selling much, and purchasing little, the balance has been ever in their favour. It is believed that immense riches are lost to the country, from the habit of hoarding and burying their treasures, which is common in Hindostan, and from dying without revealing them. In latter ages, cotton stuffs have been the principal article of export; but the demand for these is considerably diminished, from the perfection they have attained in Europe.

The empire of superstition is rapidly declining in British India, and a surprising moral change has been in progress during the administration of the Marquess of Hastings. The effect of seven native presses, constantly at work in Calcutta, has been to triumph over many inveterate abuses, operating powerfully in reforms of various kinds. During the last festival of Juggernaut, the pilgrims present were so few as to be unable to drag the car, nor could any devotee be persuaded, by the brachmins, to sacrifice himself to the idol. The priesthood are for removing the rath to a more central situation, from an apprehension that, without such removal, the bigotry of 30 centuries will disappear. A large portion of the population of Bengal are receiving the rudiments of an improved education, from thousands of elementary works that are circulating thro' the empire. Hindoo women, against whom widowhood and burning alive are denounced for learning the alphabet, and who must not read the Veda under pain of death,

place their daughters at the public schools. The celebrated Hindoo reformer, Rammohun Roy, has long held public monthly meetings at Calcutta, wherein the tenets of their religion are freely discussed, and the cruelties which it sanctions are exposed and reprobated.

Statistic Documents, from which an approximate idea may be formed of the Extent and Population of the States of Hindostan, as they existed in 1820.

British Possessions.—Bengal, Bahar and Benares, inhabitants, 39,000,000. Square miles, 162,000; augmentation, since 1795, inhab. 18,000,000, sq. m. 148,000; Gurwal, Kumaon, and the country between the Sutledge and the Jumna, inhab. 500,000; sq. m. 18,000; under the presidency of Bengal, inhab. 57,500,000; of Madras, inhab. 15,000,000, sq. m. 154,000; of Bombay, inhab. 2,500,000, sq. m. 11,000; territories of the Deccan, &c. acquired since 1815, and not united to any presidency, inhab. 8,000,000, sq. m. 60,000.

Allies and Tributaries of the English.—The Nizam, inhab. 10,000,000, sq. m. 96,000; the Rajah of Nipour, inhab. 3,000,000, sq. m. 70,000; the King of Oude, inhab. 3,000,000, sq. m. 20,000; the Guicowar, inhab. 2,000,000, sq. m. 18,000; the Rajah of Mysore, inhab. 3,000,000, sq. m. 17,000; the Rajah of Sattarah, inhab. 1,500,000, sq. m. 11,000; Travancore and Cochin, inhab. 1,000,000, sq. m. 8000. Rajahs of Jeypour, Bikanere, &c. Holkar, the Seiks, the Row of Gutch, and a multiplicity of other native chiefs, all under English protection, inhab. 15,000,000, sq. m. 283,000.

Independent States.—The Rajah of Nepal, inhab. 2,000,000, sq. m. 53,000; the Rajah of Lahore, inhab. 3,000,000, sq. m. 50,000; Sind, inhab. 1,000,000, sq. m. 24,000; the dominions of Sindia, inhab. 4,000,000, sq. m. 40,000.

Sum total of the whole of Hindostan, inhabitants, 134,000,000 sq. miles, 1,280,000.

To the above may be added, that the great mass of the people of Hindostan are indebted to the English for the gift of internal security; and, what is more precious, a portion of civil liberty. The extinction of various organized bands, that were unceasing and unsparing in their ravages and incursions, not regarding the blood which they shed, or the desolation which they caused, has contributed to this. The Hindoos have been inured to governments, arbitrary in principle and oppressive in practice. But, since the English ascendancy, there is no longer a succession of tyrannies; and a growing moral fitness for civil liberty will be one consequence of the revolution. As to the taxes, they are not so considerable as to be a weight on the industry of the country.

The following may illustrate the general character of the political system which exists, at present, in Hindostan. The statements it contains exhibit the increasing resources of Great Britain, in an extensive and important territory, acquired by nume-

rous revolutions in a few years, and which will probably terminate to the great advantage of the natives. Many important incidents have occurred since 1814; and it may throw light on the subject to revert to that period.

The states of Hindostan, then tributary to the English government, according to treaties of alliance, were the Nizam, the Peishwa the Rajahs of Mysore, Travancore, and Cochin, the Nabob of Oude, and the Guicowar. The conditions were, on the part of the English, to protect them against foreign invasions, or internal dissensions. The troops furnished for these purposes were not to be employed in the civil administration, or for the collecting of imposts. The natives were, in return, to contribute a stipulated sum, in money, or a portion of territory; they were, moreover, to keep up a contingent force, to act with the other tributaries, but not in hostility to any Indian power, except with the concurrence of the supreme authority, which, in the first instance, would try, amicably, to accommodate differences. In case of urgency the combined forces of these protected states, to be at the disposition of the English government.

Some minor principalities, hardly deserving the name of sovereignties, have benefit from English protection without any formal alliance, or tributary contribution. Of this latter class, the Rajahs of Bhurtpoor and Macherry were the principal; it included, also, a number of other inferior chiefs, in the districts about Agra and Delhi, and in those of Bundelcund, and of the Seiks, approaching towards the Satulodge river. The Rajpoot chiefs of Jeypour, Joudpour, Odeypour, Bicanere, and Jesselmere, were not then within the limits of this protection. The British government might require some acknowledgment from the smaller states; but it was inconsiderable, and no force was stationed in their territories.

There was a third class, consisting of sovereigns strictly independent, such as Sindia, Holkar, and the Rajah of Nagpour; these were at peace with the English government, which had its consuls among them.

A fourth class might be added, of certain independent communities, or chiefs, with which the English government had never had intercourse, or contracted alliances.

Since the period above mentioned, 1814, some considerable revolutions have taken place. The power of the Mahrattas was irrevocably destroyed, in the wars of 1817 and 18; and that of Nagpour, by the war of 1815. The peishwa no longer ranks among sovereigns; and his possessions, with the exception of Satarah, are subjected to the English. The Rajah of Nagpour is reduced to comparative insignificance, and Holkar has been deprived of all his dominions south of the Nerbuddah. Nothing has been taken from Sindia; but his situation is insulated, and there are no foreign succours that he can have recourse to; the extinction of the Pindarries has bereaved him of one of his main supports. Indeed,

his future existence depends on his faithfully adhering to the engagements he has contracted with the English. On the other hand, several allied states, as Boundee, Cotash, and Bopaul, have received an augmentation of territory; and the five great states of Rajpoutand have been admitted into the federative alliance.

The British possessions in India, taken collectively, may be calculated at 553,000 square miles; and, including all the recent acquisitions, at 83,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these, under the three oldest establishments, or presidencies, may be rated for Bengal, 528,000 square miles, and 57,500,000 inhabitants; for Madras 154,000 square miles, and 15,000,000 inhabitants; and, for Bombay, 11,000 square miles, and 2,500,000 inhabitants. The total of English possessions, and of their allies, may be computed, by approximative calculation, (for but few correct official details have been published,) at 1,103,000 square miles, and 123,000,000 of inhabitants; and, the grand total of Hindostan including Lahore, Sind, Cabul, &c. at 1,280,000 square miles, and 134,000,000 of inhabitants.

In conclusion, it may be inferred, that the English dominion in India is more extensive than any of the ancient dynasties, not excepting the Patan or the Mogul, although those princes had nothing to fear from the Hindoos, while they abstained from religious persecution. Nor does there appear to be any state capable of giving umbrage to the English; the population is, for the most part, united in one grand confederacy; and the Supreme Government is inculcating and diffusing juster sentiments, and more equitable principles, throughout countries that have been long the prey of anarchy.

In India, the privileges of acquiring landed property is not enjoyed by the legitimate descendants of Europeans long settled there; and probably, on this account, they are less considered by the native casts. The Christian population, of ancient descent, amounts to about half a million, almost all descendants of the first Europeans; but, compared with the other classes, living in a sort of depredation. The native Europeans keep these, their humble brethren, at a distance; and the consequence is, that both the Mahometans and Hindoos treat them with a marked disrespect, which is not evinced to the Christians in Europe. A change of system with respect to the Creole Christians, would probably be found to combine and secure advantages not hitherto contemplated, and without subjecting the Indian administration to any kind of risk.

The population of the principal cities of Hindostan, which, in general, are within the English pale, by an approximative estimate, has been rated as follows. Benares, 600,000; Calcutta, 500,000; Surat, 450,000; Madras, 300,000; Lucknow, 200,000; Hyderabad, 200,000; Dacca, 180,000; Bombay, 170,000; Delhi, 150,000; Moorshedabad, 150,000; Poonah, 120,000; Nagpour, 100,000; Bareda, 100,000; Ahmedabad,

100,000; Cashmere, 100,000; Furruckabad, 70,000; Mirzapour, 60,000; Agra, 60,000; Bareilly, 60,000; Burdwan, 54,000; Bangalore, 50,000; Chupra, 43,000; Seringapatam, 40,000; Broach, 33,000; Mangalore, 30,000; and Palhampour, 30,000. Five of these, Lucknow, Hyderabad, Nagpore, Barreda, and Cashmere, are not subject to the English.

There are several other cities, such as Lahore, Jeypoor, Bhurtpoor, Aurungabad, &c. of considerable extent and population, but no estimate has been made of them.

In 1805, a list was composed from official documents, of English residents in Hindostan, born in the country, of English parents, amounting to 31,000 individuals. Among these, were 22,000 in the army, as officers or soldiers; free merchants and mariners allowed to settle in India, about 5,000; 300 magistrates, and others, in the courts of justice: the remainder consisted of adventurers, living, by their industry, in different occupations. Since the above period, no particular report has been published; but the total number of resident subjects, born in the country, of English parents, may be fixed at under 40,000.

Utility of Sparrows.—Mr. Bradly shows that a pair of sparrows during the time they have their young to feed, destroy on an average, every week, 3360 caterpillars. This calculation he founds upon actual observation. He discovered that the two parents carried to the nest forty caterpillars in an hour. He supposed the sparrows to enter the nest only during twelve hours each day, which would cause a consumption of 480 caterpillars. This sum gives 3360 caterpillars extirpated weekly from a garden. But the utility of these birds is not limited to this circumstance alone, for they likewise feed their young with butterflies and other winged insects, each of which, if not destroyed in this manner, would be parents of hundreds of caterpillars.

Gooseberries.—The list of cultivated gooseberries includes 47 different sorts of the red gooseberry, 35 of the yellow 53 of the green, and 44 of the white; of these the weights of the best specimens are given. The largest red is the Top Sawyer which weighed 26 dwts. 17 grains: the largest yellow is the Nelson's Waves, 21 dwts. 6 grains; the largest green is the Ocean, 26 dwts. 11 grains; the largest white, the Smiling Beauty, 22 dwts. 18 grains.

THE WAPETI

at the Egyptian Hall, offer at present a curious example of the rapidity with which animal matter may be produced. Some weeks ago, the male of this fine Elk species cast his horns, as is annually done, close by the skull. In about ten days the new horns, hard at the base, but soft and tender towards the extremities, were several inches in length, and from 2 to 1½, 1½ in diameter. They are covered with a fine short fur.

Since that period, now about a month, they have grown surprisingly, and are now noble branches, measuring nearly two feet between the forks. As we have observed their progress with some interest, we can state the extraordinary fact, that this solid substance had extended one inch and a half within twenty-four hours before it began to branch, and afterwards, when the growth was slower, above one inch—an increase which we could scarcely have credited without ocular proof.

A LIBERAL CATHOLIC.

One of the *wise* measures of policy emanating from the papal throne, was the interdiction of the Scriptures. Not all the Romanists, however, have agreed to this principle, for father Fulgentio, an intimate friend of father Paul, at Venice, preached a sermon upon these words of Christ, *Have ye not read?* and took occasion to tell the auditory, that if Christ were now to ask this question, *Have ye not read?* all the answer they could make to it would be, *No, for they were not suffered to do it.* Upon which he remonstrated with great zeal upon the restraint put upon the use of the Scriptures by the see of Rome. This was not unlike what the same person delivered in a sermon preaching upon Pilate's question, *What is Truth?* He told them, that at last after many searches he had found it out, and held out a new Testament, and said, there it was in his hand; but he then put it in his pocket; and said coldly, *But the book is prohibited;* which was so suited to the Italian genius, that it had a great effect upon the audience.

THE OYSTER.

This shell-fish is widely distributed, being found in the seas of Europe, Asia, and Africa. But since the days of the luxurious Romans the oysters of Britain have been held in the highest estimation. They were noted in the time of Juvenal, who, satyriizing an epicure, says,

He, whether Circe's rock his oysters bore

Or Lucrine lake, or distant *Richborough's* shore,
Knew at first taste.

The luxurious Romans were very fond of this fish, and had their *layers* or stews for oysters as we have at present. The antients eat them raw, and sometimes roasted. They had also a custom of stewing them with mallows and docks, or with fish, and esteemed them

very nourishing. Oysters are found on various parts of our coasts, from the southern shores of England to the sheltered bays among the Zetland Islands ; but those chiefly celebrated for them are the coasts of Essex and Suffolk : here they are dredged up by means of a net (with an iron scraper at the mouth), which is dragged by a rope from a boat, over the beds. As soon as taken from their native beds they are stored in pits formed for the purpose, furnished with sluices ; through which, at spring tides, the water is suffered to flow. This water, being stagnant soon becomes green in warm weather, and in a few days afterwards the oysters acquire the same tinge, which renders them of greater value in the market : but they do not acquire their full quality, and become fit for sale, till the end of six or eight weeks. The principal breeding-time of oysters is in the month of April and May, when they cast their spawn or *spats*, as the fishermen call them, upon rocks, stones, shells, or any other hard substance that happens to be near the place where they lie, to which the spats immediately adhere. These, till they obtain their film or crust, are somewhat like the drop of a candle, but are of a greenish hue. The substances to which they adhere, of whatever nature, are called *cultch*. From the spawning-time until about the end of July the oysters are said to be sick, but by the end of August they become perfectly recovered. During these months they are out of season, and are bad eating.

The oyster fishery of our principal coasts is regulated by a court of admiralty. In the month of May the fishermen are allowed to take the oysters, in order to separate the spawn from the cultch, the latter of which is thrown in again, for the purpose of preserving the bed for the future. After this month, it is felony to carry away the cultch, and otherwise punishable to take any oyster, between whose shells, when closed, a shilling will rattle. The reason of the heavy penalty on destroying the cultch is, that when this is taken away, the house will increase, and muscles and cockles will breed on the bed and destroy the oysters, by gradually occupying all the places on which the

spawn should be cast. There is likewise some penalty for not treading on, and killing, or throwing ashore any *star-fish* that happen to be seen.

The prickly star creeps on with full deceit,
To force the oyster from his close retreat.
When gaping lids their widened void display,
The watchful star thrusts in a pointed ray,
Of all its treasures spoils the rifled case,
And empty shells the sandy hillocks grace.

The common oyster (*o. edulis*) is contented to remain fixed to his first station, surrounded by an innumerable progeny, continually increasing with wonderful fecundity. His motions consist only in turning from one side to the other, which he accomplishes more by sagacity than any natural agility or inherent strength. He contrives to bolster up one side by a gradual deposition of soft mud, till he stands nearly upright ; then, availing himself of the flowing or ebbing of the tide, he opens his shell, and is tumbled on by the pressure of the water. And as expedition is not his object, this mode may answer well. It has, however, been observed that the young fry possess the power of swimming very swiftly by means of an undulatory motion of the branchiæ. The poet of nature thus characterises the oyster :—

Condemned to dwell
For ever in his native shell ;
Ordain'd to move when others please,
Not for his own content or ease ;
But tossed and buffeted about,
Now in the water, and now out :—
Yet in his grotto-work inclosed
He nothing feels in that rough coat
Save when the knife is at his throat ;
Wherever driven by wind or tide,
Exempt from every ill beside. Cowper.

NEW WOKKS.

Bowring's *Matins and Vespers*, 12mo.—Neale's *Poems, dramatic and miscellaneous*, 12mo.—*Poetic Pastime*, by the Author of a *Father's Leisure Hours*, 12mo.—*Rose's Orlando Innamorato*, crown 8vo.—*The Italian Wife*, a tragedy.—*Kitchiner's Loyal and National Songs of England*, folio.—*The Curate's Daughter*, a tale, 12mo.—*Soligny's Letters on England*, 2 vols. 12mo.—*The School for Sisters*, 12mo.—*Essays on the Habits, &c. of the Hindoos*.—*A Portrait of Washington Irving*, with ten plates to illustrate the *Sketch Book*, from *Designs by Leslie*. 8vo.—*Valperga* ; or the *Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca*, by the author of *Frankenstein*, 3 vols.—*An Alpine Tale, &c.* by the author of *Tales from Switzerland*, 2 vols.—*The Sabbath among the Mountains*, a poem.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, JUNE 16, 1823.

(Blackwood's Mag. Ap.)

VALPERGA; OR, THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CASTRUCCIO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

WE opened the packet, which we knew to contain this book, with great expectations. Frankenstein, at the time of its appearance, we certainly did not suspect to be the work of a female hand; the name of Shelley was whispered, and we did not hesitate to attribute the book to *Mr. Shelley*. Soon, however, we were set right. We learned that Frankenstein was written by *Mrs. Shelley*; and then we most undoubtedly said to ourselves, "For a man it was excellent, but for a woman it is wonderful." What we chiefly admired, in that wild production, was vigour of imagination and strength of language; these were unquestionable attributes, and they redeemed the defects of an absurd groundwork and an incoherent fable, and moreover, they tempted us, and every body else, to forgive the many long passages of feeble conception and feeble execution, with which the vigorous scenes were interwoven.

The history of *Castruccio Castracani*, on the other hand, had been long familiar to us in the glowing and energetic sketch of *Machiavelli*. Perhaps, on the whole, we should have been more rejoiced in the prospect of meeting *Mrs. Shelley* again on the same dark territory, where she had first displayed so many striking powers; but the story of *Castruccio* we were willing to consider as not unlikely to furnish, in such hands, the basis and materials of

a most romantic fiction. The bitter sarcasm that peeped out here and there in Frankenstein, will be displayed, said we, with the utmost advantage; for here the authoress has chosen for her hero, one who was not only the first soldier of his time, but the first satirist also. The marvellous rise of such a man to sovereign and tyrannic power, his preservation of all his original manners in that high estate, his deep ambition, his fiery valour, his sportive wit, his searing ironies, his untimely death, and the calm mockeries with which he prepared to meet it—here, said we, are noble materials, such as might well engage the fancy of the most gifted author. We must confess, that in much of what we looked for, we have been disappointed; but yet, even here at the outset, we do not hesitate to say, that if we have not met with what we expected, we have met with other things almost as good.

Our chief objection, indeed may be summed up in one word—*Mrs. Shelley* has not done justice to the character of *Castruccio*. The life of him, by *Machiavel*, does not cover more than twenty or thirty duodecimo pages; yet, one rises from that brief sketch, with a much more lively and perfect notion of the man, than from the perusal of the three closely printed volumes now on our table. There is not one spark of wit in all this book, and yet the keen Italian wit of *Castruccio* was one of

the most striking features in his real character, and ought to have been among the most prominent in a work representing him throughout, in action and conversation. Machiavel, in two or three pages, tells stories enough to have suggested the true "*Castruccio rein*." Who does not remember that famous one of his rebuking a young man, whom he met coming out of a house of ill fame, and who blushed on being recognized? "It was when you went in that you should have coloured," said Castruccio, "not when you come out." Who does not remember his behaviour in the storm at sea? Castruccio expressing some alarm, was rebuked by a stupid fool, who said, that for him he did not value his own life a farthing. "Every body," quoth Castruccio, "makes the best estimate of his own wares." When a thick-skulled wine-bibber boasted that he could drink such and such quantities without being the worse of it—it was Castruccio who answered, "Aye, and your ox could drink still more if he had a mind." It was the sagacious Castruccio, who, when some sage friend abused him for the extravagances he had been guilty of at a debauch, made answer, "He that is held for a wise man by day, will hardly be taken for a fool at night." It was he that dumb-founded an orator, who concluded a long speech, by a wordy apology for his wordiness, with these consolatory words, "Pain not thyself, my dear sir, I was attending to my spaniel."—It was he, who, when he saw a certain envious one smiling to himself, asked, "Is it that some good hath befallen thee, or that some evil hath befallen another?" It was Castruccio, finally, who when they came to his bedside, during his last illness, and asked his directions about his funeral, said, "Lay me on my face in the coffin—for every thing will be reversed ere long after my departure."

But enough of preliminaries. We have ventured throwing a thousand defects out of view, to recommend *Valperga*, as, on the whole, a clever novel. It must now be our business to justify ourselves and our opinion, by a few extracts from the book. And,

following a plan which we would always wish to adhere to, in reviewing novels, we shall endeavour to do what is necessary for our own purposes, without interfering to any considerable extent with the pleasure which our Readers may hereafter seek for in the pages of VALPERGA itself. That is to say, we shall keep to one particular part of the story, leaving all the wide stream of Mrs. Shelley's narrative pure and untouched, for the refreshment of those whose thirst it ought to be our business to excite, not to assuage.

In order to make our extracts in some degree intelligible, Valperga is the name of a castle and small independent territory not far from Lucca. Euthanasia, Countess of Valperga, is in her own person a sovereign princess, but a warm lover of freedom, and much attached, by family connexions, to Florence, the capital of the Guelphic cause in Italy. She had been the companion of Castruccio's boyhood—she meets him while his manhood is opening in glory, and she loves him because she believes he is, and is to be, all that is good, as well as all that is glorious. The Ghibbel-line Castruccio, however, becomes in time a prince, a tyrant, the conqueror of half Tuscany, the dreadful threatener of annihilation to Florence. Euthanasia discovering this, will not marry him as she had promised.—From less to more she even becomes his enemy, in all but the heart;—he takes her castle from her—and reduces her to a private station:—in a word, the author has sought the chief materials of interest for her story, in the play of passions called into action by the various relations in which the usurper and this charming lady, the love of his youth, appear throughout the narrative.

By far the most striking part of this history, however, and indeed we may add, by far the finest part of the book, is that in which the loves of Castruccio and Euthanasia are broken and disturbed by those of Castruccio and a certain Beatrice of Ferrara.

This Beatrice is a most exquisite beauty of seventeen—invested in her own eyes, and in the superstitious eyes of all about her, with certain mys-

terious attributes. This beautiful maiden has the enthusiasm, and the pride and the daring confidence of a priestess, a martyr, and a prophetess. She conceives herself to have been sent into the world and gifted by God for the accomplishment of some high and holy work. She expounds the language of the stars—her dark eyes kindle the souls of congregated men—she is worshipped, adored, revered—no one dreams or dares of connecting the idea of love with that of the ‘*ANCILLA DEI*.’

Castruccio comes to Ferrara for the purpose of arranging a political revolution, in which Beatrice plays a distinguished part. They meet continually; he reveres her as a nun, but cannot be blind to her excessive beauty. She reveres him as the chosen warrior of what she imagines to be the cause of right—the man of the age, the hero of the world. Her soul is bathed in the flood of a new and overmastering passion, and boldly indeed does Mrs. Shelley paint her feelings and her actions.

“Thus many hours passed, and when at length the prophetess retired, it was to feverish meditation, and thoughts burning with passion, rendered still more dangerous from her belief in the divine nature of all that suggested itself to her mind. She prayed to the Virgin to inspire her; and again giving herself up to reverie, she wove a subtle web, whose materials she believed heavenly, but which were indeed stolen from the glowing wings of love. Kneeling, her eyes raised to heaven, she felt the same commotion in her soul, which she had felt before, and had recognised as divine inspiration; she felt the same uncontrollable transport and burst of imaginative vision which she believed to flow immediately from the invisible ray of heaven-derived prophecy. She felt her soul, as it were, fade away, and incorporate itself with another and a diviner spirit, which whispered truth and knowledge to her mind, and then slowly receding, left her human nature, agitated, joyful, and exhausted;—these were her dreams—alas! to her they were realities.

“The following morning she again met Castruccio in the chamber of the

bishop, she now looked upon him fearlessly; and, if the virgin modesty of her nature had not withheld her, her words would have been as frank as she innocently believed them to be inspired. But, although she was silent, her looks told that she was changed. Her manner the day before had been soft, concentrated, and retiring; now she was unconstrained; her eyes sparkled, and a joyous expression dwelt in every feature. Her manner towards her guardian was endearing, nor was the affectionate modulation of her voice different when she addressed his guest. Castruccio started to hear it. It reminded him of the accents of Euthanasia whom for a while he had forgotten; and, looking at Beatrice, he thought, ‘How lovely she is, and yet how unlike!’

“Several days passed thus; Beatrice became embarrassed; it seemed as if she wished to speak to Castruccio, and yet dared not; when she approached, she blushed, and again drew back, and would again seek him, but again vainly. She had framed the mode of her address, conned and reconned the words she should say; but, when an opportunity occurred to utter them, her voice failed her, the memory of what she was about to utter deserted her, and it was not until the approach of a third person took from her the possibility of speaking, that speech again returned, and the lost occasion was uselessly lamented. At night she sought the counsels of heaven, and gave herself up to her accustomed ecstasies; they always told her the same things, until to her bewildered and untamed mind it seemed as if the spirit that had power over her, reprimanded her hesitation, her little trust in the promises of Heaven, and her reluctance to follow the path it pointed out.

“‘Surely, oh! most certainly,’ she thought, ‘thus I am commanded by the Power who has so often revealed his will to me. Can I penetrate his hidden designs? Can I do more than execute his decrees? Did I not feel thus, when, with prophetic transport, I foretold distant events that surely came to pass? When I foresaw, yet afar off, the death of Lorenzo, that

lovely child blooming in health, when every one called me a false prophet? And yet he died. And now, the Marquess's return? Nay, am I not approved by Heaven? Did I not escape from the malice of my enemies through its miraculous interposition? Oh! I will no longer scan with presumptuous argument purposes that are ruled by mightier hands than mine; I will resign myself to the guidance of what has ever conducted me aright, and which now points out the path to happiness.'

"The next morning, her cheeks flushed, her eyes weighed down, trembling and abashed, she sought Castruccio. It is impossible that there should not have been much tenderness in his manner towards this lovely girl; her history, her strange and romantic contemplations and impulses, and the great intimacy which had arisen between them, were sufficient for this. He regarded her also as a nun; and this made him feel less restraint in the manner of his address, since he feared not to be misconstrued; while at the same time it gave an elevation an unusual tone to his ideas concerning her, that made him watch her every motion with interest. She now approached; and he said playfully, 'Where is thy mark, prophetess? Art thou no longer the *Maiden of God*? For some days thou hast cast aside the hallowed diadem.'

"'I still have it,' she replied; 'but I have dismissed it from my brow; I will give it you; come, my lord, this evening at midnight to the secret entrance of the Viscountess's palace.' Saying these words, she fled to hide her burning blushes in solitude, and again to feel the intoxicating delusions that led her on to destruction.

"Castruccio came. If it were in human virtue to resist the invitation of this angelic girl, his was not the mind, strictly disciplined to right, self-examining and jealous of its own integrity, that should thus weigh its actions, and move only as approved by conscience. He was frank and noble in his manner; his nature was generous; and, though there lurked in his heart the germ of an evil-bearing tree, it was as

yet undeveloped and inanimated; and, in obeying the summons of Beatrice, he passively gave himself up to the strong excitements of curiosity and wonder.

"He went again and again. When the silent night was spread over every thing, and the walls of the town stood black and confused amidst the overshadowing trees, whose waving foliage was diversified by no gleam of light, but all was formless as the undistinguishable air; or if a star were dimly seen, it just glistened on the waters of the marsh, and then swiftly the heavy web of clouds hid both star and water; when the watch dogs were mute, unawakened by the moon, and the wind that blew across the plain alone told to the ear the place of the trees; when the bats and the owls were lulled by the exceeding darkness; it was on such nights as these that Castruccio sought the secret entrance of the Viscountess's palace, and was received by the beautiful Beatrice, enshrined in an atmosphere of love and joy.

"She was a strange riddle to him. Without vow, without even that slight shew of distrust which is the child of confidence itself; without seeking the responsive professions of eternal love, she surrendered herself to his arms. And, when the first maiden bashfulness had passed away, all was deep tenderness and ardent love. Yet there was a dignity and a trusting affection in her most unguarded moments, that staggered him; a broken expression would sometimes fall from her lips, that seemed to say she believed him indissolubly hers, which made him start, as if he feared that he had acted with perfidy; yet he had never solicited, never promised—What could she mean? What was she? He loved her as he would have loved any thing that was surpassingly beautiful; and, when these expressions, that intimated somewhat of enduring and unchangeable in their intercourse, intruded themselves, they pained and irritated him; he turned to the recollection of Euthanasia, his pure, his high minded, and troth-plight bride;—she seemed as if wronged by such an idea; and yet he hardly dared think her purer than poor Beatrice, whose soul, though

given up to love, was imbued in its very grain and texture with delicate affections and honourable feelings; all that makes the soul and living spark of virtue. If she had not resisted the impulses of her soul, it was not that she wanted the power; but that, deluded by the web of deceit that had so long wound itself about her, she believed them not only lawful, but inspired by the special interposition of Heaven."

The following short scene where Beatrice is first awakened to the nature of her dreams about Castruccio, is very fine:

"They sat in her apartment at the Malvezzi palace; she radiant, beautiful, and happy; and, twining her lovely arms around Castruccio, she said, 'The moon will set late to-morrow night, and you must not venture here; and indeed for several nights it will spread too glaring a beam. But tell me, are you become a citizen of Ferrara?' They averred that you were the head of a noble city; but I see they must have been mistaken, or the poor city must totter strangely, so headless as your absence must make it. How is this, my only friend? Are you not Antelminelli? Are we not to go to Lucca?"

"Castruccio could not stand the questioning of her soft yet earnest eyes; he withdrew himself from her arms, and, taking her hands in his, kissed them silently. 'How is my noble lord?' she repeated; 'have you had ill news? Are you again banished? that cannot be, or methinks my heart would have told me the secret. Yet, if you are, be not unhappy,—your own Beatrice, with prophetic words, and signs from Heaven that lead the multitude, will conduct you to greater glory and greater power than you before possessed. My gentle love, you have talked less about yourself, and about your hopes and desires, than I should have wished:—Do not think me a foolish woman, tied to an embroidery frame, or that my heart would not beat high at the news of your success, or that with my whole soul I should not enter into your plans, and tell you how the stars looked upon your intents. In truth my mind pants for fitting exertion; and,

in being joined to thee, dearest love, I thought that I had found the goal for which Heaven had destined me. Nay, look not away from me; I do not reproach thee; I know that, in finding thee, in being bound to thy fate, mine is fulfilled; and I am happy. Now speak—tell me what has disturbed thy thoughts.'

"Sweetest Beatrice, I have nothing to tell; yet I have for many days wished to speak; for in truth I must return to Lucca."

"The quick sensations of Beatrice could not be deceived. The words of Castruccio were too plain; she looked at him, as if she would read the secret in his soul,—she did read it;—his downcast eyes, confused air, and the words he stammered out in explanation, told her every thing. The blood rushed to her face, her neck, her hands; and then as suddenly receding, left even her lips pale. She withdrew her arms from the soft caress she had bestowed; playfully she had bound his head with her own hair and the silken strings entangled with his; she tore her tresses impatiently to disengage herself from him; then, trembling, white, and chilled, she sat down and said not a word. Castruccio looked on with fear; he attempted consolation.

"I shall visit thee again, my own Beatrice; for a time we must part;—the viscountess—the good bishop—you cannot leave them—fear not but that we shall meet again."

"We shall meet again!" she exclaimed with a passionate voice; "Never!" Her tone, full of agitation and grief, sunk into the soul of Castruccio. He took her hand; it was lifeless; he would have kissed her; but she drew back coldly and sadly. His words had not been those of the heart; he had hesitated and paused: But now compassion, and the memory of what she had been awoke his powers, and he said warmly, and with a voice whose modulation seemed tuned by love: 'You mistake me, Beatrice; indeed you do. I love you;—who could help loving one so true, so gentle, and so trusting?—we part for a while;—this is necessary. Does not your character require it? the part you act

in the world? every consideration of honour and delicacy?—Do you think that I can ever forget you? does not your own heart tell you, that your love, your caresses, your sweet eyes, and gentle words, have woven a net which must keep me for ever? You will remain here, and I shall go; but a few suns, a few moons, and we shall meet again, and the joy of that moment will make you forget our transient separation?

“How cold were these words to the burning heart of the prophetess; she, who thought that Heaven had singled out Castruccio to unite him to her, who thought that the Holy Spirit had revealed himself to bless their union, that by the mingled strength of his manly qualities, and her Divine attributes, some great work might be fulfilled on earth; who saw all as God’s command, and done by his special interposition; to find this heavenly tissue swept away, beaten down, and destroyed! It was to his fortunes, good or bad that she had bound herself, to share his glory or sooth his griefs; and not to be the mistress of the passing hour, the distaff of the spinning Hercules. It was her heart, her whole soul she had given; her understanding, her prophetic powers, all the little universe that with her ardent spirit she grasped and possessed, she had surrendered, fully, and without reserve! but *alás!* the most worthless part alone had been accepted, and the rest cast as dust upon the winds. How in this moment did she long to be a winged soul, that her person heedlessly given, given only as a part of that to the whole of which he had an indefeasible right, and which was now despised, might melt away from the view of the despiser, and be seen no more! The words of her lover brought despair, not comfort; she shook her head in silence; Castruccio spoke again and again; but many words are dangerous where there is much to conceal, and every syllable he uttered laid bare some new forgery of her imagination, and shewed her more and more clearly the harsh reality. She was astounded, and drank in his words eagerly; though she answered not; she was impatient when he was silent, for she longed to

know the worst; yet she dared not direct the course of his explanations by a single inquiry: She was a mother, who reads the death warrant of her child on the physician’s brow, yet blindly trusting that she decyphers ill, will not destroy the last hope by a question. Even so she listened to the assurances of Castruccio, each word being a fresh assurance of her misery, yet not stamping the last damning seal on her despair. At length grey dawn appeared; she was silent, motionless, and wan; she marked it not; but he did; and rising hastily, he cried, ‘I must go, or you are lost! Farewell, Beatrice!’

“Now she awoke, her eyes glared, her lovely features became even distorted by the strength of her agony—she started up—‘Not yet—not yet—one word more! Do you—love another?’

“Her tone was that of command;—her flashing eyes demanded the truth, and seemed as if they would, by their excessive force, strike the falsehood dead, if he dared utter it. He was subdued, impelled to reply—

“‘I do,’

“‘Her name?’

“‘Euthanasia.’

“‘Enough! I will remember that name in my prayers. Now, go! seek not to come again; the entrance will be closed; do not endeavour to see me at the house of the bishop; I shall fly you as a basilisk, and, if I see you, your eyes will kill me. Remember these are my words; they are as true, as that I am all a lie. It will kill me; but I swear by all my hopes, never to see you more. Oh, never, never!’

“She again sank down pale and lifeless, pressing her hands upon her eyes, as if the more speedily to fulfil her vow. Castruccio dared stay no longer; he fled as the dæmon might have fled from the bitter sorrows of despoiled Paradise; he left her aghast, overthrown, annihilated.”

Beatrice, after a time spent in the utmost prostration and repentance and misery, goes on a pilgrimage to Rome. On her way she comes to the castle of Valperga, and sees Euthanasia; she will tell nothing of her story, but she had just come, she said, to see and bless the lady. Having done so,

she quits the castle alone, barefooted, needing everything, and refusing everything. The Countess, who had in vain endeavoured to detain and to question her, had been so deeply interested by the poor girl's appearance, that she alluded to it the next time Castruccio came to visit her.

"Castruccio listened earnestly; and, when he heard what had been her last words, he cried, 'It must be she! it is the poor Beatrice!'

"'Beatrice! Who is Beatrice?'

"Castruccio endeavoured to evade the question, and afterwards to answer it by the relation of a few slight circumstances; but Euthanasia, struck by his manner, questioned him so seriously, that he ended by relating the whole story. Euthanasia was deeply moved; and earnest pity succeeded to her first astonishment—astonishment for her powers and strange errors, and then compassion for her sorrows and mighty fall. Castruccio, led on by the memory of her enchantments, spoke with ardour, scarcely knowing to whom he spoke; and, when he ended, Euthanasia cried, 'She must be followed, brought back, consoled; her misery is great; but there is a cure for it.'

"She then concerted with Castruccio the plan for tracing her steps, and inducing her to return. Messengers were sent on the road to Rome, who were promised high rewards if they succeeded in finding her; others were sent to Ferrara, to learn if her friends there had any knowledge of her course.—These researches occupied several weeks; but they were fruitless. The messengers from Ferrara brought word, that she had left that city early in the preceding spring in a pilgrimage to Rome, and that she had never since been heard of. The Lady Marchesana, inconsolable for her departure, had since died; and the good bishop Marsilio, who had not returned from France, where he had been made a cardinal, was at too great a distance to understand the circumstances of her departure, or to act upon them. Nor were the tidings brought from Rome more satisfactory: She was traced from Lucca to Pisa, Florence, Arezzo, Perugia, Foligno, Spoleto, and even to

Terni; but there all trace was lost. It appeared certain that she had never arrived in Rome; none of the priests had heard of her; every church and convent was examined; but no trace of her could be found. Every exertion was vain: it appeared as if she had sunk into the bowels of the earth.

"During the period occupied by these researches, a great change had taken place in the mind of Euthanasia. Before, though her atmosphere had been torn by storms, and blackened by the heaviest clouds, her love had ever borne her on towards one point with resistless force; and it seemed as if, body and soul, she would in the end be its victim. Now the tide ebbed, and left her, as a poor wretch upon one point of rock, when the rising ocean suddenly subsides, and restores him unexpectedly to life. She had loved Castruccio; and, as is ever the case with pure and exalted minds, she had separated the object of her love from all other beings, and, investing him with a glory, he was no longer to her as one among the common herd, nor ever for a moment could she confound him and class him with his fellow men. It is this feeling that is the essence and life of love, and that, still subsisting even after esteem and sympathy had been destroyed, had caused the excessive grief in which she had been plunged. She had separated herself from the rest as his chosen one; she had been selected from the whole world for him to love, and therefore was there a mighty barrier between her and all things else; no sentiment could pass through her mind unmingled with his image, no thought that did not bear his stamp to distinguish it from all other thoughts; as the moon in heaven shines bright, because the sun illumines her with his rays, so did she proceed on her high path in serene majesty, protected through her love for him from all meaner cares or joys; her very person was sacred, since she had dedicated herself to him; but, the god undefined, the honours of the priesthood fell to the dust. The story of Beatrice dissolved the charm; she looked on him now in the common light of day; the illusion and exaltation of love was dispelled for ever; and, although disap-

pointment, and the bitterness of destroyed hope, robbed her of every sensation of enjoyment, it was no longer that mad despair, that clinging to the very sword that cut her, which before had tainted her cheek with the hues of death. Her old feelings of duty, benevolence, and friendship, returned; all was not now, as before, referred to love alone; the trees, the streams, the mountains, and the stars, no longer told one never-varying tale of disappointed passion; before, they had oppressed her heart by reminding her, through every change and every form, of what she had once seen in joy; and they lay as so heavy and sad a burthen on her soul, that she would exclaim as a modern poet has since done:—

Thou, thrush, that singest long and loud, and free,
 Into yon row of willows flit,
 Upon that alder sit,
 Or sing another song, or choose another tree!
 Roll back, sweet rill, back to thy mountain bounds,
 And there for ever be thy waters chained!
 For thou dost haunt the air with sounds
 That cannot be sustain'd.

* * * *

Be any thing, sweet rill, but that which thou art now.

But now these feverish emotions ceased. Sorrow sat on her downcast eye, restrained her light step, and slept in the unmoved dimples of her fair cheek; but the wildness of grief had died, the fountain of selfish tears flowed no more, and she was restored from death to life. She considered Castruccio as bound to Beatrice; bound by the deep love and anguish of the fallen prophetess, by all her virtues, even by her faults; bound by his falsehood to her who was then his betrothed, and whom he carelessly wronged, and thus proved how little capable he was of participating in her own exalted feelings. She believed that he would be far happier in the passionate and unquestioning love of this enthusiast, than with her, who had lived too long to be satisfied alone with the affection of him she loved, but required in him a conformity of tastes to those she had herself cultivated, which in Castruccio was entirely wanting. She felt half glad, half sorry, for the change she was aware had been operated in her heart; for the misery that she before endured was not without its momentary intervals, which busy love

filled with dreams and hopes, that caused a wild transport, which, although it destroyed her, was still joy, still delight. But now there was no change; one steady hopeless blank was before her; the very energies of her mind were palsied; her imagination furl'd its wings, and the owl, reason, was the only dweller that found sustenance and a being in her benighted soul."

Beatrice, in the progress of her sad story, undergoes all the miseries of madness. She consorts with a hideous witch—the original enthusiasm of her imagination, brooding over her own griefs, leads her into a thousand extravagances; and after a long interval, she is discovered by Euthanasia, a prisoner in the dungeons of the Inquisition at Lucca.

Euthanasia, who, despoiled of her principality, and irritated, or rather alienated by the ambitious proceedings of Castruccio against Florence and Freedom, has had for some time no intercourse with her former lover, repairs now in person to his palace, and ventures into his cabinet, that she may procure from him an order for the instant release of her whose calamities had originated in love for himself. Castruccio grants this without hesitation, and perceiving that Euthanasia will not hear from him any renewal of his vows to herself, continues to keep up the intercourse thus recommenced, by sending every now and then to make inquiry after the health of poor Beatrice, to whom, on quitting the dungeon, the fair Countess had given shelter in her own home.

We shall not pursue Beatrice through the long train of agonies that terminate in her death; but we must make room for one extract from the chapter which Mrs. S. entitles "Beatrice, her creed, and her love." It is impossible to read it without admiration of the eloquence with which it is written, or without sorrow, that any English lady should be capable of clothing such thoughts in such words. We are aware that it may be said, as it has often been done by sophists, ancient and modern, "Æschylus paints Clytemnestra—Shakespeare paints Iago." We would be

very happy indeed, if we could believe that it is *so*, this author paints this part of her Beatrice ; but, alas ! what is here put into the mouth of a frantic girl, mad with love and misery, has been of late put forth so frequently, and in so many different forms, by the writers of that school, with which this gifted person has the misfortune to be associated, that we should only be trifling with our readers, if we hesitated to say that we do not believe any such matter. We are not going to preach, however ; this is not the sort of opportunity we choose for warring with Manicheism, or with any thing *quod exit in ism*. We wish to shew what Mrs. S. can do.—Euthanasia and Beatrice are sitting together—the former perceiving that the latter is strangely agitated by the intenseness of her recollections, prays her to forget the past—“forget everything that you once were.”

“ ‘Aye, you say right ; I must forget every thing, or to be what I am must torture me to despair. Poor, misled, foolish, insensate Beatrice ! I can accuse myself alone for my many ills ; myself, and that power who sits on high, and scatters evil like dew upon the earth, a killing, blighting honey dew.’ ”

“ ‘Hush ! my poor girl, do not talk thus ; indeed I must not have you utter these sentiments.’ ”

“ ‘Oh ! let me speak ; before all others I must hide my bursting feelings, deep, deep. Yet for one moment let me curse !’ ”

“ Beatrice arose ; she pointed to heaven ; she stood in the same attitude, as when she had prophesied to the people of Ferrara under the portico of the church of St. Anna ; but how changed ! Her form thin ; her face care-worn ; her love-formed lips withered ; her hands and arms, then so round and fair, now wrinkled and faded ; her eyes were not the same ; they had lost that softness which, mingling with their fire, was as something wonderful in brilliancy and beauty : they now, like the sun from beneath a thunder cloud, glared fiercely from under her dark and scattered hair that shaded her brow ; but even now, as in those times, she spoke with tumultuous eloquence.

“ ‘Euthanasia, you are much deceived ; you either worship a useless shadow, or a fiend in the clothing of a god. Listen to me, while I announce to you the eternal and victorious influence of evil, which circulates like air about us, clinging to our flesh like a poisonous garment, eating into us, and destroying us. Are you blind, that you see it not ? Are you deaf, that you hear no groans ? Are you insensible, that you feel no misery ? Open your eyes, and you will behold all of which I speak, standing in hideous array before you. Look around ! Is there not war, violation of treaties, and hardhearted cruelty ? Look at the societies of men. Are not our fellow creatures tormented one by the other in an endless circle of pain ? Some shut up in iron cages, starved and destroyed ; cities float in blood, and the hopes of the husbandman are manured by his own mangled limbs : remember the times of our fathers, the extirpation of the Albigenes ;—the cruelties of Ezzelin, when troops of the blind, and the lame, and the mutilated, the scum of his prisons, inundated the Italian states. Remember the destruction of the Templars. Did you never glance in thought into the tower of famine of Ugolino ; or into the hearts of the armies of exiles, that each day the warring citizens banish from their homes ? Did you never reflect on the guilty policy of the Popes, those ministers of the reigning King of heaven ? Remember the Sicilian vespers ; the death of the innocent Conradin ; the myriads whose bones are now bleached beneath the sun of Asia ; they went in honour of His name, and thus He rewards them.

“ ‘Then reflect upon domestic life, on the strife, hatred, and uncharitableness, that, as sharp spears, pierce one’s bosom at every turn ; think of jealousy, midnight murders, envy, want of faith, calumny, ingratitude, cruelty, and all which man in his daily sport inflicts upon man. Think upon disease, plague, famine, leprosy, fever, and all the aching pains our limbs suffer withal ; visit in thought the hospital, the Lazar house. Oh ! surely God’s hand is the chastening hand of a father, that thus torments

his children ! His children ? his eternal enemies ! Look, I am one ! He created the seeds of disease, maramma, thirst, want ; he created man,—that most wretched of slaves ; oh ! know you not what a wretch man is ! and what a store-house of infinite pain is this much-vaunted human soul ? Look into your own heart ; or, if that be too peaceful, gaze on mine ; I will tear it open for your inspection. There is remorse, hatred, grief—overwhelming, mighty, and eternal misery. God created me ; am I the work of a beneficent being ? Oh, what spirit mingled in my wretched frame love, hope, energy, confidence,—to find indifference, to be blasted to despair, to be as weak as the fallen leaf, to be betrayed by all ! Now I am changed,—I hate ;—my energy is spent in curses, and if I trust, it is to be the more deeply wounded.

“ Did not the power you worship create the passions of man ; his desires which outleap possibility, and bring ruin upon his head ? Did he not implant the seeds of ambition, revenge, and hate ? Did he not create love, the tempter ; he who keeps the key of that mansion whose motto must ever be

Lasciate agni speranza voi che intrate ?

And the imagination, that master-piece of his malice ; that spreads honey on the cup that you may drink poison ; that strews roses over thorns, thorns sharp and big as spears ; that semblance of beauty which beckons you to the desert ; that apple of gold with the heart of ashes ; that foul image, with the veil of excellence ; that mist of the maramma, glowing with roseate hues beneath the sun, that creates it, and beautifies it, to destroy you ; that diadem of nettles ; that spear, broken in the heart : ”

But we *dare* not transcribe any further.

To come back to Euthanasia—she, after Beatrice is dead, becomes more and more weary of Lucca, and she at last seeks and obtains Castruccio’s permission to retire to Florence. In that city a great conspiracy is in motion against Castruccio—Euthanasia is long and in vain solicited to join in it ; for however she detests the bloodshed thro’ which Castruccio has been, and is wad-

ing onwards towards the great object of his ambition, the total overthrow of Tuscan liberty, she feels, and feels justly, that nothing but the last extremity could justify her, who had been the love of his youth, in combining with his enemies against him. A terrible act of cruelty, however, in which some of her own Florentine kindred are the sufferers, at last persuades her. But she forms a romantic plan to save Castruccio by, and in his very overthrow. She bargains, ere she takes the oath of the conspirators, that his life is to be held sacred, and dreams a fanciful dream of restoring him to tranquillity and contentment of mind, of soothing him fallen, with the love she had refused to him in his princely splendour, of spending years of quiet bliss with him chastened and purified—in some beautiful Italian solitude, far from the noise and tumult of Tuscany. A scoundrel betrays the conspiracy to Castruccio’s lieutenant. The prince, on his return to Lucca, after a short absence, is informed abruptly that a plot against his life has been discovered—that three hundred conspirators are in his prisons—and that one cell holds—Euthanasia of Valperga.

The scene where Castruccio liberates Euthanasia, whom he believes to have meditated his death, is one of the finest in this book. We shall extract a part of it.

“ A little before midnight Euthanasia’s prison-chamber was unlocked, and the jailor entered, with a lamp in his hand, accompanied by one of majestic figure, and a countenance beautiful, but sad, and tarnished by the expression of pride that animated it. ‘ She sleeps,’ whispered the jailor. His companion raised his finger in token of silence ; and, taking the lamp from the man’s hand, approached her mattress, which was spread upon the floor, and, kneeling down beside it, earnestly gazed upon that face he had known so well in happier days. She made an uneasy motion, as if the lamp which he held disturbed her ; he placed it on the ground, and shaded it with his figure ; while, by the soft light that fell upon her, he tried to read the images that were working in her mind.

"She appeared but slightly altered since he had first seen her. If thought had drawn some lines in her brow, the intellect which its beautiful form expressed, effaced them to the eye of the spectator: her golden hair fell over her face and neck: he gently drew it back, while she smiled in her sleep; her smile was ever past description lovely, and one might well exclaim with Dante,

*Quel, ch' ella par quando un poco sorride,
Non si può dicer, ne tenere a mente;
Si è nuovo miracolo, e gentile.**

He gazed on her long; her white arm lay on her black dress, and he imprinted a sad kiss upon it; she awoke, and saw Castruccio gazing upon her.

"She started up; 'What does this mean?' she cried.

"His countenance which had softened as he looked upon her, now re-assumed its severe expression. 'Madonna,' he replied, 'I come to take you from this place.'

"She looked on him, endeavouring to read his purpose in his eyes; but she saw there no explanation of her doubts;—'And whither do you intend to lead me?'

"'That you will know hereafter.'

"She paused; and he added with a disdainful smile, 'The Countess of Valperga need not fear, while I have the power to protect her, the fate she prepared for me.'

"'What fate?'

"'Death.'

"He spoke in an under tone, but with one of those modulations of voice, which, bringing to her mind scenes of other days, was best fitted to make an impression upon her. She replied, almost unconsciously—'I did not prepare death for you; God is my witness!'

"'Well, Madonna, we will not quarrel about words; or, like lawyers, clothe our purposes in such a subtle guise, that it might deceive all, if truth did not destroy the spider's web. I come to lead you from prison.'

"'Not thus, my lord, not thus will I be saved. I disdain any longer to assert my intentions, since I am not believed. But am I to be liberated alone;

or are my friends included in your merciful intentions?'

"'Your friends are too dangerous enemies of the commonwealth to be rescued from the fate that awaits them. Your sex, perhaps the memory of our ancient friendship, plead for you; and I do not think that it accords with your wisdom to make conditions with one who has the power to do that which best pleases him.'

"'And yet I will not yield; I will not most unworthily attend to my own safety, while my associates die. No, my lord, if they are to be sacrificed, the addition of one poor woman will add little to the number of your victims; and I cannot consent to desert them.'

"'How do you desert them? You will never see or hear of them more, or they of you. But this is trifling; and my moments are precious.'

"'I will not—I dare not follow you. My heart, my conscience tell me to remain. I must not disobey their voice.'

"'Is your conscience so officious now, and did it say nothing, or did your heart silence it, when you plotted my destruction?'

"'Castruccio, this I believe is the last time that I shall ever speak to you. Our hearts are in the hands of the Father of all; and He sees my thoughts. You know me too well, to believe that I plotted your death, or that of any human creature. Now is not the time to explain my motives and plans; but my earnest prayer was that you might live; my best hope, to make that life less miserable, less unworthy, than it had hitherto been.'

"She spoke with deep earnestness; and there was something in her manner, as if the spirit of truth animated all her accents, that compelled assent. Castruccio believed all; and he spoke in a milder and more persuasive manner, 'Poor Euthanasia! so you were at last cajoled by that arch-traitor, Bondelmonti. Well, I believe, and pardon all; but, as the seal of the purity of your intentions, I now claim your consent to my offers of safety.'

"'I cannot, indeed I cannot, consent. Be merciful; be magnanimous; and pardon all; banish us all where

* *Vita Nuova di Dante.*

our discontent cannot be dangerous to you. But to desert my friends, and basely to save that life you deny to them, I never can.'

"The jailor, who had hitherto stood in the shade near the door, could no longer contain himself. He knelt to Euthanasia, and earnestly and warmly entreated her to save herself, and not with wilful presumption to cast aside those means, which God had brought about for her safety. 'Remember,' he cried, 'your misfortunes will be on the prince's head; make him not answer for you also. Oh! lady, for his sake, for all our sakes, yield.'

"Castruccio was much moved to see the warmth of this man. He took the hand of Euthanasia, he also knelt. 'Yes, my only and dearest friend, save yourself for my sake. Yield, beloved Euthanasia, to my entreaties. Indeed you will not die; for you well know that your life is dearer to me than my own. But yield to my request, by our former loves, I entreat; by the prayers which you offer up for my salvation, I conjure you as they shall be heard, so also hear me!'

"The light of the solitary lamp fell full upon the countenance of Castruccio. It was softened from all severity; his eyes glistened, and a tear stole silently down his cheek, as he prayed her to yield. They talk of the tears of women; but, when they flow most plenteously, they soften not the heart of man, as one tear from his eyes has power on a woman. Words and looks have been feigned; they say, though I believe them not, that women have feigned tears; but those of a man, which are ever as the last demonstration of a too full heart, force belief, and communicate to her who causes them, that excess of tenderness, that intense depth of passion, of which they are themselves the sure indication.

"Euthanasia had seen Castruccio weep but once before; it was many years ago, when he departed for the battle of Monte Catini; and he then sympathised too deeply in her sorrows, not to repay her much weeping with one most true and sacred tear. And now this scene was present before her; the gap of years remained unfilled; and

she had consented to his request, before she again recalled her thoughts, and saw the dreary prison-chamber, the glimmering lamp, and the rough form of the jailor, who knelt beside Antelminelli. Her consent was scarcely obtained, when Castruccio leapt up, and, bidding her wrap her capuchin about her, led her by the hand down the steep prison-stairs, while the jailor went before them, and unlocked, and drew back the bolts of the heavy creaking doors.

"At the entrance of the prison they found a man on horseback holding two other horses. It was Mordecastelli. Castruccio assisted Euthanasia to mount, and then sprang on his own saddle; they walked their horses to a gate of the town which was open—they proceeded in silence—at the gate Castruccio said to his companion—'Here leave us; I shall speedily return.'

"Vanni then turned his horse's head, slightly answering the salute of Euthanasia, which she had involuntarily made at parting for ever with one who had been her intimate acquaintance. A countryman was waiting on horseback outside the gate—'You are our guide?' said Castruccio.—'Lead on then.'

It was a frosty cloudless night. Castruccio rides with Euthanasia till she is within sight of the shore. He bids her farewell abruptly, and she soon finds herself embarked in a vessel bound for Sicily.

"About noon they met a Pisan vessel, who bade them beware of a Genoese squadron, which was cruising off Corsica; so they bore in nearer to the shore. At sunset that day a fierce sirocco rose, accompanied by thunder and lightning, such as is seldom seen during the winter season. Presently they saw huge dark columns descending from Heaven, and meeting the sea, which boiled beneath; they were borne on by the storm, and scattered by the wind. The rain came down in sheets; and the hail clattered, as it fell to its grave in the ocean—the ocean was lashed into such waves, that, many miles inland, during the pauses of the wind, the hoarse and constant murmurs of the far-off sea, made the well-housed

landsmen mutter one more prayer for those exposed to its fury.

"Such was the storm, as it was seen from shore. Nothing more was ever known of the Sicilian vessel which bore Euthanasia. It never reached its destined port, nor were any of those on board ever after seen. The sentinels who watched near Vado, a tower on the sea beach of the Maremma, found, on the following day, that the waves had washed on shore some of the wrecks of a vessel. They picked up a few planks and a broken mast, round which, tangled with some of its cordage, was a white silk handkerchief, such a one as had bound the tresses of Euthanasia the night that she had embarked, and in its knot were a few golden hairs.

"She was never heard of more; even her name perished. She slept in the oozy cavern of the ocean; the seaweed was tangled with her shining hair; and the spirits of the deep wondered that the earth had trusted so lovely a creature to the barren bosom of the sea, which, as an evil step-mother, deceives and betrays all committed to her care.

"Earth felt no change when she died; and men forgot her. Yet a lovelier spirit never ceased to breathe, nor was a lovelier form ever destroyed amidst the many it brings forth. Endless tears might well have been shed at her loss; yet for her none wept, save the piteous skies, which deplored the mischief they had themselves committed—none moaned except the seabirds, that flapped their heavy wings above the ocean-cave wherein she lay—and the muttering thunder alone tolled her passing bell, as she quitted a life, which for her had been replete with change and sorrow."

Castruccio survives this for some time, but the romance of Mrs. Shelley terminates here; what comes after is little more than a parcel of translation from historical works, in the hands of every reader of Italian. The work, with all the deductions we have made, undoubtedly reflects no *discredit* even on the authoress of *Frankenstein*—although we must once more repeat our opinion, that *Valperga* is, for a second romance, by no means what its predecessor was for a first one.

(Literary Gazette.)

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO THE NORTHERN WHALE FISHERY,

'IN THE SUMMER OF 1822. BY WM. SCORESBY, JUN.

THOUGH hardly prepared to say that we should like a thick octavo, even from Captain Scoresby, every time he makes a voyage to "bob for whale," the present addition to his preceding publications contains so much interesting matter, that we make a decided exception in its favour.

The author appears to be an individual of a naturally active mind and vigorous understanding; which he has improved by considerable acquisitions in the practical parts of those sciences coming most into contact with his professional needs. Thus magnetism, meteorology, natural history, and also geology, mineralogy, &c. are usefully elucidated in his pages, and swell the amount of the information which they offer to the reader. This is altogether a very interesting voyage; combining

the narration of personal adventure and scientific inquiry in a manner eminently calculated to please.

The Baffin was expressly built and equipped for the double purpose of whaling and exploring; and had a complement of fifty men. Her commander resolved on trying the East Greenland side rather than the Spitzbergen fishery; and seems to prefer it for trade as well as for the opportunity it afforded him of indulging, in his favourite speculations. Sailing on the 27th of March, in the early part of his voyage, he had pushed his course so far to the north, that on the 1st of May, he states,

"—We were in latitude 80° 23' by observation; and at 5 A. M. I calculated that we had advanced to 80° 34', a distance of only 566 miles from the

Pole; when the freezing of the sea around us, and the increasing accumulation of ice to the northward, rendered any further advance at so early a season imprudent; and particularly as not a single whale had yet appeared to encourage us to perseverance. We were now probably within a few miles of the extreme accessible point of the Greenland Sea towards the north; and the Baffin was, without question, in the highest latitude of any ship at that moment on the sea; and there was no doubt on my own mind, when I stood on the taffrail as the ship was turned before the wind, that I was then nearer to the Pole than any individual on the face of the earth. From this situation, the northern barrier of ice extended towards the SE. and ESE. and the main western ice towards the SW.; so that we were near the extremity of the angle formed by these two immense floating bodies."

Capt. S. confirms the opinion that with a wind the cold is infinitely more severe than in a calm of a lower temperature. On the 9th of May, "the wind increased to a fresh gale from the NE. and the weather became intensely cold. The deck thermometer was never higher than 2° , and sometimes as low as -5° ; at the mast-head, the temperature was below zero all the day. The greatest cold noticed in this situation was -8° ; which was the extreme of my observations during twenty voyages to the whale-fishery. The frost-rime constituted a dense stratum of mist 50 or 60 feet in altitude, so as to circumscribe the prospect from the deck to about 150 yards; while at the mast-head, where the observer could see over it, the limit was extended to a mile or upwards. This obscurity rendering the navigation among crowded drift-ice extremely dangerous, required my personal superintendence at the mast-head, where the temperature was from 3 to 8 degrees below zero, for several hours at a time. This intensity of cold, which was rendered excessively penetrating by the strength of the wind with which it was accompanied, was severely felt. There is little doubt but it was more painful to the feelings than a temperature of -30° or -40°

would have been in a calm atmosphere. Though we had smooth water, and kept the companion-door constantly closed, the cabin became more uncomfortable than the deck. Water spilt on the table, within three feet of a hot air stove, became ice; washed linen became hard and sonorous; and mitts that had been hung to dry exactly in the front of the fire, (the grate being full of blazing coals,) and only thirty inches distant, were partially frozen; and even good ale placed in a mug at the foot of the stove, began to congeal! A damp hand applied to any metallic substance in the open air, stuck to it; and the tongue brought into contact with the same, adhered so firmly, that it could not be removed, without the loss of the skin. Some of the sailors suffered considerably from partial frost-bites. The cooper had his nose frozen, and was obliged to submit to a severe friction with snow; and the boatswain almost lost his hearing."

The sight of some Narwals, often the forerunners of whales, and a green sea their common resort, soon brought the Baffin upon her huge prey. On the 2d of June,

--- "One of the boats rowed into the midst of a shoal of seven or eight of the largest size. They were lying at the surface, huddled together remarkably close; but the weather being very still and calm, they all took the alarm, while the amazed harpooner was standing aiming his weapon first at one and then at another, until the whole shoal made their escape. They were so near, that the water thrown up by their tails flew in showers over the boat; while the sea, for a hundred yards round, was filled with eddies and little whirlpools."

All these escaped, and the vessel was detained among the ice for several days, during which, Capt. S. relates:

--- "A great many narwals were often sporting about us, sometimes in herds or shoals of 15 or 20 together. Several of the shoals consisted entirely of male animals, each having a long horn (or tooth) projecting from the forehead. They were extremely playful, frequently elevating their horns, and crossing them with each other, as

in fencing. In the sporting of these animals, they frequently emitted a very unusual sound, resembling the guggling of water in the throat, which it probably was, as it only occurred when they reared their horns, with the front part of the head and mouth, out of the water. Several of them followed the ship, and seemed to be attracted by a principle of curiosity, at the sight of so unusual a body. The water being perfectly transparent, they could be seen descending to the keel, and playing about the rudder for a considerable time, and then proceeding to a little distance, before they ascended to breathe. 'They 'blew' with much force: an act of expiration always, I observed, succeeded their first appearance at the surface; and they invariably descended with the lungs inflated. Their breathing resembles a puff of steam or air; a pause of perhaps two or three seconds occurs between each act of respiration, and after it has been continued for eight or ten times, the animal generally descends: but sometimes it will remain for several minutes afterwards at the surface, without either breathing perceptibly or moving."

Having got free from the ice, the harpooners killed a large bear as he was swimming across an opening near the ship. This is the safest situation for an attack on these powerful animals, which are dangerous on the ice, as they can *there* employ twice the speed of a man. Capt. S. mentions the fate of a sailor, who rashly assailed one with a handspike when prowling near the ship—

- - "But the bear, regardless of such weapons, and sharpened probably by hunger, immediately, it should seem, disarmed his antagonist, and, seizing him by the back with his powerful jaws, carried him off with such celerity, that, on his dismayed comrades rising from their meal, and looking abroad, he was so far beyond their reach as to defy their pursuit."

Another fool-hardy exploit of this kind was rather amusing in its results. A Hull whaler

- - "Was moored to a field of ice, on which, at a considerable distance, a large bear was observed prowling about

for prey. One of the ship's company, emboldened by an artificial courage, derived from the free use of his rum, which, in his economy he had stored for special occasions, undertook to pursue and attack the bear that was within view. Armed only with a whale-lance, he resolutely, and against all persuasion, set out on his adventurous exploit. A fatiguing journey of about half a league, over a surface of yielding snow, and rugged hummocks, brought him within a few yards of the enemy, which, to his surprise, undauntedly faced him, and seemed to invite him to the combat. His courage being by this time greatly subdued, partly by the evaporation of the stimulus he had employed, and partly by the undismayed, and even threatening aspect of the bear, he levelled his lance in an attitude suited either for offensive or defensive action, and stopped. The bear also stood still. In vain the adventurer tried to rally courage to make the attack; his enemy was too formidable, and his appearance too imposing. In vain also he shouted,—advanced his lance,—and made feints of attack; the enemy either not understanding them, or despising such unmanliness, obstinately stood his ground. Already the limbs of the sailor began to shake,—the lance trembled in the rest,—and his gaze, which had hitherto been steadfast, began to quiver; but the fear of ridicule from his messmates still had its influence, and he yet scarcely dared to retreat. Bruin, however, possessing less reflection, or being more regardless of consequences, began, with the most audacious boldness, to advance. His nigh approach, and unshaken step, subdued the spark of bravery, and that dread of ridicule, that had hitherto upheld our adventurer; he turned and fled. But now was the time of danger. The sailor's flight encouraged the bear in his turn to pursue; and being better practised in snow-travelling, and better provided for it, he rapidly gained upon the fugitive. The whale-lance, his only defence, encumbering him in his retreat, he threw it down, and kept on. This fortunately excited the bear's attention; he stopped,—pawed it,—bit it, and then resumed the chase. Again

he was at the heels of the panting seaman, who, conscious of the favourable effect of the lance, dropped a mitten: the stratagem succeeded, and, while Bruin again stopped to examine it, the fugitive, improving the interval, made considerable progress *ahead*. Still the bear resumed the pursuit, with the most provoking perseverance, excepting when arrested by another mitten, and finally by a hat, which he tore to shreds between his teeth and his paws, and would no doubt have soon made the incautious adventurer his victim, who was rapidly losing strength and heart, but for the prompt and well-timed assistance of his shipmates, who, observing that the affair had assumed a dangerous aspect, sallied out to his rescue. The little phalanx opened him a passage, and then closed to receive the bold assailant. Though now beyond the reach of his adversary, the dismayed fugitive continued onward, impelled by his fears, and never relaxed his exertions until he fairly reached the shelter of the ship! Bruin once more prudently came to a stand, and for a moment seemed to survey his enemies with all the consideration of an experienced general; when, finding them too numerous for a reasonable hope of success, he very wisely wheeled about, and succeeded in making a safe and honourable retreat."

But we must not be diverted either by narwals, whales, or bears, from our attention to the lost Greenland. On the 7—8th of June this coast was seen, supposed at the distance of 50 miles. "Our latitude (says Capt. S.) being 74° 6', I took the southernmost land in sight to be the Hold-With-Hope of Hudson; and the most northerly, having the appearance of an island, to be the eastern headland of Gale Hamke's Bay, discovered, according to the charts, in 1654."

At this time it was found impossible to approach the wished-for shore, tho' the strange, grotesque, and remarkable shapes which its icy barrier assumed, rendered it exceedingly alluring.

"The general trending of this coast, extending from Gale Hamke's Bay, in latitude 75°, to Bontekoe Island and Hold-With-Hope, in 73° 30', is SSW.

true. It is almost wholly mountainous, rugged, and barren. Its general character is not unlike that of Spitzbergen; but the quantity of snow upon it seems to be generally less. Its ordinary height I estimated at 3000 feet; an elevation which it probably attains within a mile or two of the sea."

Capt. S. took great pains to be correct in his observations; and it appears that the longitudes laid down in all our maps are very erroneous. It was beyond the middle of July before circumstances again permitted him to revisit the eastern coast, which he surveyed for some distance, and through the obstacles of which he at last successfully penetrated* on the 24th.

"Being (he states) anxious to land upon a coast, on which no navigator (a whale-fisher or two perhaps excepted) had ever set foot, I thought this a favourable opportunity for gratifying my curiosity. This curiosity was heightened almost to the utmost pitch, by the historical recollections of the Icelandic colonies that had at a remote period been planted a few degrees to the southward, upon the same line of coast,—and particularly by the hope which I could not avoid indulging, that I might be able to discover some traces of those hardy people, the fate of whom, for near four centuries, has been a problem of such intense and almost universal interest. An additional interest attached to the investigation of this country (if the interest excited by the above considerations were capable of augmentation,) was the circumstance of the singular and total failure of the many attempts of the Danes to reach this coast, for the recovery of the ancient colonies,—together with the peculiar enjoyment that necessarily arose out of the conviction, that the shore on which I designed to land was entirely unknown to Europeans, and totally unexplored.

"As we stood in, I obtained several

* "The land-ice consisted of heavy consolidated floes, having embedded in it several ice-bergs of a larger size than I ever remember to have seen before. These being probably aground, served to stake the whole of this ice firmly to the shore, where it appeared to have remained undisturbed for some years. One of the icebergs, that had an elevated peak at its extremity, was estimated to be 150 feet above the level of the sea; and another that was quite square, with vertical sides, was the height of a ship's mast, or about 100 feet."

series of bearings of headlands, &c. with altitudes of the sun for the longitude, designed for the extension of my survey. Finding the coast bold, we reached within three quarters of a mile of the beach, where we had soundings in 25 fathoms: the weather being then extremely fine, and highly favourable for my purpose, I took a boat at 5½ p. m. and proceeded to the shore. I landed in fifteen minutes on a rocky point, named Cape Lister, after a reverend friend, lying in latitude 70° 30', and longitude 21° 30' W. The coast here having changed its mountainous character, and become more level towards the south and west, we were enabled to reach the top of the cliff, which was only 300 or 400 feet high, and to travel along its brow to the westward. The rocks we ascended consisted chiefly of hornblende, in sharp, angular, irregular masses, much broken, with some of the same rock, of the slaty kind, containing much mica, and veins of feldspar. The brow of the cliff, instead of soil and verdure, presented either a naked or lichen-clad pavement of loose angular stones. Most of these, consisting principally of white quartz, with intermixed masses of sienite and hornblende-rock, had suffered so little from exposure to the atmosphere for numerous ages, excepting as to fracture, that their angles were as sharp as if they had been newly broken. Bordering the sea, these stones were almost enveloped in a covering of black lichens; but on ascending over a sheet of snow to a superior eminence, the lichens became much less abundant. The almost total want of soil was an effectual preventive to verdure; the vegetation was therefore confined to a few hardy lichens, with an occasional tuft of the *Andromeda tetragona*, *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, *Papaver nudicaule*, and *Ranunculus nivalis*.

"Sending the boat along shore, I traced the hill towards the west for three or four miles, passing over a continued surface of loose stones, or over beds of ice and snow, and then descended near Cape Swainson, towards the beach, consisting here of a strip of flat strand, about a furlong in breadth.—

Here, the first interesting object was discovered, consisting of a circle of stones, so artificially placed, that there could be no doubt but it was the work of man; and soon afterwards other appearances of manual arrangement were met with. These were the remains of habitations, consisting of two circular walls, or in some places merely of rows of stones, inclosing a clear area of about five yards in diameter, laid out exactly in the manner in which the Esquimaux prepare the ground for their summer huts. Besides these, there were several hollow tumuli, neatly arched in the form of a bee-hive, with an opening either at the top or on one side. These resembled the stores wherein the Esquimaux are known to deposit the produce of their fishing or hunting, when too considerable for present use. They varied in size from 2½ to 4½ feet, interior diameter. The principal part of these remains occurred on the west side of Cape Swainson, where also some other still more striking evidences of recent habitation were found. These consisted of two cavities, inclosed by stones, on the edge of a bank, that had been employed as fire-places, and in which were the remains of the fuel that had been used in them, consisting of charred drift wood, with half-burnt moss, and a quantity of ashes. The latter, being of so light a nature as to be liable to be carried away by the melting of snow about them, impressed me with the opinion, that they had not been here during the preceding winter, but that the persons who used these simple contrivances for fire-places, must have been on the spot even in the present summer. As there were no permanent residences to be found, this place appeared to have been either resorted to as a summer fishing-station by some of the natives, or touched at in their excursions along the coast. In addition to these evidences of the present existence of inhabitants, we met with several pieces of bone and wood, which had undergone artificial fabrication; and also the head of an arrow or small dart, rather neatly made of bone, armed with a small piece of iron. It is difficult to say whether this iron was

native, or whether it was carried on shore in the timbers of some wreck. The manufacture was a good deal similar to that of the iron implements of the Arctic Highlanders, discovered by Captain Ross; and it is not improbable but it had a similar origin. The state and situation in which it was found, indicated that it had not been long out of use. It was found lying in a little cavity of the rock, where we first landed in a pool of sea-water; yet it was not greatly corroded by rust. On the contrary, it was so little acted upon, that it did not seem to have lain many months.

"Scarcely any birds were seen on the shore, though there were abundance of roaches, dovescas, and some eider-ducks in the water. I only observed an arctic gull, and two small birds (one resembling a wag-tail and the other a red-pole) during the whole excursion. Numbers of winged insects, however, were met with, particularly on the hills among the stones. These consisted of several species of butterflies, with bees, and musquitoes! Near the beach were

several plants in flower, with a few that were farther advanced, and in a state of fructification. I obtained beautiful specimens of *Ranunculus nivalis* and *Andromeda tetragona*, two or three species of *Saxifraga*, *Epilobium latifolium*, *Potentilla verna*, &c. with the *Cochlearia anglica*, *Rumex digynus*, and a species of *Salix*. The latter was the only arborous plant met with. This willow expands to the extent of three or four feet, or more, and grows to the thickness of the little finger; yet so is it accommodated to the nature of the climate, that it only spreads laterally, never being observed to rise higher than two or three inches above the ground.

"No other object of interest was observed, excepting some horns of reindeer, and the bones of these or other animals; most of the bones were found about the site of the tents and huts, or in the tumuli adjoining. No sea-weed was seen on the beach, nor any shells; but in deep water, near the shore, both these productions were observed."

(Monthly Mag. April.)

NARRATIVE OF THE SHIPWRECK OF CERTAIN DUTCH VESSELS IN THE YEAR 1797, IN THE SOUTH EAST OF GREENLAND.

THE *Wilhelmina*, commanded by James H. Broerties, from Zaa-dam, sailed from the Texel, April 14, 1797, for the whale-fishery. June 22, they arrived near the eastern coast of Greenland, alongside of vast plains of moving ice, that overspread the sea. They cast anchor, and made preparations for the fishery. Fifty other ships had repaired to the same ports, attracted by the great number of whales frequenting them: the *Wilhelmina* took one the day after their arrival.

June 25, huge flakes of ice environed and pressed on the ship on all sides. The crew then, for eight days and nights together, had to cut and saw their way through the ice, thirteen feet in thickness, trying to get the ship clear.

A number of vessels that lay at anchor, east of them, were fortunate

enough to escape; but the *Wilhelmina*, and twenty-seven others, were fast in the ice. Seventeen, however, afterwards made their way through it.

July 25, the icebergs began to separate, and left a sort of opening. On this the captain instantly set the boats to towing the vessel. After hard and incessant rowing for four days, they found their passage intercepted by another field of ice; and here they were shut up, as it were, within a small basin. Four other ships were found here, that had struggled through numberless difficulties and dangers, but with as little hope of deliverance. Their perilous situation now alarmed the whole crew. The north wind driving the ship southerly, they came to within sight of Gale Hanken land. This is a bay on the east coast of Greenland, in 75° N. lat. and 7° 5'

long. E. of Paris. The ice showing no glimpse of any opening, the captain determined to shorten each man's allowance.

August 1st, the ice was driven so forcibly against the ship, by a rough wind, that there was the utmost danger of being crushed by it; with but little intermission of labour to the crew, and scarcely an interval of repose.

On the 16th they descried four other ships approaching them, but in a state no less critical. On the 19th, a terrible storm drove the ice-flakes with such force against the ships, that one, from Amsterdam, was very much damaged. The *Wilhelmina*, just able to keep afloat, was shattered and almost broken up, five or six feet above the water-line.

August 20, shipwreck appeared inevitable; a terrible hurricane did much damage to the ships. One from *Hamburgh* was beat to pieces, and the ice continued to accumulate to the height of twenty-four feet above the others. The *Wilhelmina*, after losing her two small boats, an anchor, and part of her rigging, was driven against another ship from *Zaadam*, commanded by *Claas Janz Castricum*. Two out of five vessels were already lost: *Castricum's* had many leaks: the two others were less damaged. The crews of the other vessels were distributed among these, with all the provisions and other effects that could be saved.

August 25, the three remaining ships were immovable in the ice. The captains dispatched twelve men to four other ships, at some distance, in the same position as themselves. From these they learned, that two ships had been crushed by the pressure of the ice, and that two others were in a truly deplorable state. Two *Hamburgh* vessels, somewhat more distant, had perished in a similar manner.

Though locked up in the ice, the ships kept driving before the wind. On the 30th of August they had sight of *Iceland*. Two days after, a part of the ice was so agitated, that two captains, profiting by the circumstance, in all likelihood gained the open sea, as they soon lost sight of them.

Though the *Wilhelmina* was hourly

threatened with destruction, it was the 13th of September ere it took place. On that day a mountain of ice came suddenly rushing down against it, with a prodigious noise, crushing every thing in its way, so sudden was the accident, that the sailors in their hammocks had not time to dress, and were obliged to escape half naked over the ice, exposed to all the injuries of the weather. With great difficulty could they save any provisions, for the ship was intersected, as it were; one part being about ten feet above the surface of the water, and the other entirely destroyed, or buried under an enormous heap of ice.

In this way another ship had been overwhelmed and lost on the 7th of September. The crew fled for an asylum to the ship of *Capt. Castricum*; with much toil, they had stopped up all the leaks, and in other respects the ship was in good condition. But the crew had no small trouble to reach the *Castricum*. The ice was not uniformly solid; clefts and crevices, opening under their feet, exposed them to the risk of a fresh wreck. At length they set up a tent on a solid part of the ice, and to guard as much as possible against the excessive cold, they kindled a fire with the wrecks of the ship. Relying with confidence on the Divine Providence, they expected relief, though it must obviously come in some extraordinary way. One inconvenience, as may readily be conceived, would intrude upon their wretched asylum; the heat of the fire melted the ice, and they had to dig holes in different places, to get rid of the water: without this precaution they must have been continually shifting their habitation.

Some rest, which these unfortunate men enjoyed in the night, served to reanimate their courage. Next day, they redoubled their efforts to reach the *Castricum*. A flame in motion, that was on its mainmast, indicated its liberation from the ice; a sight of this rekindled their ardour. The three shipwrecked captains, *Broerties*, *De Groot*, and *Volkert Jansz*, proceeded each at the head of their crew. Their route was very dangerous; for they

were obliged to leap from one ice-flake to another, and every time ran no small risk of plunging into the water.

On the 1st of October, they judged they had arrived at the end of their sufferings: but a frightful scene opened, that almost drove them to despair: the vessel was in a much more deplorable condition than before. It had been carried to a considerable distance; every moment it was in danger of being crushed by overhanging ice: at last, they were fortunate enough to reach it. Scarcely were they on-board, when there came up fifty men of the crew of the *Hamburgh* ship, that had been lost on the 30th of September. The harpooner with twelve sailors, were drowned in trying to reach Iceland, on floating fragments of the wreck.

As well as these unfortunate men were able to judge, they were then in 64° N. lat. A new misfortune threatened them: the provisions on-board the *Castricum* were too scanty to suffice for all who had repaired to it; they were soon exhausted, and these destitute mariners were obliged to feed on pieces of flesh left on the skeletons of the whales. They then fell to eating the dogs that had been in the vessels that were lost. To quench their thirst, they drank snow-water, wherein was an infusion of chips. They were now looking for death to terminate their sufferings, when the ship, that kept still driving towards the coast, came within the distance of five or six miles from the Continent. Several sailors tried, but in vain, to reach the land; they found, however, a desert island, where they gathered some black-berries off the bushes: they were obliged to remain there.

On the 10th of October, a tempest arose, which threatened the ship with instant destruction, it was still preserved, however, by the crew. The next day, enormous ice-flakes fell on the ship so as to crush, and in a manner overwhelm it. This accident was so sudden, that the men on board could save nothing to make a fire with; they had only time to collect some sails, and bring together eleven small boats: but these precautions were useless; their

safety lay in flight, and in running from one ice-flake to another, to find one solid and large enough to hold them all. No language can describe the wretchedness of their situation. Exposed to all the rigors of cold, on an immense island of ice, which was liable every instant to be dashed to pieces, almost entirely destitute of food and clothing, they could only expect dying of hunger and cold, or of being buried under blocks of ice.

It is only at the last extremity that hope abandons man. These sufferers, unwearied in their exertions to save their lives, set up two tents with the sails which they had saved; wherein they had shelter, patiently waiting for the will of Providence: but, after the 13th of October, they were under the necessity of quitting the mass of ice that supported them, as it was drifting out to sea. Then 250 men set out on a trial to reach the Continent; thirty-six others, who reckoned it impossible, remained on the ice. Those who ventured to go, being of different opinions as to the route to be taken separated into different companies. The Captains, Jansz de Groot, Hansz Christiansz, and Martin Jansz, accompanied by forty sailors, set out on the 13th of October. Each man had thirty biscuits for his whole stock of provisions. After a short, but very toilsome march, they arrived on the shore of some island, where they passed the night. On the following day they were for trying to get at the Continent, but were obstructed by an immense quagmire, or floating marsh. To their great surprise, they found some inhabitants; and it was fortunate that some of the mariners understood their language. Assistance was implored, and these savages, generally considered as inhospitable, were very ready to afford it, removing the shipwrecked crews in their canoes to their huts, and helping them to some dried fish, to the flesh of seals, and to some vegetables to appease their hunger.

They spent several days with these their benefactors; but, fearful of encroaching on the laws of hospitality by consuming all the provisions, they resolved to continue their route in

hopes of finding a Danish colony where they might obtain relief adequate to their necessities. In their long and wearisome march they passed through different tribes of the Greenlanders, with some of whom they had a kind reception, but from others had ill treatment; being frequently, also, in danger of perishing by hunger and thirst. A little moss, scratched from the surface of the rocks under the snow, and the raw flesh of the dogs which they killed, added to that of a few animals which they caught, were the only resources within their reach. At length, after numberless accidents and fatigues, they arrived on the 13th of March at Frederickshaab, a Danish settlement, where they experienced a truly generous treatment, and all possible aid was administered to them. Here they remained till they could get their health re-established and embark for Denmark. At last they were fortunate enough to arrive in Holland.

The Captains Castricum and Broerties, with such as had taken their route to the north, arrived in like manner, without any particular accident, at Frederickshaab; with the exception of Broerties, who died on the road.

Their companions in misfortune, who could not come to a resolution of joining them, had preserved a canoe, and a small quantity of provisions. The mass of ice on which they were was driving towards Staatens Hock; it would not bear them much longer, as the sea was rolling, and, with the

movement, the ice was gradually diminishing: in fact, they were in the greatest danger of being lost. In that crisis the wind changed to the north-west, and thereby enabled them to reach the land without difficulty. On the 6th of October, they found a small boat, which the crew of the Castricum had abandoned, and a man in it, who, being unable to accompany the rest, was only looking for death. On the same day, three of their comrades, that had been left behind, overtook them, having been obliged to abandon an old man on the extremity of an ice-flake, where he must have perished. They all, however, embarked, and were long tossed up and down before they could reach Greenland. The savage tribes were hospitable, sharing their wretched provisions with them. They, at last, also arrived at a Danish settlement, where provisions were in no great plenty; but they were kindly entertained with the best. At Holsteinberg (lat 67°) they learned that a ship, belonging to the King of Denmark, was at anchor about two miles from the shore. The ship was obliged to winter here, and to proceed on the fishery in the spring, before they could return to Denmark. The shipwrecked sailors sought and procured employment on board, and, after a prosperous voyage, were conveyed to Denmark, whence, finally, they obtained a passage for Holland.

Out of 400 men in the ships that were lost, only these 140 were saved.

(Mon. Mag. Ap.)

Stephensiana, No. XXV.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED COTEMPORARY CHARACTERS, &c.

VOLTAIRE UNDER THE JESUITS.

VOLTAIRE was educated by the Jesuits in Paris; and, even under their little rule, the boy gave bold indications of what the man would be under a greater. Juvenci, the excellent editor of an expurgated edition, with very correct notes, of the Roman authors, for the use of schools, happened to be at the head of the Rhetoricians when Voltaire studied in that class.

One day the professor proposed for an exercise, an Oration against Julian the Apostate. The hour of composition elapsed, the themes were gathered in, and the learned father began to read aloud, and correct them, as was his custom. Voltaire's happened to be the first paper he took up: it was a long and earnest defence of the emperor! Much to the surprise of the class, Juvenci proceeded without interruption

to the close of the speech. He then rose from his elevated seat ; threw the young philosopher his fearless essay ; and, with clerical solemnity, observed, " Young man, you will live the enemy of religion and truth !"

LETTER FROM DR. HERSCHEL TO
LIND.

DEAR SIR,—I promised to give you early intelligence of the discovery I have made with the forty feet new Speculum. Accordingly, being now authorised, I can only say that this good telescope has pointed out to me a sixth satellite of Saturn. Its orbit is within the other five ; and, if some fine night your time will permit you to step over, I shall be glad to let you have a peep at it. With compliments to Mrs. Lind, I remain,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
WM. HERSCHEL.

Sunday Evening.

LORD LANSDOWN AND HIS PATENT
COACH.

A few years before the demise of the Marquis of Lansdown, he had a lawsuit with a fashionable coach-maker, respecting the price of a travelling coach, which he directed to be executed in the plainest style ; notwithstanding which order, the bill, when presented, amounted to the extraordinary demand of between four and five hundred pounds. This immoderate charge was consequently resisted, and eventually went into Westminster-hall: all the items were tenaciously preserved in the totting up, even to the hanging it on its own springs ; and, in the innumerable catalogue of articles annexed, there were specific charges for patent inventions of every description, introduced in the work, to render his lordship's journey as easy and accommodating as suited a peer of the realm. The advantage of all those extra *et cæteras* were strongly insisted on by the one party ; and their disadvantages as clearly made manifest on the other side. But, coming before the decision of twelve honest citizens,—all good men and true,—the chicanery of lawyers was not to overbalance the unequivocal and fair demand of a respec-

table tradesman : the marquis was consequently cast, and the lawyer's items, in addition to the original bill, by no means added to his lordship's repose in his new travelling coach ; however, to make the best of a bad bargain, he proceeded on his journey to the principality of Wales. He had not gone above fifty miles from Hyde Park corner, before a buckle, belonging to one of the spring-braces, gave way. Well, this was unlucky ; but his lordship only received a slight contusion on the head, in consequence of the sudden jolt of the coach against the perch ; and, stopping at a public-house only for half an hour or so, all was set to rights by the proper ligature of a sound piece of tar-rope ; but from that moment there seemed an uneasy motion in the travelling machine rather more undulatory than common, till the party arrived at Birmingham, when it was found, on due examination, that the perch had received a considerable injury, and had rather the appearance of being jointed in the middle. No time was to be lost : misfortunes will happen. Application was instantly made to one of the gentlemen of the trade, who very sagaciously shook his head, as not approving of the job ; and, after strict examination, further injury having been sustained by this misadventure to some of the machinery, his lordship was finally informed, that not a single man of the trade would undertake the setting it to rights, as the perch, and all the parts adjacent, were *patent inventions* ! His lordship was therefore obliged to hire another carriage till he returned.

FRENCH ENTHUSIASM.

In March 1800, while Bonaparte was conducting an army across the Alps, by the pass of the Great St. Bernard, General Bethencourt was dispatched, at the head of a thousand men, to force a passage over the same range of mountains, by the Simplon. Avalanches of snow and rocks had swept away a bridge that formed a communication over a gulph of great depth, and above sixty feet in width. In this dilemma, a soldier undertook and effected an exploit equally difficult

and dangerous. Holes had been made in the precipice, to introduce the beams which supported the bridge ; by placing his feet in these holes, and catching hold of the rocky projections above them, he scaled the summit, and, fixing a rope at the opposite side of the precipice, at a proper height above the holes, the general was the first to follow him, hanging, as it were, by his hands on the rope, and trying to place his feet in the holes. In this way, the whole body of a thousand men cleared the gulph, loaded with arms and knapsacks, without the smallest accident. When the last man had passed over, five dogs, belonging to the party, threw themselves down into the gulph : three were carried off by the torrent, but the remaining two effected their landing on the other side, climbed up the opposite front of the precipice, and arrived at the feet of their masters, severely cut and bruised by the rocks.

TRAVELLING TRANSLATION.

Every person who has travelled must, at one time or another, have witnessed the whimsical effects produced by a mistake or *equivogue* in the language to which the party has not been accustomed. A most ridiculous circumstance of this kind occurred to Capt. Knatchbull, (first-cousin of Sir Edward K.) and a part of his family, travelling to Paris by the way of Lisle. Rattling at a great rate over the pavement of Peronne, one of the crane necks of the carriage suddenly broke, and he was thereby obliged to halt in that town a day, in order to have it repaired. It so happened, that the Assembly of the place was to be held on that evening ; and the *aubergiste* thought it due from him, out of respect to his guests, to apprise them of the circumstance ; supposing it might be agreeable to them to take part in a dance or game at cards, and enjoy the music. The gallant captain communicated to the ladies the purport of the innkeeper's visit, in order to take their pleasure upon the proposal. They signified how glad they should have been, under other circumstances, to have availed themselves of the opportunity, but that their dress-clothes were all in their trunks and could not be unpacked : to this the

captain himself subjoined, that he was still less equipped for entering such an assemblage. The host, with a reverential address, assured the company that there would not need a word of apology to the master of the ceremonies, on account of the dress of persons of their distinction,—the cause of whose honouring them with their presence would be known to him. What ! said the captain to his civil landlord, "*Peut on entrer la salle de l'Assemblée en bottes et culottes de cuivre ?*" (meaning *culottes de cuire*.) "*Certainement*, (replied he,) *monsieur peut l'entrer dans aucune habit qu'il lui plaira.*" Here the enquiry ended ; but the *aubergiste* did not fail to wonder, and to express his surprise to others, that an English officer should wear *copper breeches*. The circumstance ran through the town like wildfire, and occasioned most of the heads of families in it to repair to the ball that evening, to witness what they considered a most extraordinary invention in the manufactures of their neighbouring islanders. At the usual hour the Assembly-room doors were thrown open ; and, for the first time, it was witnessed, that the so highly polished French people directed more of their attention to their male guest than to the female ones, although highly gifted both in person and manner. Company continued to pour in till the room could hold no more ; and the buzz of enquiry, "Which is the English officer in *copper breeches* ?" was unceasing. It was discernible to Capt. Knatchbull himself, that something was in the wind ; insomuch, that he plainly demanded why so many persons fixed their eyes on him, and on his dress in so peculiar a manner. He was then at once told, that the innkeeper had propagated the story, that a guest at his house, of distinction in family and rank in the English navy, would make one of the party that evening at the ball in *copper breeches*. In an instant it occurred to the captain, that he had substituted the word *cuivre* for *cuire* ; and at once regretted and laughed that he had committed the blunder,—which however, was cleared up just in time to prevent the *aubergiste* from being

suspected of practising the deceit "of a bottle conjuror," in order to fill his house with profitable company.

EASTERN CONCEALMENT.

The love of splendid dress, which distinguishes the nations of the East, is particularly observable among the females of every rank. The wives of even the meanest labourers at Constantinople, wear occasionally brocade, rich furs, and gold or silver embroidery. Mr. Dallaway remarks, however, that though, in the East, the articles of female habiliment are infinite, both as to cost and number, yet that change of fashion is adopted only for the head attire. In the streets of Constantinople, the dress of the female consists universally of a *fredje* and *marahmah*. The

former resembles a loose riding coat, with a large square cape covered with quilted silk, and hanging down low behind, made universally among the Turks of green cloth, and among Greeks and Armenians, of brown or some other grave colour. The *marahmah* is formed by two pieces of muslin, one of which is tied under the chin, enveloping the head, and the other across the mouth and half the nose, admitting space enough for sight. Yellow boots are drawn over the feet, and thus equipped, a woman may meet the public eye without scandal. This dress is of very ancient invention; nor as long as concealment is the object required, can a better be invented.

One truth in physic is worth a thousand fanciful theories, however ingenious. The following instance of a complete cure of the dropsy, by the practice of smoking, unassisted by any of the restorative powers of medicine, has just been communicated to me by my friend, the Rev. JOHN DAVIS, pastor of Bexley-heath Chapel, Kent; and is so strikingly convincing of the salutary effects of tobacco, (at least in some constitutions,) that I cannot refrain from sending it to your widely extended and excellent Miscellany.

Cullum-street, April 1823.

In the year 1805 (says Mr. Davis,) my friend Mr. Hopkins, cider-merchant, of Turley, near Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, was so dreadfully afflicted with that most tormenting malady the dropsy, that, when he sat upright in his chair, he was unable, from the immense load of watery humours which penetrated every fluid aperture, to bring his arms round sufficiently to permit his hands to meet: in fact, his form resembled more the appearance of a bale of wet sponge than that of a human being. I left him for two years, to go to my ministerial circuit, expecting never

to see him more alive; but judge how infinitely great was my surprise and pleasure to find him, on my return, a complete renovated man, sound and whole, and completely cured of his dropsy. Upon my asking him to what miraculous means he attributed so thorough a restoration of that invaluable blessing—health, Mr. H. informed me that it was entirely owing to his taking to the practice of smoking, which he persevered in for two years, until, to use his own phrase, "it made him entirely a new man."

PREFIGURATIONS OF REMOTE EVENTS.

With a total disbelief in all the vulgar legends of supernatural agency, and *thar* upon firmer principles than I fear most people could assign for their incredulity, I must yet believe that the "soul of the world" has in some instances sent forth mysterious types of the cardinal events, in the great historic drama of our planet. One has been noticed by a German author, and it is placed beyond the limits of any rational

scepticism; I mean the coincidence between the augury derived from the flight of the twelve vultures as types of the duration of the Roman empire, i. e. Western Empire, for twelve centuries, and the actual event. This augury, we know, to have been recorded many centuries before its consummation; so that no juggling or collusion between the prophets and the witnesses to the final event can be suspected. Some

others might be added. At present I shall notice a coincidence from our own history, which, though not so important as to come within the class of prefigurations, I have been alluding to, is yet curious enough to deserve mention. The oak of Boscobel and its history are matter of household knowledge. It is not

equally well known, that in a medal, struck to commemorate the installation (about 1636) of Charles II. then Prince of Wales, as a Knight of the Garter, amongst the decorations was introduced an oak-tree with the legend—"Seris factura nepotibus umbram." Z. March 1823.

EFFECTS OF INTOXICATION.

If instances of the melancholy effects of intoxication were wanting, the following would be in itself a host. On Sept. 2d, 1810, Mr. Jackson of Dewsbury, druggist, paid a visit to a friend in Rothwell jail, where he thoughtlessly indulged too freely in the bottle. In his way home, passing near a Methodist Chapel, in which the congregation were assembled, in a frolic, he rode in, and disturbed them. For this foolish action, he was carried back to prison, whence he scrawled a note to his wife at Wakefield, where he had promised to call on

her to accompany her home from her sister's funeral. This note was not delivered till the morning, when she procured a chaise for Dewsbury; but the anxiety she had undergone during the night, brought on premature labour, and her husband found her almost exhausted on his return in the evening. She languished till the 6th, when she died; and her husband became mad. A violent fever was the consequence, in which he died in the greatest misery on the 13th!

THE ALUCITA PALLIDA.

The *Alucita pallida*, or Straw-coloured Chinch, it may be worth while to notice, especially as the practice of keeping the plant alluded to, both in our bed-rooms and sitting rooms, seems to be rapidly increasing on account of its fragrance. This is a creature, says Dr. Hill, very strange in its nature and history, and once came as strangely before me. A studious gentleman, very subject to the head-ache, which he and his physician both attributed to great attention, sneezing one day with violence as he was writing, saw some atoms a moment afterwards upon the writing paper, and they plainly moved; he doubled up the paper and brought it to me, when we laid a parcel of these

moving particles before the lucernal microscope, they appeared in continual motion, vibrating their antlers, shaking their wings, and turning up their tails to their heads in the manner of ear-wigs, but with incredible swiftness. 'Twas palpable they had been discharged from his nose, and 'tis easy to see from whence they were thrown, and to understand how they might have caused intolerable pain, whilst they were thus rousing and moving their irritating hairs and feathers, upon a part where the very substance of the brain is almost naked. I had seen the same species inhabiting the flowers of the plant, *mignonette*, and, on enquiring, found that he had that plant in his chamber.

THE STRAWBERRY.

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn
I saw good *Strawberries* in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them.

The common species of this fruit obtained its name from the running stems which, in the language of our forefathers, were strawed or strewed over the ground, and the fruit of which had been inadvertently called a berry. The ap-

pearance of this humble bush and the excellence of the fruit it bears are well portrayed in the following plaintive lines:—

The strawberry blooms upon its lowly bed:
Plant of my native soil! The lime may fling
More potent fragrance on the zephyr's wing,
The milky *cocoa* richer juices shed,
The white *guava* lovelier blossoms spread;

But not, like thee, to fond remembrance bring
 The vanished hours of life's enchanting spring;
Short calendar of joys forever fled!
 Thou bidd'st the scenes of childhood rise to view
 The wild wood path which fancy loves to trace,
 Where, veiled in leaves thy fruits of rosy hue,
 Lurked on a pliant stem with modest grace.

It would be impossible to notice all the sorts of this delicate and salutary fruit, and improper not to mention the most remarkable. The first of these is the *Common Wood* strawberry; the fruit of which is small and generally red. In England, where it is too much shaded by woods and hedges, it generally has but little flavour; though, in warmer countries, it becomes larger and higher flavoured. There is a subordinate variety of this sort called the *White Wood*-strawberry, which ripens rather later in the season. This is often preferred for its quick flavour; but, as it is less productive than the other, is not so much cultivated. The *Alpine* strawberry-bush is taller than either of these: the fruit is larger, and both red and white. This is a very valuable kind, continuing in fruit from June till the autumn frosts set in; and on this account, the Dutch call it *Everlasting strawberry*. The rough-fruited kind of strawberry is merely an accidental variety. The *Hautboy* is the kind most cultivated in England. This will soon degenerate where neglected; but, when well managed in a good soil, will produce a great quantity of large well-flavoured fruit. The *Chili* strawberry yields

plenty of firm, well-flavoured fruit; but being unproductive, has been generally neglected. The *Scarlet* strawberry, which differs very much from the common sort in leaf, flower, and fruit, is the first strawberry that becomes ripe, and is also thought to be the best kind now known. The *Pine* strawberry has something of the smell and taste of the pine-apple. Strawberries, either eaten separately or with sugar and milk, are universally esteemed a most delicious fruit. They are grateful and cooling, and seldom disagree with the stomach, even when taken in large quantities. They promote perspiration, and have been known to give great relief in the gout and stone, when eaten daily. The first physicians have successfully prescribed them for consumptive habits. The strawberry surpasses the raspberry as a dissolver of the tartar which destroys the teeth, but requires more care in the cultivation. They grow best in a delicate loam, and will not bear much fruit in a light soil. The low growth and nature of this creeping plant are noticed by SHAKESPEARE, who says, Henry V. act I. sc. I.

The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.

We shall conclude the praises of the Strawberry with the quaint saying of an old writer: God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but certainly he never did.

CORPULENCY.

Let me have men about me that are fat,
 Sleek-headed men, and men that sleep o' nights.
Julius Cæsar, Act I.

Dr. Clarke, alluding to the Pyramids, says: "The mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms,—that in vastness, *whatever be its nature*, there dwells sublimity." Why, then, may not the moving mountains in society, the human Appenines, have their dignity? Why may not the ambling Pyrennees, the Olympi, and the Caucasi of flesh and blood, be justly celebrated as great men in their day and generation? They fill their place in society; though it must be owned, that if Mr. Malthus's theories for thin-

ning population are not realized, they may yet be so wedged as to have their obesity, or bodily bulk, in danger of being lessened. These jolly gentlemen, whose looks proclaim an everlasting war with Lent, however they may be cursed by drivers of stage-coaches when they do not pay double-fare, are still to be highly respected, and especially by authors, who rarely present any other show than that of decently-covered skeletons. With what envious eyes does the drudge of Parnassus view those who cannot be blown away, when they are looking at Bowles's print-shop in St. Paul's Church-yard, the windiest place in London. Unquestionably, he who rolls along under a heap of fat,

who makes the very earth groan under him, is more to be admired, even as a picturesque object, than a mere literary anatomy, who is obliged to wear lead in his shoes, lest he be blown away, like Philetas of Coos, a very good poet, (*ergo*, lean) and preceptor to Ptolemy Philadelphus. Ælian thinks that the poet-laureat of Coos had his shoes soled with lead. However this may be, it is a matter of great odds, in these days, if a modern poet gets any shoes at all, whatever mercury he may have in his head. But to resume: With respect to the beauty and sublimity of these 'mountaineers,' whose jolly and rubicund countenance, and portly shew, strike us with admiration, it may be fairly stated, that, according to Mr. Burke's ideas of the beautiful and sublime, rotundity forms a considerable part of the line of beauty; and, after all, Hogarth's famed serpentine line of beauty is more to be found in fat men than in the lean kine, whose bony protuberances do not counterbalance their flexibility of body. Besides, such happy mortals must also be *upright* men; if they stoop they are lost. Their lungs must have as much play as the celebrated Haarlem organ, that requires several pair of bellows to fill the pipes. Again: they are men of a fine and happy disposition. Yes, it is the effect of a cheerful and contented temper, which is not ruffled into anxiety by trifling occurrences (whence the truth of the adage, 'laugh and be fat;') for nothing is more certain, than that corroding cares and anxieties disturb the corporeal functions, especially the digestion and assimilation of the aliment, and of course diminish the supply of blood. Erasmus speaks of the Gordii, who preferred the fattest men to their throne. Perhaps they thought such to be more peaceably inclined than those active stirring spirits, like lean and wrinkled Cassius, enemies to quiet, who bustle about the earth, with care-worn looks, disturbing every one. It is even asserted, that a happy temper, and not high feeding, is the cause of this vast effect. We dare not philosophise here, else it would appear that the whole of the French nation *ought to be fat*; for they enjoy an eternal sunshine of good

spirits. Still a very fat man is the glory of butchers. Such men also call forth the flowers of poetry. Webb gives an epitaph on Dr. S——:

Take heed, O good traveller, and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. St—ff—d, in all this church-yard.

Our good King Edward III. however, seemed to have a design against our fat London aldermen; for when he invaded France, in 1475, he took care to be accompanied by the most corpulent Aldermen of London; '*Les bourgeois de Londres les plus chargés de ventre*;' and the most indolent ones, 'that the necessary fatigues of war might the sooner incline them to peace.' The money-making citizen, the substantial farmer, the keepers of inns, (and especially their wives) these are the people whose rotundity marks the superabundance of their *indigesta*.

The Romans behaved very ill-naturally in this respect, for they took away the houses of such men as were fat and corpulent, considering, that thro' indolence and luxury they had unfitted themselves for the services of their country. It is furthermore pretty clear, that these jolly souls are utterly disqualified from being Lent preachers. They! with their fresh and red complexions, and compass of body, to bewail the corruptions of the world, and preach up the laws of mortification and abstinence! It would be a joke of the highest order. The leaner a Lent lecturer therefore is, the more effect he will give, holding himself up as a sample.

There is another inconvenience to which the corpulent must submit, and that is an absolute negation to horsemanship. Two brothers in the neighbourhood of Halifax, Yorkshire, named Stoneclift, were so bulky, that the eldest, about 40 years of age, weighed 35 stone odd pounds, at 14 pounds to the stone, or about 500 weight. His brother weighed 34 stone odd pounds, and both together 70 stone, or 980 pounds weight. As one of them was mounting a horse, the poor creature's back broke under him, and he died on the spot!

Mr. Spooner, a farmer at Shelkington, weighed 40 stone and 9 pounds, measuring about 6 feet across the shoulders. His fatness once saved his life, when stabbed by a Jew, for the knife did not penetrate beyond the thick coat of fat.

THE FINE ARTS.

History of Architecture.

If Architecture were to be considered merely as the science of building, it might safely be asserted that its origin must have been nearly cœval with that of the human race. In the present epitome, however, we shall confine ourselves to a glance or two at its history, as one of the branches of the Fine Arts. In this view of the subject, we necessarily begin with Grecian Architecture.

The only authentic accounts we have respecting Grecian Architecture commence about 600 years before Christ; and it appears that in the course of about three centuries, that is, from the age of Solon and Pythagoras to the age of Pericles, all those inventions and improvements took place, which rendered Grecian Architecture the model of beauty and perfection. Anterior to the Macedonian conquest, the temples of Greece and of its colonies seem to have been of one order, the Doric, and of one general form; and it is probable, from the nature of that form, the earliest Greek temples were of wood. The strength and simplicity of the Doric order, as finely illustrated in one of its most admirable examples, the Parthenon at Athens, give it a peculiar claim to the character of sublimity. By the invention of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, the resources of architectural composition were considerably extended. The former was no doubt invented in the country the name of which it bears. Vitruvius fancifully supposes that this graceful order was founded on the imitation of the female form, as he also imagines that the proportions of the more sturdy Doric were determined by those of men. Every body knows the origin of the Corinthian order. A young maiden of Corinth having died, her nurse collected in a basket the toys of which she had been fond when alive, and left them near her grave, covering the basket with a tile to preserve its contents from the weather. The basket happened to be set upon the root of an Acanthus, and the plant being thus depressed in the middle, its leaves and stalk spread outwards, and grew up around the sides of the basket, till they were bent down by the tile, which lay projecting over the top. Callimachus, the sculptor, passing by, was struck with the pleasing appearance of the whole; and adopted it as the capital of a new order, of more delicate proportions than had been until that time used.

About the period at which Grecian Architecture was rising to eminence, the Tuscans, by whose name one of the five orders of Architecture is still known, began to distinguish themselves in Italy, and especially in Rome, the walls and the Capitol of which were built by them. The conquest of Greece, and subsequently of Asia, gave the Romans at once a taste for the Fine Arts and the means of indulgence. One of the earliest and most celebrated Roman architects was Cossutius, who, about two hundred years

before the Christian era, was employed by King Antiochus to proceed with the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, which Pisistratus had begun. The extent, the materials, and the decorations of the dwellings of Rome, under the Emperors, were such as almost to exceed the bounds of credibility. Augustus particularly signalized himself in this respect; and it was his boast that he left a city of marble, which he had found of brick. He was emulated by Herod the Great, King of Judea, whose architectural designs were conceived and executed upon a scale which surpassed all others of that age, and by whom the Temple of Jerusalem was rebuilt;—a magnificent and wonderful undertaking which occupied during eight years the labour of ten thousand artificers. The Emperor Domitian was fond of Architecture, but his taste was very indifferent. Soon after his time flourished Apollodorus, an architect of extraordinary powers. Under his direction was constructed the celebrated bridge over the Danube; a work surpassing in its kind every thing that the Architecture of Greece or Rome had produced. In all the noble edifices that were raised by Trajan, he was employed or consulted; and the stately column in Rome, which is yet standing entire, distinguished by the name of Trajan's Pillar, is a monument to his abilities. Apollodorus fell a victim to the revenge of the Emperor Adrian, by whom he was ordered to be put to death in consequence of a sarcasm, in which the indiscreet architect had indulged, on a temple built after one of Adrian's own designs. Nevertheless, Adrian was a great encourager of Architecture. By him were built the city of Antinopolis, in the south of Egypt, and that wall of defence in the North of England, 80 miles long, the ruins of which still bear his name. He also completed the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, in Athens, which had been 600 years in building. The period of the Antonines produced some good works in Architecture; of which the column yet standing, commonly called Antonine's, is one example. It may here be observed, that the introduction of arches into buildings by the Romans had operated an essential change in the forms and principles of Architecture. While this was an extraordinary improvement in the art of construction, it may, perhaps, be doubted, whether by destroying the inestimable simplicity of Grecian Architecture, it did not lead to its deterioration as a Fine Art. Certain it is, that from the period of the Antonines the art declined; and the vast palace erected by Dioclesian at Spalatro may be considered as the final degradation of good Architecture in the Western Empire. The removal of the seat of empire to Constantinople taking place after the Fine Arts had received their mortal wound, that city was never illustrated by any public works of a pure and noble taste. The church of St. Sophia, founded by Jus-

tinian, though a grand effort of construction, is of barbarous Architecture.

We now descend to the middle ages, and change the scene to our own country. The Saxon style of architecture was in a great measure the Roman, rudely and incorrectly executed. Its characteristic features were thick walls, generally without buttresses; and the arches employed in it were nearly all semicircular. Then came the Norman architecture, practised by that people after their conquest of England, but which was little more than an adoption of the style of Architecture of their Saxon predecessors; the only material difference being in the superior magnitude of the Norman structures, and the more frequent use in them of stone, together with a neater mode of building, and the introduction of some newly-invented ornaments. The prelates in the early Norman reigns were men of consummate skill in Architecture; especially Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, who flourished at the latter end of the eleventh century. Of the twenty-two English cathedrals, no less than fifteen retain considerable portions which are undoubtedly of Norman workmanship. From the year 1155 the style of Architecture practised by the Normans began to be mixed with new forms and decorations; and at length it was superseded by that much more elegant and lofty style of building, vulgarly and improperly denominated Gothic.

Rather before the middle of the twelfth century, and not earlier, a new style of ecclesiastical architecture was produced, it is believed first in this country, called the pointed style. When it is recollected that the power of the Goths was every where crushed in the course of the sixth, and their very name extinguished in the beginning of the eighth century, it will be evident how inapplicable the term "Gothic" is to pointed Architecture. The origin of pointed Architecture has been the subject of great dispute. By the best authorities it is attributed to the Norman English, and to the English. After its introduction, it underwent great changes. There are three distinct orders in this style. The characteristic of the first order is the acute arch; and it lasted from the middle of the twelfth to the end of the thirteenth century. Of this order, Lincoln, Beverley, and Salisbury churches are examples. The chief characteristic of the second order is the perfect or equilateral arch, the reign of which was from the end of the thirteenth until after the middle of the fifteenth century. To this order, York Minster, and the naves of Winchester and Canterbury cathedrals belong. The characteristic of the third order is the obtuse arch, which grew into fashion about the last-mentioned period, and lasted until the downfall of pointed Architecture itself, in the middle of the sixteenth century, overloaded with ornament and having lost its original character of majesty and awfulness. The finest specimens of this third order are the Royal Chapels of St. George at Windsor, of King's College at Cambridge, and of

Henry the Seventh at Westminster. From about the beginning of the reign of Edward VI. until the introduction of the pure Grecian style, a truly barbarous taste in Architecture prevailed.

Brunelleschi, born in 1377, and who, having examined and measured the ruins of Rome with extreme diligence, discovered the orders and recognised the rules of the art, which he subsequently applied in his own works, may be regarded as the founder of modern Architecture. One of his greatest performances is the cupola of the vast cathedral of St. Maria del Fiore, at Florence. Bramante, following Brunelleschi's example in the sedulous study of the remains of antiquity, restored to Architecture the taste and beauty which had been so long absent from her works. Julius II. having formed the project of rebuilding the basilica of St. Peter on a plan of unequalled magnificence, entrusted the execution to Bramante in 1513. Unfortunately, however, the artist did not possess the practice as well as the theory of his art; and the vast undertaking in question was carried on by Raphael, San Gallo, and Michael Angelo; to whom the final design of the edifice is principally due. Architecture continued to flourish in Italy, under the great names of Vignola, Scolio, Palladio, and Scamozzi; all of whom served their art by their writings as well as by their buildings. The list of good Italian architects closes with Bernini; the most eminent artist of the seventeenth century. His contemporary, and envious rival, Boromini, was the corruptor of Architectural taste, and buried the legitimate forms of art under the most absurd and incredible caprices.

Pierre Lescot, who flourished in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was the first French Architect who abandoned what was called the Gothic for the revived antique style. To the restoration of the genuine principles of Architecture, Philibert de Lorme, who lived in the same age, mainly contributed. But perhaps the greatest architectural genius that France ever produced was Francois Mansart, born in 1598. The Chateau de Maisons, near St. Germain, is one of his *chef d'œuvres*. Francois Mansart is, however, reproached with a want of stability in his ideas, which caused him to make frequent alterations in the execution of his works, and prevented him from being employed in some of the greatest undertakings of his age. His nephew, Jules Hardouin Mansart, executed the palace of Versailles, St. Cyr, the Place and Church of the Invalids, and the other principal works of the magnificent reign of Louis XIV. The *façade* of the Louvre, one of the most beautiful examples of modern Architecture, was the production of Claude Perrault. The only remaining French Architects deserving notice are Blondel, who built the celebrated Porte St. Denis, and Soufflot, the Architect of the Church of St. Genevieve, at Paris.

England can boast of only two illustri-

ous names in this important branch of the fine arts. The first is that of Inigo Jones, born in 1572; the restorer of ancient Architecture in this country: and who, as he was the earliest, may also be regarded as the greatest English Architect. The Hospital at Greenwich, and the Banqueting-house

at Whitehall, are among the most celebrated of his works. The other name is that of Sir Christopher Wren, who has left many monuments of his talent and scientific skill, the most striking of which is the noble and venerable Cathedral at St. Paul's.

ORIGINAL FRENCH ANECDOTES.

(Literary Gazette.)

MADAME CAMPAN'S MEMOIRS OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MARIA ANTOINETTE.

THE curiosity excited by our notice of this most interesting work will very speedily render any review of it a twice told tale; for, as we stated, it contains matter so attractive to every class, that it is not likely to remain many weeks without finding its way into libraries and literary societies, and, by being generally perused, making comment unnecessary and extract superfluous. Till that period arrives, however, we conceive it to be our pleasant duty to continue this paper, and convey, to distant and foreign readers especially, an idea of Madame Campan's delightful labours, and of the unhappy circumstances of Marie Antoinette, as recorded by her faithful pen.

The narrative of the reign of Louis xv. though of very striking and disgraceful character, and altogether entertaining and instructive (in the sense that beacons are useful,) must not be allowed to detain us from the main story—that of Marie Antoinette, who, it is ominously told, “born on the day of the Lisbon earthquake,” 2d Nov. 1755, arrived at Versailles just as the party which brought her there, that of the Duke de Choiseul, reached the point of its fall. It is lamentable to wade through the intrigues and political struggles by which she was soon made unhappy, and in consequence of which (together with the profligacy of Louis xv. and the abominable tyranny of the government,) the bloody visitation of the revolution fell upon the royal race, the nobility, and the nation. We turn to more grateful subjects.

“In consequence of the fire in the Place Louis xv. which occurred at the time of the nuptial entertainments, the

dauphin and dauphiness sent their whole income for the year, to the relief of the unfortunate families who lost their relatives on that disastrous day.

“This act of generosity is in itself of the number of those ostentatious kindnesses, which are dictated by the policy of princes, at least, as much as by their compassion: but the grief of Marie Antoinette was genuine, and lasted several days; nothing could console her for the loss of so many innocent victims; she spoke of it, weeping to her ladies, when one of them thinking, no doubt, to divert her mind, told her that a great number of thieves had been found among the bodies, and that their pockets were filled with watches and other valuables: ‘They have at least been well punished,’ added the person who related these particulars. ‘Oh, no! no, madam!’ replied the dauphiness, ‘they died by the side of honest people.’”

When the dauphiness became Queen, she displayed great dislike to etiquette, and, we dare say, not one of our trembling female readers will wonder at it after they have skimmed the following extract, particularly if “*time: winter*” may be added to the farce.

“The princess’s toilette was a masterpiece of etiquette; every thing done on the occasion, was in a prescribed form. Both the dame d’honneur and the tire-woman usually attended and officiated, assisted by the principal lady in waiting, and two inferior attendants. The tire-woman put on the petticoat, and handed the gown to the Queen. The dame d’honneur poured out the water for her hands, and put on her body linen. When a princess of

the royal family happened to be present while the Queen was dressing, the dame d'honneur yielded to her the latter act of office, but still did not yield it directly to the princesses of the blood; in such a case, the dame d'honneur was accustomed to present the linen to the chief lady in waiting, who, in her turn, handed it to the princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously, as affecting her rights. One winter's day it happened that the Queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her body linen; I held it ready unfolded for her; the dame d'honneur came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A rustling was heard at the door; it was opened: and in came the duchess d'Orleans; she took her gloves off, and came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong in the dame d'honneur to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess: a further noise—it was the countess de Provence; the duchess d'Orleans handed her the linen. All this while the Queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold: Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and, in doing so, knocked the Queen's cap off. The Queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not until she had muttered several times, "How disagreeable! how tiresome!"**

How dangerous may a dislike to such frivolities be if you war against established usages even though bad ones!

"One of the customs most disagreeable to the Queen, was, that of dining every day in public. Marie Leckzinska had constantly submitted to this wearisome practice: Marie Antoinette followed it as long as she was dauphiness. The dauphin dined with her, and each branch of the family had its public dinner daily. The ushers suf-

fered all decently-dressed people to enter; the sight was the delight of persons from the country. At the dinner hour, there were none to be met upon the stairs but honest folks, who, after having seen the dauphiness take her soup, went to see the princes eat their bouilli, and then ran themselves out of breath to behold Mesdames at their desert.

"Very ancient usage, too, required that the queens of France should appear in public, surrounded only by women; even at meal times, no persons of the other sex attended to serve at table; and although the King ate publicly with the Queen, yet he himself was served by women with every thing, which was presented to him directly at table. The dame d'honneur, kneeling for her own accommodation upon a low stool, with a napkin upon her arm, and four women in full dress, presented the plates to the King and Queen. The dame d'honneur handed them drink. This service had formerly been the right of the maids of honour. The Queen, upon her accession to the throne, abolished the usage altogether; she also freed herself from the necessity of being followed, in the palace of Versailles, by two of her women in court dresses, during those hours of the day when the ladies in waiting were not with her. From that time she was accompanied only by a single valet de chambre and two footmen. All the errors of Marie Antoinette were of the same description with those which I have just detailed. A disposition gradually to substitute the simple customs of Vienna for those of Versailles, was more injurious to her than she could possibly have imagined." - - -

"Brought up in a court where simplicity was combined with majesty; placed at Versailles, between an importunate dame d'honneur, and an imprudent adviser, it is not surprising, that when she became Queen, she should be desirous of evading disagreeables, the indispensable necessity of which she could not see: this error sprung from a true feeling of sensibility. This unfortunate princess, against whom the opinions of the French people were at length greatly excited, pos-

* It is a curious coincidence, that in reviewing two publications in one week, we should almost by accident have to contrast the toilettes of Marie Antoinette and Napoleon Buonaparte! So "runs the world away."—Ed.

sessed qualities which deserved to obtain the highest degree of popularity. None could doubt this, who, like myself, had heard her with delight, describe the patriarchal manners of the house of Lorraine. She was accustomed to say, that by transplanting their manners into Austria, the princes of that house had laid the foundation of the unassailable popularity enjoyed by the imperial family. She frequently related to me the interesting manner in which the dukes of Lorraine levied the taxes. 'The sovereign prince,' said she, 'went to church; after the sermon he rose, waved his hat in the air, to shew that he was about to speak, and then mentioned the sum, whereof he stood in need. Such was the zeal of the good Lorrainers, that men have been known to take away linen or household utensils, without the knowledge of their wives, and sell them to add the value to the contribution. It sometimes happened, too, that the prince received more money than he had asked for, in which case he restored the surplus.' "

Madame Campan asserts that the famous man with the iron mask never wore one, and was simply a Piedmontese prisoner, of a dangerous character, in consequence of his disposition to intrigue; but her explanations will, we think, hardly be deemed satisfactory. The visit of the Emperor Joseph II. to his sister, however, furnishes a picture more attractive than this inquiry.

- - "The first interview between the Queen and her august brother, took place in the presence of all the Queen's household. It was extremely affecting; the feelings of nature excite the strongest interest, when displayed by sovereigns in all their unrestrained force.

"The Emperor was, at first, generally admired in France; learned men, well-informed officers, and celebrated artists, felt the great extent of his information. He made less impression at court, and very little in the private circle of the King and Queen. His manners were eccentric, his frankness often degenerated into rudeness, and his simplicity appeared evidently affected; all these characteristics made him looked

upon as a prince rather singular than admirable. The Queen spoke to him about the apartment she had prepared for him in the castle; the Emperor answered that he would not accept of it, and that while travelling he always lodged at a *public house* (that was his very expression:); the Queen insisted, and assured him that he should be at perfect liberty, and placed out of the reach of noise. He replied, that he knew the castle of Versailles was extensive enough, and that he might claim a place there, as well as any of the numerous *blackguards* who were lodged in it; but that his valet de chambre had made up his camp-bed, in a ready-furnished house, and there he would lodge."

At table "the Emperor would there say a great deal, and fluently; he expressed himself in our language with facility, and the singularity of his expressions added a zest to his conversation. I have often heard him say, that he liked *spectaculous* objects, when he meant to express such things as formed a show, or a scene worthy of interest. He disguised none of his prejudices upon the subject of the etiquette and customs of the court of France; and even in the presence of the King made these the subject of his sarcasms.

"The Queen's toilette was likewise a never-failing subject for animadversion with the Emperor. He blamed her for having introduced too many new fashions; and teased her about her use of rouge, to which his eyes could not accustom themselves. One day, while she was laying on more of it than usual, before going to the play, he advised her to put on still more; and pointing out a lady who was in the room, and was, in truth, highly painted. 'A little more under the eyes,' said the Emperor to the Queen: 'lay on the rouge like a fury, as that lady does.' The Queen entreated her brother to cease observations of this sort, and, at all events, to address them, when they were so severe, to her alone."

These extracts have gone so far that we have only farther room to intimate that a rather extraordinary and mysterious reason is hinted at (p. 181. vol. i.) for there being for a long time no issue

to the crown ; and to close with one or two letters of the Emperor Joseph, quoted in the Appendix, which impress us with a high opinion of his good sense—

TO A LADY.

"*Madam*,—I do not think that it is amongst the duties of a monarch to grant places to one of his subjects, merely because he is a gentleman. That, however, is the inference from the request you have made to me. Your late husband was, you say, a distinguished general, a gentleman of good family ; and thence you conclude, that my kindness to your family can do no less than give a company of foot to your second son, lately returned from his travels.

"*Madam*, a man may be the son of a general, and yet have no talent for command. A man may be of a good family, and yet possess no other merit than that which he owes to chance, the name of gentleman.

"I know your son, and I know what makes the soldier ; and this two-fold knowledge convinces me that your son has not the disposition of a warrior, and that he is too full of his birth, to leave the country a hope of his ever rendering it any important service.

"What you are to be pitied for, *madam*, is, that your son is not fit either for an officer, a statesman, or a priest ; in a word, that he is nothing more than a gentleman, in the most extended acceptance of the word.

"You may be thankful to that destiny, which, in refusing talents to your son, has taken care to put him in possession of great wealth, which will sufficiently compensate him for other deficiencies, and enable him, at the same time, to dispense with any favour from me.

"I hope you will be impartial enough, to feel the reasons which prompt me to refuse your request. It may be disagreeable to you, but I consider it necessary. Farewell, *madam*.

"Your sincere well-wisher,
"Lachsenburg, 4th Aug. 1787. JOSEPH."

TO POPE PIUS VI.

"*Most Holy Father*,—The funds of the clergy of my dominions are not destined, as has been boldly said at Rome, to expire with my reign, but rather to become a relief to my people ; and as their continuation, as well as the displeasure which has burst forth upon this subject, are within the jurisdiction of history, posterity will be masters of the matter without our co-operation : this, then, will be a monument of my time, and I hope not the only one.

"I have suppressed the superfluous convents, and the still more superfluous societies ; their revenues serve to support curates and to ameliorate the primary institutions ; but amidst all the confidence in

matters of account, which I am obliged to place in persons employed by the state, the funds of the latter, have with me, absolutely nothing in common with those of the church. An action should be judged of only by its intention, and the results of this action can only be appreciated by their success, which will not be known for some years.

"I see, however, that logic is not the same at Rome, as it is in my dominions ; and hence arises this want of harmony between Italy and the empire.

"If your holiness had taken the charitable care to inform yourself, at the proper source, of what was passing in my territories, many things would not have happened ; but there were people at Rome, who, as appears to me, would have darkness spread itself more and more over our poor globe.

"You have now the brief account of the causes which have compelled my arrangements ; I hope you will excuse the conciseness of my letter, on consideration, that I have neither the time nor the talent necessary for discussing so vast a theme in the manner used in a Roman museum.

"I pray God still long to preserve you to his church, and to send one of his angels before you, to prepare for you the ways of heaven.

"Your most obedient son in Jesus Christ,
"Vienna, July, 1784. JOSEPH."

TO A LADY.

"*Madame*,—You know my disposition : you are not ignorant that the society of the ladies is to me a mere recreation, and that I have never sacrificed my principles to the fair sex. I pay but little attention to recommendations, and I only take them into consideration, when the person, in whose behalf I may be solicited, possesses real merit.

"Two of your sons are already loaded with favours. The eldest, who is not yet twenty, is chief of a squadron in my army ; and the younger has obtained a prebend at Cologne, from the Elector my brother. What would you have more ? Would you have the first a general, and the second a bishop ?

"In France you may see colonels in leading strings ; and in Spain, the royal princes command armies even at eighteen ; hence prince Stahremberg forced them to retreat so often, that they were never able, all the rest of their lives, to comprehend any other manœuvre.

"It is necessary to be sincere at court, and severe in the field, stoical without obduracy, magnanimous without weakness, and to gain the esteem of our enemies by the justice of our actions ; and this, *madam*, is what I aim at.

"Vienna, September, 1787. JOSEPH."

"(Extract from the unedited letters from Joseph II. published at Paris, by Persan, 1822.)"

(Literary Gazette, &c.)

THE public is indebted to Mr. Boys for several well got up and pleasing works of a similar description to the present. The Percy Anecdotes, though stretched by success a little beyond the convenient limit, have been very popular; and there are a number of amusing things in this new collection, hardly with propriety called '*Relics*' of Literature, to recommend it to like favour. Such books require little of the Reviewers' labours; their editors being the pioneers who dig for readers, and leave nothing for those who follow but to say how they have done their work, and look out specimens of their workmanship. Among materials so various, it may be readily supposed that there are articles of an inferior, of a common, and of a better quality; some scarcely worth preserving, some with too little of novelty, and some of considerable rarity and value. Such is the case; and the union of the whole is, as we have stated, very agreeable and entertaining. An appropriate frontispiece contains fac-similes of Royal signatures, from Henry VIII. to George IV., as well as those of several distinguished persons; and an advertisement defines the author's pretensions as a collector of motley, from published books, a collator of MSS., or an original writer. For ourselves we have to notice, that we do not meet much with which we had not previously some acquaintance; but our examples shall endeavour to avoid the topics most generally familiar:

"*Jockie is growne a Gentleman.*"*

"Among the most rare ballads in the English language is one entitled, '*Jockie is grown a gentleman.*' It is

* In the reign of Elizabeth, as appears from a return of foreigners residing in London, there were only forty Scots in the English capital. On the accession of James, his Northern subjects naturally flocked to the seat of Government. Their numbers increased so rapidly, that in February 1606, it was debated in Parliament whether they should be admitted to the benefit of naturalization. In the Commons, 14th Feb. exactly 217 years ago (what changes have since taken place!!!) "Mr.

a satire levelled against the numerous train of Scotch adventurers who emigrated to England in the reign of James

Fuller began the debate. The principal grounds of his argument were, 'That God had made people fit for every country; some for a cold, some for a hot climate; and those several countries he had adapted to their several natures and qualities. All grounds are not fit for one kind of grain; but some for oats, some for wheat, &c. Suppose one man is owner of two pastures, with one hedge to divide them, the one pastured bare, the other fertile and good. A wise owner will not pull down the hedge, but make gates to let the cattle in and out at pleasure; otherwise they will rush in in multitudes, and much against their will return. That the Union was no more than two arms of one body. But before they be admitted, it is proper to consider what place and room we have for them. Look into the Universities; there you will find many of our own very worthy men not preferred. Our English merchants adventure; they go to sea with great vessels, freighted at a great charge; the others with little vessels at a small charge. The Scotch carry their wares in other countries up and down in packs; and by these means have taken away all the trade from Dieppe already. Our traders are too many already, and there are impositions upon the English, from which the Scotch are discharged. The navy of Scotland is so weak as to be in *miserecordium* with the meanest force. The care of a sovereign prince is, that his subjects live under him '*honestè, turè, pacificè et jucundè.*' That country is miserable where the greatest men are exceeding rich, the poor men exceeding poor, and no mean, no proportion between both. Tenants of two Manors; whereof the one has woods, fisheries, liberties, commons of estovers, &c.—the other, a bare common, without profit; only a little turf for the like. The owner maketh a grant, that the tenants of this shall be participants of the profits &c. of the former. This beareth some shew of equity, but is plain wrong, and the grant void. The king cannot make a single village in one, to be parcel of another county. He cannot make a parcel of one kingdom parcel of another, being distinct kingdoms. If king Philip of Spain had had a son by queen Mary, he would have been king of Spain, Sicily, &c. Was it proper to naturalize those subjects? It cannot be good to mingle two swarms of bees under one hive on the sudden. When the Jews were in captivity, and were moved to mirth, and sing songs, they could not forget Jerusalem. 'Let their right hand forget

the first, in the full expectation of being distinguished by the particular favour and patronage of their native sovereign. So much, indeed, was the king annoyed by these supplicants, that he issued a proclamation, dated 10th May, 1616, stating, that the daily resort of idle persons, of base sort and condition, was not only very unpleasant and offensive to his majesty, since he was daily importuned with their suits and begging, and his royal court almost filled with them, (they being, in the conceit of all beholders, but 'idle rascals and poor miserable bodies,') but their country was heavily disgraced by it, and many slanderous imputations given out a-

gainst the same, as if there were no persons 'of good rank, comeliness, or credit, within it;' therefore it was ordered, that no captains of ships should transport any passenger to England without license of the Privy Council.

"The following song of 'Jockie is growne a Gentleman,' is not only humorous, but gives an interesting picture of the national prejudices, as well as the costume of our ancestors.

Well met, Jockie, whither away?
Shall we two have a word or tway?
Thou wast so lousie the other day,
How the devil comes you so gay?
Ha, ha, ha, by sweet St. Ann,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Thy shoes, that thou wor'st when thou went'st to plow,
Were made of the hide of a Scottish cow,
They're turn'd to Spanish leather now,
Bedeckt with roses I know not how.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy stockings, that were of northern blew,
That cost not twelve-pence when they were new,
Are turn'd into a silken hue,
Most gloriously to all men's view.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy belt, that was made of a white leather thong,
Which thou and thy father wore so long,
Are turned to hangers of velvet strong,
With gold and pearly embroider'd among.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy garters, that were of Spanish say,
Which from the taylor's thou stol'st away,
Are now quite turn'd to silk, they say,
With great broad laces fayre and gay.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy doublet and breech, that were so playne,
On which a louse could scarce remayne,
Are turn'd to a sattin God-a-merey trayne,
That thou by begging couldst this obtayne!
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy cloake, which was made of a home-spun thread,
Which thou wast wont to fling on thy bed,
Is turned into a scarlet red,
With golden laces about thee spread.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy bonnet of blew, which thou wor'st hither,
To keep thy skonce from wind and weather,
Is throwne away the devil knows whither,
And turn'd to a bever hat and feather.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Westminster-hall was cover'd with lead,
And so was St. John many a day;
The Scotchmen have begg'd it to buy them bread;
The devil take all such Jockies away.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

their left,' &c. And when Abraham and Lot were brethren, Abraham said, 'Go thou to the right hand, and I will go to the left,' &c. So they divided, and either took that part which was fittest for him.'

"Mr. Wentworth and Mr. Moore followed, and though they did not object entirely to the naturalization of the Scots, 'yet,' said they, 'if we naturalize them, it is necessary to have many cautions; cautions for ecclesiastical promotions, cautions for our lands and for our trade.'

"Sir Francis (afterwards Lord) Bacon, spoke at great length and with great ability, in favour of the naturalization of the Scots, not so much on legal grounds, but as a matter of convenience; and as a 'sign to all the world of our love towards them, and agreement with them.'

"In the course of the discussion of this subject, one member was committed to the tower for making some severe reflections on the Scots: this was Sir Christopher Piggott, one of the members for the county of Buckingham. Speaking of the naturalization, he said, 'Let us not join murderers, thieves, and the roguish Scots, with the well deserving Scots. There is as much difference between them as between a judge and a thief. He would speak his conscience, without flattery of any creature whatsoever. They have not suffered above two kings to die in their beds these two hundred years. Our king James hath hardly escaped them; they have attempted him.* Now he is come from among them, let us free him from such attempts hereafter.' Although this speech excited much surprise in the house, yet it passed without censure, until, in consequence of a message from the king, blaming the neglect of the house, Sir Christopher Piggott was expelled the house and committed to the tower, where he remained some time."

* Alluding to the Gowrie's conspiracy.

(Literary Gazette.)

DIFFERENT THOUGHTS;

Suggested by a Picture by G. S. Newton,
No. 16, in the British Gallery, and representing a Girl looking at her Lover's Miniature.*

Which is the truest reading of thy look?

JUST one look before I sleep,
Just one parting glance, to keep
On my heart and on my brain
Every line and feature plain,
In sweet hopes that they may be
Present in those dreams to me,
Which the gentle night-hour brings
Ever on her starry wings.
I have heard the deep tolled chime
Of the moonlight vesper time—
Scarcely seems one hour-glass run,
Since beneath the setting sun
Hill and vale were red, and I,
And *Olave* looked upon the sky,
And said, ere the grapes, which now
Shone green gems in the sunset glow,
Might darken, that we two should be
Linked in gentlest unity;
And the soft twilight came on
Ere our pleasant words were done;
Stars were glancing overhead
When our last 'Good night!' was said;
Since, I've sat and watched this brow
(Not so beautiful as thou,
Yet thy shadow) in the light
Of the fair moon. Now, Good night!
By the dawn-blush I must wake,
Olave, if but for thy sake:
We have flowers to plant and cull,—
Our home must be beautiful;
Waking, I must dream no more,
Night has lovelier dreams in store,
Picture dear, farewell to thee,
Be thine image left with me!

Yes, every lineament of thine
Full well, the painter's skill hath given;
That forehead the proud spirit's shrine,
The lightning of that eye's dark heaven.

Yes, here at least thou art the same
As once thou wert in years departed,
When truth and love shone o'er thy name,
Or ere I knew thee cold, false hearted!

How many a dark and bitter thought
These pictured features now awaken!
There is no balm by memory brought,
To hopes betrayed, to hearts forsaken.

Those whose life's Summer-path hath been
A fairy round of light and pleasure,
May well recall each vanished scene—
To them remembrance is a treasure;

But those whose year has only known
The clouds, the coldness of December,
Why should they pause on moments gone?
'Tis searing wounds when they remember.

[* An American artist.]

Drear was the hour of youth to me,
My hopes were stars that fell when lightest;
But one sweet dream still clung to Thee,
My first, my best, my last, my brightest.

Would I could live that time again,
When life was but a void without thee!
To me 'twere worth an age of pain
To feel once more I did not doubt thee.

But, like this picture-frame, thy heart
Is but a gilded toy, concealing
A darker and a meaner part,
Bright coloured, but cold and unfeeling!

Farewell to love for ever past,
Farewell to the dear hopes that leave me!
I'd almost, could that bid them last,
Wish that thou couldst again deceive me!

I must turn from this idol: I am kneeling
With vows and homage only made for heaven;
I must turn from this idol. I have been
Like to a child who plays with poisoned arrows,
And then is wounded by them. I have yielded,
Foolishly, fondly yielded, to the love
Which is a curse and sickness to me now.
I am as one who sleeps beneath the power
Of some wild dream: hopes, fears, and burning throbs
Of strange delight, dizzy anxieties,
And looks and words dwelt upon overmuch,
Fill up my feverish circle of existence.
My spirit wanders wildly: all in vain!
I would bring order to my troubled thoughts;
Like autumn leaves scattered by driving gales,
They wander round. Once my heart's sleep was
calm

As a young bird's beneath its parent wing;
That quiet is no more! for Love hath breathed
Upon my heart, and with him came a train
Of visionary things:—impatient hope,
Sickening of its own vanity; and more
Than all, concealment preys upon me; life
But animate with emotion, which must yet
Be hidden fire. Oh, I must, I must
Turn from this idol! Our love is forbidden—
You are above me, and in loving you—
Oh God! I dare not think to what that leads:
I dare not think on all I have been told
Of all man's cruelty to woman—how
He will soothe, flatter, vow, till he has won,
And then repay her confidence with ruin,
Leaving her trusting heart a desolate place,
Herself an outcast with an unwept grave.
Perhaps unhallowed too—her last long refuge,
I've more than loved,—oh I have worshipped you;
I have thought, spoken, dreamt of you alone,
And deep has been my misery! my cheek
Has burnt even to pain when you were named;
I have sat hours thinking o'er your last words,
Have sought my couch for solitude, not sleep,
And wept, I only know how bitterly.
I have no joy in pleasure: all I took
A pride in, once, has lost its interest now;
The days I see you not, to me are blanks,
And yet I shrink from meeting you! I have
Insulted heaven with prayers (prayers not to love
you.)

And then have trembled lest they should be heard.
 I must forget all this : the veins that throb
 In agony will surely learn from time
 A calm and quiet pulse ; yet I will own,
 Though woman's weakness is in the confession,
 I never could have nerved my soul to this,
 But that I know you wavering and weak,
 Passionate, but instead ; born to win
 Hearts, but not to keep them. Tell me not you love
 Intensely, wholly, well, as I have done.
 But oh, farewell, farewell ! I give thy portrait
 To the red flames,—it is a sacrifice
 On which I swear forgetfulness !

L. E. L.

*Portrait of a Girl in the British Gallery,
 by T. Stewardson.*

I do but give faint utterance to the thoughts
 That curled her coral lip, and filled her eyes
 With laughing malice.

In truth, dear Love, 'twas a fitting gift
 The gift which you gave to me :

A spring-flower wreath, whose short sweet life
 Is like love's life to thee.

You are a gay and gallant love,
 The wooer that woman likes best,
 With a heart that roves like that eastern bird
 Whose pinions are never at rest.

Never was lover more suited to me ;
 My heart is yet lighter than thine ;
 Did it change like the vane with each wind that
 blows,
 It could not change oftener than mine.

Some Cupids have wings of the butterfly's plume,
 While some have the wings of the dove ;
 The first is the Cupid most fitting for me—
 I could not wear the willow for love.

I care not for falsehood, I can be false too ;
 Lose one love, there are others in plenty ;
 And if that my lover should dare break one vow,
 To punish him I can break twenty.

L. E. L.

THE CRUSADER.

He is come from the land of the sword and shrine,
 From the sainted battles of Palestine ;
 The snow-plumes wave o'er his victor crest,
 Like a glory the red cross hangs at his breast.
 His courser is black as black can be,
 Save the brow star white as the foam of the sea,
 And he wears a scarf of 'broidery rare,
 The last love gift of his lady fair :
 It bore for device a cross and a dove,
 And the words " I am vowed to my God and my
 love !"

He comes not back the same that he went,
 For his sword has been tried, and his strength has
 been spent ;
 His golden hair has a deeper brown,
 And his brow has caught a darker frown
 And his lip hath lost its boyish red,
 And the shade of the south o'er his cheek is spread ;
 But stately his step, and his bearing high,
 And wild the light of his fiery eye ;
 And proud in the lists were the maiden bright
 Who might claim the Knight of the Cross for her
 knight.

But he rides for the home he has pined to see,
 In the court, in the camp, in captivity.

He reached the castle,—the gate was thrown
 Open and wide, but he stood there alone ;
 He entered the door,—his own step was all
 That echoed within the deserted hall ;
 He stood on the roof of the ancient tower,
 And for banner there waved one pale wall-flower ;
 And for sound of the trumpet and sound of the horn,
 Came the scream of the owl on the night wind

borne :

And the turrets were falling, the vassals were flown
 And the bat ruled the halls he had thought his own.
 His heart throbbed high : oh, never again
 Might he sooth with sweet thoughts his spirit's pain,
 He never might think on his boyish years
 Till his eyes grew dim with those sweet warm tears
 Which hope and memory shed when they meet.
 The grave of his kindred was at his feet.
 He stood alone, the last of his race,
 With the cold wide world for his dwelling place.
 The hume of his fathers gone to decay,—
 All but their memory was pass'd away ;
 No one to welcome, no one to share
 The laurel he no more was proud to wear :
 He came in the pride of his war success
 But to weep o'er very desolateness.
 They pointed him to a barren plain
 Where his father, his brothers, his kinsman were slain,
 They showed him the lowly grave, where slept
 The maiden whose scarf he so truly had kept ;
 But they could not show him one living thing
 To which his withered heart could cling.—

Amid the warriors of Palestine
 Is one, the first in the battle line ;
 It is not for glory he seeks the field,
 For a blasted tree is upon his shield,
 And the motto he bears, is " I fight for a grave :"
 He found it—that Warrior has died with the brave !

L. E. L.

THE ROSE.

Nursed by the zephyr's balmy sighs
 And cherished by the tears of morn ;
 Oh, queen offlowers ! awake ! arise !
 Oh haste, delicious rose, be born !

Unheeding wish ! no—yet awhile,
 Be yet awhile thy dawn delayed ;
 Since the same hour that sees thee smile
 In orient bloom, shall see thee fade.

Themira thus, an opening flower,
 Must withering droop at fate's decree ;
 Like her thou bloom'st thy little hour,
 And she, alas ! must fade like thee.

Yet go, and on her bosom die ;
 At once, blest rose ! thy throne and tomb ;
 While envious heavens my secret sigh
 To share with thee so sweet a doom.

Love shall thy graceful bent advise,
 Thy blushing, trem'ulous leaves reveal ;
 Go, bright, yet hurtless, charm her eyes ;
 Go, deck her bosom, not conceal.

Should some bold hand invade thee there,
 From Love's asylum rudely torn ;
 Oh, Ruse ! a lover's vengeance bear ;
 And let my rival feel thy thorn.

VARIETIES.

FOURTH OF JUNE.

On the 4th of June the annual procession of mail coaches is a pleasing, and, considered in relation to the extent of friendly and commercial intercourse promoted by these conveyances, a highly interesting sight. Previous to the year 1784, letters were conveyed from the metropolis to distant parts of the country, and *vice versá*, by carts with a single horse to each, or by boys on horseback; in consequence of which many robberies were committed, delays occasioned, and losses sustained. John Palmer Esq. afterwards Comptroller-General of the Post Office, devised a new plan, which he recommended to government, as calculated to increase the revenue, accommodate the public, and be highly advantageous to all parties. His proposal was acceded to, and the inventor has been rewarded with a large annual income. His plan was to provide a certain number of coaches, of light construction, each to be adapted to carry the various bags or packets of letters, which were destined for a particular part of the country, or line of road. All the coaches were to leave London, precisely at eight o'clock in the evening, and to arrive at and leave certain post towns at specific times. Each coach is drawn by four horses, travels at the rate of eight miles an hour, including the time allowed for changing horses, &c.; and is provided with a coachman, a guard with fire-arms, and allowed to carry four passengers inside, and two outside. The systematic regularity, punctuality, superior safety, and expedition of the mail coaches of England, which are computed to run above 13,000 miles daily, render them peculiarly eligible and convenient for travellers. The property and profits of the post, or conveyance of letters are vested in government, which contracts with the proprietors of coaches for the carriage of the mail; but these proprietors derive their chief profit from the fare of passengers, and carriage of small packets. It is similar in Ireland.

The English Post Office, whence the mails regularly start every evening

(Sundays excepted) is managed by two post-masters general, with an annual salary of 5000*l.* a year, who have under them many other officers of their own appointing: as the secretary and resident surveyor, assistant secretary, two chief clerks of the first and second branch, with subordinate senior and junior clerks and surveyors; receiver-general, with a salary of 800*l.* a year; chief clerk 500*l.* a year and six subordinate clerks; accomptant-general, whose salary is 700*l.* a year; his deputy at 500*l.* a year; and six clerks, surveyor, and superintendant of mail coaches, at 700*l.* a year; two assistants, and three clerks; the inspector of the mis-sent and dead letters, with assistant and clerks; solicitor to the post-office; superintending president of the inland office, with three presidents and vice-presidents; six clerks of the roads; two senior clerks and assistants; twenty-one sorters; twenty-four junior sorters; four probationary sorters; four window-men; four inspectors of franks; three clerks to the superintending president; superintendant of letters, bill clerk, clerks, and messengers; and his deputy and assistants; one hundred and forty-four letter carriers; besides officers and clerks for bye and cross-road, ship, and foreign letters.

THE LADY ISABELLA.

The lady Isabella was born in Italy, sprung from a noble family in the city of Florence: she was put into a nunnery at twelve years of age, in order to take the veil; but a posture-master unluckily came to that city, gained her affections and found means to carry her off, and married her; instructed her in his unseemly dangerous employment, and brought her to England; where lady Isabella was greatly admired for her postures and feats of activity. The last and fatal time of her performance, she was eight months gone with child; but the covetous husband loved money so well, as it is reported, that he would not allow her the necessary repose required in her condition; so that in one of her dances on a slack rope, she fell on to the stage, where the mother and

infant, newly born with the force of the fall, expired in a moment,—fatal catastrophe!—in the twenty-first year of her age. This was the running account of the poor lady Isabella, after her death, whose end was much lamented: for, notwithstanding her disreputable employment, she was esteemed as a woman of strict virtue.

The author of *Waverley* may have formed some of the outlines of “*Fenella*” from the unhappy fate of this lady.

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid over-run her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at the first she runs hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without *Atalanta*’s golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she cometh to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the cause, that in this poor country, the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

MUSIC.

On Tuesday, Mar. 4, the Lecture on National and Scientific Music was delivered by Dr. Crotch in the London Institution. It is alike from the excellency of the Science itself and the merit of the Professor, that we feel unabated delight in his progress. On former occasions the Theory and Practice of National Music has been discussed;—it was now his province to consider *Scientific Music*. This, for several reasons which were stated, he concluded to be on the decline, whether considered with reference to its division

into Ancient and Modern—into the Church, Oratorio, Opera, Concert, and Chamber styles—into Sacred and Secular—into Vocal and Instrumental—or into the Sublime, Beautiful, and Ornamental styles. This general statement was elicited by remarks on the Oratorio of Solomon by the immortal Handel, & by the performance of some of its Overtures, Chorusses, and Songs.

The merit of Handel as a Composer, whether considered absolutely or comparatively, is pre-eminent and unrivalled:

“Strong in new arms, lo, giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with an hundred hands:
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove’s own thunders follow Mars’s drums.”

Imitative Music is capable of much diversity, and has been carried to great perfection. Of this, the specimen given in the present Lecture furnished us with most convincing evidence. Rousseau says, “The Musician will not only agitate the sea, animate the flame of a conflagration, make rivulets flow, the rain fall, and torrents swell, but he will paint the horrors of a boundless desert, calm the tempest, and render the air tranquil and serene. He will not directly represent things, but excite in the soul the same movement which we feel in seeing them.”

Diodorus Siculus has recorded that the study of Music in Egypt was confined to the priesthood, who used it only in religious and solemn ceremonies. It was esteemed sacred, and forbidden to be employed on light or common occasions, and all innovation in it was strictly prohibited. It is now happily free as the air, which gives one species of it life and animation, from all such restraint and limitation; and is alike the favourite guest of the rich and poor, the aged and young. It is reported to have been efficacious in removing several dangerous diseases. Zenocrates is recorded to have cured madness by its power and charms. If medicine must be administered to the mind, or restorative cordials poured into the heart, it furnishes us with a most grateful medium of obtaining relief from distress and sorrow.

Orpheus and Amphion are said to have drawn wild beasts after them; to

have made the trees and stones dance to the tunes of their harps, and brought them together in such a manner as to form a regular wall and inclose a great city. Could the modern practitioners of this Science, by their strains and airs, subdue the ferocity of the ignorant, the selfish, and the interested human half-tamed part of our species, and reduce them to the urbanities and charities of life, it might well become the subject of the gravest legislative consideration to patronize their College, and aid their efforts by every possible encouragement, as the best means of promoting civilization and maintaining order.

BEES.

It is not known, perhaps, to many of our readers, that in some parts of Great Britain the *bee* is considered by the superstitious and the ignorant to have a presiding faëry or demon, called *Browney*. In some places, the assistance of *Browney* is still invoked, when the bees begin to swarm; and, in conjunction with the tinkling of a pestle and mortar, it is believed they will be induced to pitch in the vicinity of the parent hive. In some parts of *Ireland*, and *Scotland*, the character of *Browney* is well known. He is supposed to be a kind of benevolent demon, than whom a spirit less impure fell not from heaven. He is presumed to befriend the human race, to assist them in their labours, to promote their interests, never to do any one the least harm, and to *preside over the bees*. His form, when visible, bears some resemblance to that of a bear; his hair is long and shaggy, his legs are short, and his aspect presents a melancholy gloom. Sometimes he has been reported to speak; but his language is always that of pathetic sorrow. This *Browney* is still invoked in *Cornwall* on the swarming of bees, by the constant repetition of his name; and the reiteration (observes a recent historian of *Cornwall*) continues until 'they gently circling on a bough descend.' But it is probable, that those who invoke *Browney*, know in general very little of the import of their charm. They generally suppose *Browney* to be the common name of bees, because the term coincides with their colour; and, on a kind of instinc-

tive presumption, that English bees have some knowledge of the English language, they are supposed to pitch in compliance with the request of the person who thus addresses them by name. In the same county, it is considered that, if bees be removed on any day but Good Friday, it will insure their death.

LONGEVITY.

Among the males who died in Russia in 1820, (the ages of the females are not stated,)

807	had attained an age of above 100 years
301	- - - - - 105 "
143	- - - - - 110 "
78	- - - - - 115 "
41	- - - - - 120 "
14	- - - - - 125 "
7	- - - - - 130 "
4	- - - - - 135 "
1	- - - - - between 140 and 145

The remarkable phenomenon of a fall of snow in Jamaica, occurred at Anotto Bay, on the 15th December. The flakes fell to within a few feet of the earth, where they recoiled a little upwards from the heat of its evaporation, and dissolved into liquid drops.

GREECE AND TURKEY.

The following is the population of Greece.

Morea	- - - - - 400,000
Northern or Middle Greece	- - - - - 250,000
Mitylene	- - - - - 20,000
Scio before the massacre	- - - - - 110,000
Tino	- - - - - 15,000
Andro	- - - - - 12,000
Naxos	- - - - - 10,000
Paros	- - - - - 2,000
Nio	- - - - - 3,000
Milo	- - - - - 5,000
Santorini	- - - - - 12,000
Samos	- - - - - 20,000
Hydria	- - - - - 25,000
Spezzia	- - - - - 10,000
Crete	- - - - - 120,000
Smaller isles	- - - - - 10,000
Insurgents from other countries	- - - - - 150,000
Fugitives, &c.	- - - - - 100,000

Total 1,269,500

Thus these brave people do not amount to one fourth of the number in the United States of America at the time of their resisting the oppression of the mother country, and yet abandoned by the Christian part of Europe, they have for two years resisted the numerous and ferocious armies of Turkey, and have displayed a heroism worthy of their great name in ancient history.

NEW WORKS.

Ada Reis, a tale, 3 vols.—Illustrations of the Sketch Book and Knickerbocker's New-York.—Somatopsychonologia, 1 vol. 8vo.—On the Pleasures of Religion, by the Rev. F. Burder.—Essays descriptive and moral; or Scenes in Italy, Switzerland, and France. By an American.

SPRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1823.

EXAGGERATION AND MATTER-OF-FACT PEOPLE.

(*Lond. Mag.*)

THE truth should be spoken undoubtedly, and always spoken—that is, when we do speak. Silence may be a lie, under circumstances; but ordinary moralists will scarcely think it cognizable under the head of “telling lies.” Not to perplex myself with fine distinctions, how few there are of those who open their mouths, that, with any kind of certainty and constancy speak the pure truth. I have nothing to say just now of grave and pondered lies of the devil’s colour; I advert only to that general laxity and inaptitude of expression in familiar discourse or description, which, with no great dishonesty of meaning, do violence in various degrees to things as they are, and are known to be. Exaggeration strikes one in a moment as the most common among colloquial misdeemeanours, though, providing it at once come from the heart, and have some “method in it,” I think it by no means unpleasant, nor with all its boldness, so apt to mislead as many figures of a more cold and balancing character. If a man give me the right spirit of things, I can allow him a little harmless licentiousness in piling up of quantities. If he do not distort and disguise, he may magnify, and will not deceive or offend me. Let him not confound black with white, and I will not quarrel with him about *very* black, and *very* white. I should stipulate literally and formally for the “true stuff;” but, secure of this, a man may intensify it as he pleases: I understand him; I know

his ardent ways and liberal measures, and can at any time dilute him down to proof.

There is an inborn tendency in the human mind (where there is mind,) to amplification—to swell out beyond the limits of nature and truth. Our souls are too big for our bodies, and our perceptions and impressions pitched too high for the scale and circumstances of the physical world in which we live. Our middle-size belies us: we are all Patagonians in our hearts and our tongues—little creatures with our fifteen hundred steps to a mile, who nevertheless find this earth, with its spare deserts and untrodden forests, too circumscribed for our free elbow-room. Our language, our descriptive phrases, however they may be tamed down in signification by common use, have been framed as for a race of giants in a giant world. The more moderate among us, in describing the wonders of a gale of wind at sea, would scarcely be so narrow-minded as to talk of waves rising thirty or forty feet, instead of “mountains high.” How should you credit that a man could be wet through two coats, unless he asseverated that it rained “as if heaven and earth were coming together,” at the least? “When the louse feeds,” says Buffon, “the blood is seen to *rush like a torrent* into the stomach.” Could one have said more, in severe justice, of a lion?

This sublimity of style will not bear to be tried by the nice weights and measures of truth, yet it is not always

adopted with the simple intention to deceive. The difficulty, as well as the desire, of exciting attention, urges us into dishonest vehemence and magnificent misstatements. The world is sufficiently fastidious not to feel curiosity about familiar appearances, common forms, and trite opinions. The only resource then is in the extraordinary: the object is not to inform but to surprise; and for this purpose we are driven, not to our experience, but to our invention. We must create: the Alps will not do—we must pile Pelion upon Ossa.

Considerable art, however, is necessary in these daring efforts, or they may fail to produce the notice which they aim at, or any notice at all. Mere over-grown exaggeration will not astonish us; if its gross bulk be not quickened with a due proportion of liveliness, it is only so much waste and darkness. Some of our modern dramatists give us heroes and heroines of a monstrous size and shape; but, in their anxiety to make them big, they forget to make them men and women. As a ranting actor will tear a passion to rags, one of these improvident poets will blow it up till it is almost choked, and cannot speak to be understood. In their improvements upon the littleness of nature, they not only exceed her limits, but disfigure all her forms and proportions: they are faithful to neither the measure nor the pattern of her works. Their greatness is nothing but corpulency, uninformed with any principle of life and activity. We might bear a Cupid seven feet high, if he retained his accustomed beauty and sprightliness; but it is cruel to see our little favourite tumefied into a dull, unwieldy lump, a sort of anasarcous, or *Daniel Lambert* fairy, with no compensation for the change but in his increased dimensions and stone-weight. This style of exaggeration is frequently employed by persons of tame and unimpassioned spirits, and in their hands it is certainly a most deadening and overwhelming instrument. I know not how minds of such a temperament should deviate into such unsuitable vices; but so it is; we often see profound dulness troubled with a strange, lumber-

ing ambition for the great and the wonderful. We do not complain of these heavy fabulists, that they strain, pervert or obscure the truth: they convey no likelihood of it—no sign—no shadow; their uninspired exuberance falling upon you with the dead weight of sheer impossibility. There is often a perfidious solemnity and decorum in the general manner of the sort of persons I allude to, that adds greatly to the perplexity of their hearers. When a vivacious enthusiast bursts out into some violent description, his spirit, his look, tone, and gestures, at once alarm our watchfulness, and put us upon our guard. He has no sly and indirect means of lulling our suspicion and cheating us into belief. He may have his lies, but they are lies which wear their hearts on their sleeves. Not so with your slow, prosing hyperbolist, who with a steady eye doles out his cold extravagance and dull excess. You can come to no squares with him, yet you look at him and know not how to understand him. Nothing can be more puzzling.

This anomalous variety excepted, I have rather a kindness than otherwise for a little honest exaggeration; and every species of it, leaden or mercurial, is preferable, I am ready to maintain, to its opposite—cold-blooded and penurious exactness.—The whole host of long-bow-men, light troops and heavy, are far less annoying, and, paradoxical as it may appear, less hostile to the more essential parts of truth, than the little teasing tribe—the minute, higgling worshippers of matter-of-fact. A man who in a transport of passion gives an undue extension to any determinate quantity of time, or space, or any thing else, does not exaggerate in any ill sense; he deceives nobody except those without passion, the posts of the human race. His object is not to define a frigid reality as established by law, but to describe it according to the impression which it made, and was likely to make, upon his mind, under a particular state of excitement. He has no thought about “stubborn facts;” he makes them, and very fairly, I think, malleable to his will, and susceptible of any variations of form that his feel-

ings require. People were cool and collected when they set about making facts; and it is very hard that a man in a fury should be bound by them. Ready-made facts will not suit him; they must be all purely his own. He is above statutes and tables, and will own no allegiance to common rules and measures. Surely he must be a very heartless person who will not admit, that an hour is not always neither more nor less than sixty minutes, and that a mile is not invariably only a mile. A matter-of-fact man has no conception of such an extravagance: he grants no indulgences; law is law with him, and he will abide by it to death. A mile, he will have it, is a mile; and the worst of it is, he has certain odious proofs and literal standards in his favour, which, backed by his oath, he will quote against a liberal adversary, till there seems nothing left for it but to own that the blockhead is correct. In vain you strive to move him from his position by appealing to his passions or his imagination, these gifts in him, (if he have them at all,) being under such certain controul, that he carries them about with him as securely and ceremoniously as his gloves and his stick. Never hope to exasperate him into a thought of apostacy from absolute Cocker, London measure, or avoirdupois. He stands out for a fact; and though it be stripped to positive nakedness, or robbed of its living marrow, he will still cling to it—still hug his bit of barren dryness, if it be but according to book and “his bond.”

I look upon these miserable fribblers as the most intolerable plagues that go about to disturb the ease, cordiality, and trusting freedom, of familiar conversation. One of these, among a company of lively men, is as bad as the “*Six Acts*.” There is no speaking before him; he lies in wait for every trivial lapse, and is ready to arrest on the very spot every unimportant misnomer of time, or place, or person. He will stop a good anecdote, just before its finest moment, to ask for its credentials; and cut off the *dénouement* of a pathetic tale to question its parish. To pun in his presence would be as bad as to deny his existence: he and

equivoque (the name is enough) could never be brought together but to fight. The humour of the thing too is, that these poor starvelings, with their bigoted strictness and peddling precision, set themselves up for lovers of truth. But the truth is not in them, nor for them. A little niggardly truth, perhaps, a crumb of certainty, they may pick up; but of truth, in its entire spirit—of “the whole truth,”—they have no notion. They will discriminate between John and Thomas, and authenticate a day of the month with fatal accuracy, and, to secure such points, will let the whole interest of a story, catastrophe and all, pass by them, “like the wind which they regard not.” All that is warm, fluent, and animating in discourse, is husk and chaff to them, if there be not something that they can swear to: when the joke is complete, and the laugh has gone round, “Now,” they will say, steadying themselves in their chairs, “let us come to *particulars*.” With all their professed antipathy to exaggeration, they are themselves exaggerators of the most contemptible description—those who attach extravagant importance to trifles, and busy themselves to demonstrate circumstances that are not worth a thought. There is something noble at least in the error of a man who exaggerates only what is in itself great and exalted; but he that would measure a hair, or weigh a feather, is guilty of an hyberbole (if so generous a term is not too good for him) that admits of no excuse. These scrupulists—these baters down, are themselves far more remote from truth generally than those whom they are so pleased to charge with incorrectness. A man overpowered with thirst says, that he could drink the Thames dry—and I believe him—that is, I very distinctly apprehend that he is excessively thirsty. A matter-of-fact man would receive such an assertion as an insult, and would take upon himself to prove, if he could keep from passion, that it was, from the nature of things, an absolute falsehood. He would lay down the *maximum* of a possible draught, and the way would be clear before him. He has no allowance for the natural language of an eager appetite; but

summons up his soul, with all its experience, to justify the capacity of a quart pot. A lover about to be separated for a few weeks from his mistress affirms that he shall not see her again for ages—and he is perfectly right—or what man of spirit would condescend to fall in love? Who shall put definite limits to the duration of a week, a day, or an hour, spent in the absence or the presence of a mistress? The lover, with his weeks a century long, tells you pretty plainly that he is desperately impatient—tells you the truth, I contend, in contempt of any little huckster in matter-of-fact, who would compute the ardours of a lover with the same beggarly exactness with which he would measure a yard of tape, or compare the dates of a butcher's bill.

I was walking once in company with two persons, one of whom was a fine, precipitate, *ad libitum* fellow, warm of heart, and hasty of tongue; the other, a simple, direct man, who looked at things in their just proportions, and was nice even to the smallest fractions in all his affirmations. Briefly, I was with an enthusiast and a matter-of-fact man. The former was miserable, and had every reason to be so, in regard both to his existing condition and his future prospects. He suddenly broke forth, "I never expect to be in any way better off than the wretched beggar before us." "Yes—yes," interposed his friend, more readily than was usual with him, "with prudence, you may be a degree better as long as you live." The warm man could not bear this, and he angrily retorted, "Now, d—n it! can you never be a little less precise? You mean, I suppose to comfort me; yet what consolation is it to be assured, that I am and may be just a degree—after your freezing manner—a strict, exemplary degree, above the lowest of my species?" The other still kept his temper, and insisted, modestly, but resolutely, "that a degree was a degree,"—and there the matter ended.

I would not be understood to object to precision and minuteness, when these qualities are important, or when they can be attended to without disturbance to points of higher consideration. The most subordinate circumstances

and indifferent relations of great events may be interesting, in the same manner as trifles, down to a buckle, or a shirt-pin, are worth notice, when connected with persons distinguished by extraordinary actions or talents. I would have all given of things that are worth giving: what is admirable cannot be too complete. I complain not of the matter-of-fact man on such grounds; but that the little parts of high matters, or of all matters,—those which by their nature are alone reducible to an arithmetical certainty are the *sole* objects of his regard. Affecting to worship Truth, he sees her not in her full majesty; but overlooks her covering robes and flowing draperies, (to speak of something more than "the naked Truth,") to fasten upon a button. He would mention no particulars of the great storm with such unqualified satisfaction as that it commenced at twenty-three minutes past four, A. M. on the 6th November, A. D. 1723. Of facts of mind and feeling he makes no account: he must have facts in a ring-fence; realities of the Almanack. He cares not to hear that a man died: he must know *where* he died and *when* he died.

Persons of this stamp make excellent lawyers: they should never travel out of Westminster-Hall. In the intricacy and darkness of the law, there is an obvious fitness in that watchful jealousy, which would as soon see a kingdom overthrown as a name or a date abused. But a matter-of-fact man will carry the captious spirit of a legal process into his moral judgments—turn lawyer against himself,—cross-question the evidence of his own heart—cheat himself, against his broadest convictions, into a kind of accidental innocence—deliver himself from a piece of conscious roguery, because his name is not Timothy. Mr. Shuffle cheated the other night at cards, to the amount of thirteen shillings and sixpence—and therefore, he is a knave; against which decision he contends, that the sum was only twelve shillings—and that, therefore, he is an honest man. Mr. D—— is universally reported to be always drunk; he is mightily out of humour, however, with so gross a charge, and

makes out, clearly enough, that he was sober on part of last Thursday, and the whole of Palm Sunday. Mrs. F—— is said to wear a wig, at which she is grievously offended, proving, that she wears only a *front*—and that even that does not cover more than three-fourths of her head. There is no defence against such slanderous imputations as these but patience: the innocent, we see, are not safe. I am accustomed, says Voltaire, “to bear patiently the invectives of an ill-natured world; in this respect resembling the ladies, who are often accused of having had twenty lovers, when they never exceeded three.”

Matter-of-fact men, it is thought, are good servants, whose highest merit is to do as they are bidden, to be precise and punctual in the nicest circumstances of their duty. I would not deny them what credit they may deserve; but I cannot, even in such lowly capacity, allow them unconditional praise. A master had need to be very select in his own phrases before he absolutely trusts them.—Who would wish to be obeyed to the very letter in all his orders, for three days together? In the changeful bustle of this various life, a modicum of discretionary power and spontaneous action should be permitted to the humblest and most subservient agents. A punctilious menial may serve you to your heart's desire for two days, and bring you to I know not what sorrow or shame on the third, by no other crime than an unlucky obedience to your commands. You desire that your horse shall be *always* at the door at eleven o'clock, and that your dinner shall *invariably* be on the table at four; but take care, in your heedless strictness, that your horse be not found some morning perishing, according to orders, at your door, for half a dozen hours in a pelting rain; or that your mutton be not, at your special request, cooling itself to stone, while you are distinctly known to be a good hour and a half away from it.

Matter-of-fact men, again, it might be thought, would form admirable soldiers; and so they would, no doubt, as far as a formal attention to the petty detail of an imperious discipline could

make them so; but such a habit would not often be found combined, I fancy, with the impetuous heroism and daring which, as Bonaparte was the first in modern times to prove, is so much more effective, as an instrument of war, than a dull system of rigorous drilling and intricate manœuvres. The Germans are matter-of-fact soldiers—no troops being so remarkable, more by force of education, I believe, than of natural temperament, for their submission to an unvarying formality in all their martial movements. They do nothing extempore; nothing by accident—surrendering themselves up, as Madame de Staël says, to “a sort of pedantic tactics,” in the place of liveliness and enterprise. They would despise defeat if “according to rule,” and scarcely prize victory if in opposition to it. Methodical and predetermined in all their proceedings, you may calculate, to the division of a degree, what they can do and will do; but never expect from them one of those fine hair-brained and dazzling exploits, which are sometimes achieved by more flighty spirits, under the impulse only of a stubborn will and reckless countenance.

I remember a curious instance of military exactness in the conduct of a soldier (a German by the way) who was stationed as a sentinel on Margate Pier-head, during a night-storm of tremendous violence, in the course of which nearly the whole pier was destroyed by an irruption of the sea, the high-street of the town undermined, and many of the houses washed down. In this dreadful night, which was made more bitter by a fall of snow and intense cold, the poor fellow stuck to his station till his life was in the most imminent danger. He was found by some seamen, who went to his relief, clinging to a post, and with great difficulty maintaining his hold against the sea which dashed over him—and which, not long after his removal, swept away the very ground on which he had stood, and made a free passage into the harbour. When he was asked how he could be such a fool as to stay there only to be drowned, he barely said “he had no thought of moving till he was *relieved*, and that it still wanted a

full half-hour of the time.' Had this devotedness to duty and contempt of danger been shown for any useful or generous purpose, I could have worshipped the man; but I have no great consideration for the mere steady stupidity which could hold him fast at such a moment, and at such a risk, when he had no worthier pretence than his respect for the formalities of the parade. This man, who would not stir from his useless post to save his own life, would not have stirred, I suspect, to save the whole town from destruction. And

herein is the danger of trusting too freely to such minds, on the strength only of their slavish docility and literal obedience. They are very well while the road is straight, but they are lost without resource whenever they come to a turning. My affection, I confess, is for men of a warmer, more adventurous and inventive kind, who, in spite of their occasional errors of exaggeration and precipitancy, are, take them for all in all, better framed for the mingled and shifting circumstances of human action and suffering.

INDIAN FIELD SPORTS.

(Asiatic Journal, Ap.)

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

Meerut, June 29, 1822.

I BEGIN to grow sick of the sport here, perhaps owing to having had so much of it, and the unfavourable season of the year, when one is obliged to go out. During the last two years, I have had uncommonly good sport. In April, May, and June 1821, myself and one other individual, killed two elephants and twenty-seven tigers, besides capturing a young elephant. One of the elephants I shot dead with a single ball. He made a desperate charge at my elephant, and would certainly have knocked her over, had this providential circumstance not happened. The taking of the young elephant was also attended with great danger. The mother made several attempts to rescue it, but a shower of fire-works, well kept up, prevented her. Perhaps you may see it in England: the Marquis of Hastings has sent four elephants home, and mine is one of them.

In November following, I made an excursion to the mountains: where, on one occasion, I witnessed as heavy a fall of snow, for the space of 24 hours, as any I recollect to have observed in England. I killed woodcocks, four different kinds of pheasants, the musk deer, the hill-goat, and a variety of birds I had never seen before.—It is impossible for a person who has not

been among those hills to imagine the fatigue he must undergo in traversing them.

A few days ago I returned from a trip which I started for on the first day of April. I went expressly for lions which are found beyond Hausi, on the borders of the desert. I killed two lions, four lionesses, a tiger and tigress, and a leopard. Such sport, however, is not sufficient to recompense a man for the vile climate he gets into in that part of the country. One of the lionesses had two young ones, which I brought away. They are quite tame, and are now running about my house. I do not think that the lion is so powerful an animal as the tiger, but he fights much better. A tiger will make his attack, and then retire; but a lion never retreats; he fights until he is dead.

I believe I have now done with shooting. I can boast what I believe few others can: having shot an elephant with a single ball; twice killed tigers right and left; and once lions right and left. On looking over my game-book, I find that I have killed, since the regiment has been at this station, 2 elephants, 2 lions, 4 lionesses, 72 tigers and tigresses, and caught a young elephant, a young lion and lioness, and a young tiger.

(Literary Gazette, May.)

POEMS, DRAMATIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.*

BY HENRY NEELE.

WE may compare these poetical essays to the warbling of some bird of song, which neither emulating the soaring nor long continued flood of melody poured forth by the lark, yet ventures, as it wings its short flights from tree to tree, or rests upon the quivering bough, to trill its "wood-notes wild" in clear and pleasing harmony. Without the compass of the far-heard thrush or blackbird, there is often a native sweetness in the wren or linnet, as grateful to the ear and as dear to the general concert of the grove.

The three simple dramas of which this little volume is composed, are entitled, *The Secret Bridal*, *David Rizzio*, and *Antiochus*: to these are added some twenty slight miscellaneous poems. At present we shall select only the following.

SONG.

LOVE is a plant of holier birth,
Than aught that takes its root on earth;
A flower from heaven, which 'tis a crime
To number with the things of time.
Hope in the bud is often blasted,
And beauty on the desert wasted,
And joy, a primrose early gay,
Care's lightest footfall treads away.

But love shall live, and live for ever;
And chance and change will reach it never.
Can hearts, in which true love is plighted,
By want or woe be disunited?
Ah no! like buds on one stem born,
They share between them even the thorn,
Which round them dwells, but parts them not,
A lorn yet undivided lot.

Can death extinguish love, or part
The loved one from the lover's heart?
No, no! he does but guard the prize
Sacred from mortal injuries,
Making it purer, holier seem
As the ice closing o'er the stream,
Keeps (while storms ravage earth and air)
All baser things from mingling there.

We shall finish this notice with three of his various miscellanies.

"Old man, old man, thy locks are grey,
And the winter winds blow cold;
Why wander abroad on thy weary way,
And leave thy home's warm fold?"

"The winter winds blow cold, 'tis true,
And I am old to roam;
But I may wander the wide world through,
Ere I shall find my home."

"And where do thy children loiter so long?
Have they left thee, thus old and forlorn,
To wander wild heather and hills among,
While they quaff from the lusty horn?"
"My children have long since sunk to rest,
To that rest which I would were my own;
I have seen the green turf placed over each breast,
And read each loved name on the stone."

"Then haste to the friends of thy youth, old man,
Who lov'd thee in days of yore;
They will warm thy old blood with the foaming can
And sorrow shall chill it no more."

"To the friends of my youth in far distant parts,
Over moor, over mount, I have sped;
But the kind I found in their graves, and the hearts
Of the living were cold as the dead."

The old man's cheek as he spake grew pale;
On the grass green sod he sank,
While the evening sun o'er the western vale
Set mid clouds and vapours dank.
On the morrow that sun in the eastern skies
Rose ruddy and warm and bright;
But never again did that old man rise
From the sod which he press'd that night.

Bliss is so brief and fragile, it departs
Ere pomp, and pride can to its level bow:
Beloved! happiness, like ours, cold hearts
And proud unbending spirits never know.

Life's dearest joys, like sweetest-scented flowers,
Blow best in lowly places; there they group
In safety, there they court the smiling hours;
And they who wish to gather them must stoop.

Come, fill the bowl!—oh! fill it up—
Shun schoolmen's lore to night:
The well Truth dwells in is the cup
That sparkles ruby-bright.
Count not the minutes as they pass,
Nor at old Time repine;
But shake the sands from out his glass,
And fill it up with wine.

* London, 1823.

SCORESBY'S VOYAGE TO EAST GREENLAND.

(Literary Gazette.)

THE first part of our review of this volume broke off with the account of Capt. Scoresby's first landing on the coast of East Greenland. Having sailed further up the inlet and landed again, there was more food for observation.

"We landed at the foot of Neill's Cliffs, on a slightly elevated flat of ground, abounding in vegetable productions of a very grateful fragrance, and in interesting Esquimaux remains. Neill's Cliffs were found to be about 300 feet in height.—The rocks I had previously met, were almost without exception, primitive; but now I was in a tract of land belonging to a formation not previously known to exist in Greenland, viz. the Coal-formation.

"Traces of inhabitation, some of them recent, occurred all over the plain at the foot of Neill's Cliffs. The most considerable and striking consisted of the remains of a hamlet composed of nine or ten huts in close combination, besides many others scattered about the margin of the flat.—The access to these huts, after the manner of the Esquimaux, was a horizontal tunnel perforating the ground, about 15 feet in length, opening at one extremity on the side of the bank into the external air, and, at the other, communicating with the interior of the hut. This tunnel was so low, that a person must creep on his hands and knees to get into the dwelling: it was roofed with slabs of stone and sods. This kind of hut being deeply sunken in the earth, and being accessible only by a subterranean passage, is generally considered as formed wholly under ground. As, indeed, it rises very little above the surface, and as the roof, when entire is generally covered with sods, and clothed with moss or grass, it partakes so much of the appearance of the rest of the ground, that it can scarcely be distinguished from it. I was much struck by its admirable adaptation to the nature of the climate and the circumstances of the inhabitants. The uncivilized Esquimaux, using no fire in these

habitations, but only lamps, which serve both for light and for warming their victuals, require, in the severities of winter, to economise, with the greatest care, such artificial wants as they are able to produce in their huts. For this purpose, an underground dwelling, defended from the penetration of the frost by a roof of moss and earth, with an additional coating of a bed of snow, and preserved from the entrance of the piercing wind by a long subterranean tunnel, without the possibility of being annoyed by any draught of air but what is voluntarily admitted,—forms one of the best contrivances which, considering the limit of the resources, and the unenlightened state of these people, could possibly have been adopted. The plan of the tunnel is ingenious. It always has its opening directed to the southward, both that the meridian rays of the spring and autumn sun may pierce it with their genial warmth, and that the north, east, and west wind, whose severity must be most intense, may blow past without penetration.—In general it appears that the interchange of air must be effected by the slow and almost imperceptible currents passing and repassing in the contracted tunnel."

In pursuing his inquiries, we have been much pleased with Capt. Scoresby's zeal, and, if we may use the expression, amateurship of danger. The following quotation not only displays that passion, but accounts for it very strikingly on a recognised principle in human nature.

"The nautical operations of this day were of the most difficult kind which the whale fishers have to encounter. Most of the masses of drift-ice, among which we had to force a passage, were at least twenty times the weight of the ship, and as hard as some kinds of marble; a violent shock against some of them might have been fatal. But the difficulties and intricacies of such situations, affording exercise for the highest possible exertion of nautical skill, are capable of yielding,

to the person who has the management of a ship, under such circumstances, a degree of enjoyment, which it would be difficult for navigators, accustomed to mere common-place operations, only to appreciate. The ordinary management of a ship, under a strong gale, and with great velocity, exhibits evolutions of considerable elegance; but these cannot be comparable with the navigation in the intricacies of floating-ice, where the evolutions are frequent, and perpetually varying,—where manœuvres are to be accomplished that extend to the very limits of possibility,—and where a degree of hazard attaches to some of the operations, which would render a mistake at the helm, or the miscalculation of the powers of a ship, irremediable and destructive.”

In spite of skill, however, melancholy casualties are continually happening: thus Capt. S. himself lost two men on this voyage, of which he gives affecting particulars. The boats dispatched to harpoon a whale had been long absent.

“On their approach,” (says Capt. S.) “we were a little surprised by some unusual appearances, particularly by the obvious want of their proper complement of oars, and the solemn countenances of the rowers; but a deficiency in the number of men was neither observed nor expected. As soon as they were within hail, my anxiety induced me to call out, and inquire what had happened. ‘A bad misfortune indeed,’ replied the officer commanding the first boat, ‘*we have lost Carr!*’ This awful intelligence, for which we were entirely unprepared, shocked me exceedingly; and it was some time before I was able to inquire into the particulars of the accident, which had deprived us of one of our ship-mates. As far as could be collected from the confused accounts of the crew of the boat, of which he went out in charge, the circumstances were as follow:—The two boats that had been so long absent, had, on the outset, separated from their companions; and allured by the chase of a whale, and the fineness of the weather, they proceeded until they were far out of sight

of the ship. The whale they pursued led them into a vast shoal of the species: they were, indeed, so numerous, that their ‘blowing’ was incessant; and they believed they could not have seen less than a hundred. Fearful of alarming them with striking any, they remained for some time motionless, watching for a favourable opportunity to commence an attack. One of them at length arose so near the boat of which William Carr was harpooner, that he ventured to pull towards it, though it was meeting him, and afforded an indifferent chance of success. He, however, fatally for himself, succeeded in harpooning it. The boat and fish passing each other with great rapidity after the stroke, the line was jerked out of its place, and instead of ‘running’ over the stem, was thrown over the gunwale; its pressure in this unfavourable position so careened the boat, that the side sank below the water, and it began to fill. In this emergency, the harpooner, who was a fine active fellow, seized the bite of the line, and attempted to relieve the boat, by restoring it to its place; but by some singular circumstance, which could not be accounted for, a turn of the line flew over his arm, in an instant dragged him overboard, and plunged him under water to rise no more! So sudden was the accident, that only one man who had his eye upon him at the time, was aware of what had happened; so that when the boat righted, which it immediately did, though half full of water, they all at once, on looking round at an exclamation from the man who had seen him launched overboard, inquired what had got Carr! It is scarcely possible to imagine a death more awfully sudden and unexpected.”

In the magnetic experiments made while among the northern ice, scientific readers will find much to attract their attention; and the details of meteorological appearances will afford, not only to scientific, but to general readers, much that is curious and interesting. The former that magnetic energy may be elicited in any piece of steel by percussion, thus offering a most important

resource to shipwrecked seamen ; and the latter describes many phenomena of surprising beauty and extraordinary effect. These resemble magic, and are of themselves sufficient to wrap the lost Greenland in doubtful and mysterious existence. Inverted ships sailing the clouds, shadows where there are no substances, atmospherical illusions bringing distant objects and removing near objects to a distance (these are remarkably illustrated by several plates,) the reflections of vessels seen in the air, and the vessels ascertained when they are far beyond the ken of human vision, ideal coasts, and all the varieties of parhelia, borealis, &c. &c. are among the natural wonders which involve these in "admir'd disorder." Of realities, too, there are many strange statements : thus,

In the yellowish-green sea, "having (in patches and streaks,) the appearance of admixture with flowers of sulphur or mustard, whenever the ship passed through any of this peculiar water, the patch or streak was divided, and did not again unite ; from which circumstance it appeared, that the colouring matter was quite superficial. Suspecting it to be of an animal nature, a quantity of the yellowish-green water was procured ; and, on examination by the microscope, was found to contain animalcules in immense numbers. The larger proportion of these, consisting of a transparent substance of a lemon-yellow colour, and globular form, appeared to possess very little power of motion ; but a part, amounting, perhaps, to a fifth of the whole, were in continual action. Some of these being seen advancing by a slightly waving motion, at the rate of 1-180th of an inch in a second, and others spinning round with considerable celerity, gave great interest and liveliness to the examination. But the progressive motion of the most active, however distinct and rapid it might appear under a high magnifying power, was, in reality, extremely slow ; for it did not exceed an inch in three minutes. At this rate, they would require 151 days to travel a nautical mile. The Condor, it is generally believed, could fly round

the globe at the equator, assisted by a favourable gale, in about a week ; these animalcules, in still water, could not accomplish the same in less than 8935 years.

"Few circumstances among the minutest works of creation have struck me with so much surprise as the appearance of these animalcules, occurring in such myriads, in a sea perpetually covered with ice,—exposed to an average temperature 15° below the freezing point,—and subject to be frozen, on some occasions at least, during every month of the year. The vastness of their numbers and their exceeding minuteness, are circumstances, discovered in their examination, of uncommon interest. In a drop of water examined, by a power of 28,224 (magnified superficies) there were 50 in number, on an average, in each square of the micrometer glass, of $\frac{1}{840}$ th of an inch in diameter ; and as the drop occupied a circle on a plate of glass containing 529 of these squares, there must have been in this single drop of water, taken out of the yellowish-green sea, in a place by no means the most discoloured, about 26,450 animalcules. Hence, reckoning 60 drops to a dram there would be a number in a gallon of water, exceeding, by one half, the amount of the population of the whole globe ! It gives a powerful conception of the minuteness and wonders of creation when we think of more than 26,000 animals living, obtaining subsistence, and moving perfectly at their ease, without annoyance to one another, in a single drop of water !

"The army which Buonaparte led into Russia, in 1812, estimated at 500,000 men, would have extended in a double row, or two men abreast, with 2 feet 8 inches space for each couple of men, a distance of $106\frac{1}{2}$ English miles ;—the same number of these animalcules arranged in a similar way in two rows, but touching one another, would only reach 5 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. A whale requires a sea, an ocean to sport in :—about one hundred and fifty millions of these animalcules, would have abundant room in a tumbler of water."

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(Lit. Gaz. May 10.)

... "WELL, messmate, so Lord K—* is gone, full of years and honour—death has grappled him at last. He was a worthy Commander, a mild, unassuming man; rather fond of money, to be sure—but the best of us has his failings. I think I see him at this moment, a tall, thin figure, standing in his Admiral's uniform on the deck of the *Queen Charlotte*. We were lying in Basque Roads, the white flag was flowing at Rochelle, but the French fleet had not yet hoisted it. A large party, in their bag-wigs and swords, (if I recollect right, a deputation from the town,) came alongside on the larboard side. His lordship, very plainly dressed, placed himself near the gangway. On the starboard side of the quarter-deck, stood Sir P—M—,* firm and erect, one hand thrust into his waistcoat pocket, the other arm akimbo, the right foot advanced,—in all the conscious pride of a bold intrepid British Tar.—The Monsieurs came on board, passed his Lordship with a slight salutation, and advanced, full of compliment, scraping, and bowing to Sir P—, who received them with that dignity and politeness peculiarly his own. His Lordship continued his station, till the Rear-Admiral introduced them to him as the Commander-in-Chief. The last time I saw him was in the Theatre at Bourdeaux—Oh it was a glorious sight! In the starboard stage-box was his Lordship, Sir P—M—, and several of the Captains and officers of the fleet in their full naval dress, blue and gold. On the larboard hand, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, with other distinguished Noblemen and Generals in their scarlet uniforms; while every part of the house displayed the British costume intermingled with the white of the ladies' dresses. It is true that many a regimental coat looked the worse for wear, but it heightened the interest of the scene—they had known hard service. The play was '*Richard Cœur de Lion*,' and between the acts '*Vive Henri Quatre*' was played and sung

with the whole strength of the house. The pit of a French theatre, messmate, has no seats like ours, but resembles the riding-ring at Astley's. Well, nearly in the centre of this area stood a brother Tar about half sprung, turning his quid, looking wonderfully knowing, but perfectly quiet, lest a suspicion should arise that he was ignorant of the language. Several shipmates were dispersed around, affording considerable amusement to the assembled group of all nations. The song ended, and after a few demi-semiquavers, our national anthem '*God save the King*' commenced—'twas an electric shock to poor Jack. What! God save the King in France! He roared, he bel-lowed, accompanied the music, seeming insensible to the presence of a single individual beside himself. It ceased a moment, and then struck up the '*College Hornpipe*.' 'Clear the decks! Clear the decks!' cried Jack; and indeed all were glad to get out of his way. A space was cleared, and he went through the dance in handsome style, to the great delight of all present. Bumper after bumper was proffered, and as readily swallowed. What sailor would shrink from splicing the main brace when his King was the toast? God save the King was again played, but this did not satisfy our jolly Tar, now completely groggy. '*Rule Britannia! Rule Britannia!*'—he would have Rule Britannia, or he'd board the stage and thrash the fiddlers. '*Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the Waves—play up—none of your gam-mon. Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules—What you won't, eh?—then here goes,*' advancing to the orchestra to commence his attack. This was too much even for French politeness; and another act just commencing, a scuffle ensued, in which poor Jack was hoisted on the shoulders of his messmates, who bore him off in triumph, roaring,

* Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves.
And Britons never, never, never, never shall be slaves.' "

[* Lord Keith and Sir Pulteney Malcolm.]

WONDERS OF THE NEW WORLD.

THE following account of an extraordinary phenomenon, which is seen at sun-rise on the Cordilleras of the Andes, in South America, first witnessed by Ulloa and his companions in the wild heaths of Pambamarca, is corroborated by late travellers: "At day-break the whole of the mountain was enveloped in dense clouds, which at sun-rise were dissipated, leaving behind them vapours of so extreme a tenuity as not to be distinguishable to the sight. At the side opposite to that where the sun rose on the mountain, and at the distance of about sixty yards from the spot where we were standing, the image of each of us was seen represented, as if in a mirror, three concentric rainbows, the last, or most exterior colours of one of which touched the first of the following one, being centered on the head. Without the whole of them, and at an inconsiderable distance, was seen a fourth arc purely white. They were all perpendicular to the horizon; and in proportion as any one of us moved from one side to the other, he was accompanied by the phenomenon, which preserved the same order and disposition. What was, however, most remarkable, was this, that although six or seven persons were thus standing close together, each of us saw the phenomenon as it regarded himself, but did not perceive it in the others. This, adds Bouguer, is a kind of apotheosis, in which each of the three or four concentric crowns of a very vivid colour, each of them presenting varieties similar to those of the first rainbow, tranquilly enjoys the sensible pleasure of reflecting that the brilliant garland he cannot discover in others, is destined for himself alone."

A similar phenomenon is described by Mr. Hagarth, F. R. S. as having been seen by him on the 13th of Feb-

ruary, 1780. His relation is as follows. "In ascending, at Rhealt, the mountain which forms the eastern boundary of the vale of Clwyd (in Denbighshire) I observed a rare and curious phenomenon. In the road above me, I was struck with the peculiar appearance of a very white shining cloud, which lay remarkably close to the ground. The sun was setting, but shone extremely bright. I walked up to the cloud, and my shadow was projected into it, its superior part being surrounded, at some distance, by a circle of various colours, whose center appeared to be near the situation of the eye, and whose circumference extended to the shoulders. This circle was complete, except what the shadow of my body intercepted. It exhibited the most vivid colours, the red being outermost, all of them appearing in the same order and proportion as they are presented to the view by the rainbow. It resembled very exactly what in pictures is termed A GLORY, surrounding the heads of saints: not indeed that it exhibited the luminous radiance that is painted close to the head, but an arch of concentric colours placed separately and distinctly from it. As I walked forward, this glory approached or retired, just as the inequality of the ground shortened or lengthened my shadow. The cloud being sometimes in a small valley below me, sometimes on the same level, or on higher ground, the variation of the shadow and glory became extremely striking and singular. To add to the beauty of the scene, there appeared, at a considerable distance, to the right and left, the arches of a white shining bow. These arches were in the form of, and broader than a rainbow; but were not completely joined into a semicircle above, on account of the shallowness of the cloud.

THE POWER OF MIMICKRY.

Mimickry, as it now stands with us, is like a statue, larger than life, made for a certain height and distance; while upon the level with you, its coarse proportion seems monstrous and overdone. Many excellent comedians have had

this natural talent. Mr. Rymer, that great critic, tells us, that Mr. Mountford was so excellently gifted that way, (if we may call it excellence,) that when he was train-bearer to the late Chancellor Jefferies, in the reign of King James

the Second, at an entertainment for the most eminent lawyers, his master ordered him to come before him, and plead a feigned cause, which he performed with great eloquence, and in his plead-

ings, to the admiration of all present, assumed the manner and voice of several of the best pleaders then at the bar, even some of those that were present at the entertainment.

ENGLISH MANNERS AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

(Mod. Voy. and Travels, Ap. 1823.)

IT is amusing and instructive to see ourselves, as in a glass, in the accounts of foreigners. Persons cannot see themselves so well as they are seen by others. No nation has a higher opinion of itself than the English. Foreigners, however, take the liberty to speak of us as we do of them—as they find us; and though it may not in all cases be gratifying to hear what they say of us, it is always amusing, and often affords a valuable lesson.

Stephen Perlin, a French ecclesiastic, who was in England in the reign of Edward VI., and who wrote with all the prejudices of his countrymen, is extremely scurrilous:—"One may observe of the English," says he, "that they are neither valiant in war, nor faithful in peace, which is apparently by experience; for although they are placed in a good soil, and a good country, they are wicked, and so extremely fickle, that at one moment they will adore a prince, and the next moment they would kill or crucify him. They have a mortal enmity to the French, whom they conceive to be their ancient enemies, and in common call us French dogs—but they hate all sports of strangers. It displeases me that these villains, in their own country, spit in our faces, although, when they are in France, we treat them like divinities. But herein the French demonstrate themselves to be of a noble and generous spirit." He afterwards tempers his abuse with some compliments, particularly to our females:—"The men are large, handsome, and ruddy, with flaxen hair, being in a northern latitude; the women, of any estimation, are the greatest beauties in the world, and as fair as alabaster, without offence to those of Italy, Flanders, and Germany be it spoken; they are also cheerful and courteous, and of a good address." Of

the country he says, "In this kingdom are so many beautiful *ships*, so handsome are hardly to be seen elsewhere in the whole world. Here are also many fine islands and plenty of pasture, with such quantities of game, that in these islands (which are all surrounded with woods and thick hedges) it is not uncustomary to see at one time more than 100 rabbits running about in one meadow." He speaks, perhaps, in just terms, of what was a great fault in our national character then, and is even too much so now—our fondness for drinking. "The English are great drunkards. In drinking or eating they will say to you a hundred times, '*I drink to you,*' and you should answer them in their language, '*I pledge you.*' When they are drunk, they will swear blood and death that you shall drink all that is in your cup. But it is to be noted, as I have before said, that in this excellent kingdom there is no kind of order, for the people are reprobates, and thorough enemies to good manners and letters, and know not whether they belong to God or the devil."

Hentzner, the German traveller, who was here in the reign of queen Elizabeth, is far more candid, and rather laughs at, than censures us. He says, "The English are serious, like the Germans, and lovers of show: they excel in dancing and music, for they are active and lively, though of a thicker make than the French; they cut their hair close on the middle of the head, letting it grow on either side; they are good sailors and better pirates, cunning, treacherous, and thievish; about 300 are said to be hanged annually at London; they give the wall as the place of honour; hawking is the general sport of the gentry; they are more polite in eating than the *French*, devouring less bread but more meat, which they roast

in perfection ; they put a deal of sugar in their drink ; their beds are covered with tapestry, even those of the farmers ; they are often molested with scurvy, said to have first crept into England with the Norman conquest. In the field they are powerful, successful against their enemies, impatient of any thing like slavery ; vastly fond of great noises that fill the air, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells ; so that it is common for a number of them, that have got a glass in their heads, to go up in some belfry and ring the bells for hours together, for the sake of exercise. If they see a foreigner very well made or particularly handsome, they will say *it is a pity he is not an ENGLISHMAN.*"

Le Serre, who attended Mary de Medicis to England, when she visited her daughter Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles II., and who partook of all the hospitalities of the English court, (whatever he might think) speaks of us in the most enthusiastic terms. Our ladies he describes as perfect divinities, and the country and inhabitants generally, as worthy the highest admiration. To be sure, he was writing the description of a most splendid spectacle, of which he was the witness, where the people were all dressed in their holiday clothes, and as the same kind of ceremony attended the queen's mother, all the way from her landing at Dover, he may be said to have seen the best side of us.

Jorevin de Rockford, another French traveller in the time of Charles II., says—"This nation is tolerably polite, in which they, in a great measure, resemble the French, whose modes and fashions they study and imitate. They are in general large, fair, pretty well made, and have good faces. They are good warriors on the land, but more particularly so on the sea : they are dexterous and courageous, proper to engage in a field of battle, where they are not afraid of blows. And the honour of understanding the art of ship-building beyond all the other nations of Europe must be allowed to the English. Strangers in general are not liked in London, even the Irish and Scots, who are the subjects of the same king. They have a great respect for their women,

whom they court will all imaginable civility. They always sit at the head of the table, and dispose of what is placed on it by helping every one, entertaining the company with some pleasant conceit or agreeable story. In fine, they are respected as mistresses, whom every one is desirous of obeying, so that to speak with truth, England is the paradise of women, as Spain and Italy is their purgatory."

The above travellers, it will be recollected, are describing our forefathers, and drawing a picture which, in some respects, is as new to us as it was to them. The next is a traveller of comparatively modern days—a man of information, and apparently good nature. He speaks, as indeed almost all foreigners do, of the same extreme rudeness of the lower orders of English, but bestows every praise on the higher ranks, as well as on the country generally. The person we allude to is *M. Grossly*, who wrote his *Tour* in the year 1772. —Our custom of shaking hands, he describes very ludicrously :—"To take a man by the arm," says he, "and shake it until his shoulder is almost dislocated, is one of the grand testimonies of friendship which the English give each other, when they happen to meet. This they do very coolly ; there is no expression of friendship in their countenances, yet the whole soul enters into the arm which gives the shake ; and this supplies the place of the embraces and salutes of the French."

The following sketches of London were drawn by Mr. Karamsin, a Russian traveller, about the year 1798 :—

"I sent for a barber, and they brought me a thick phlegmatic Englishman, who, having first unmercifully flayed my face, plastered my head with flour and tallow. 'Alas, I am now no longer in Paris,' I said to myself, with a sigh, 'where the powder-puff of the ingenious lively Ruellet played like a gentle zephyr around my head, and strewed it with a resplendent white aromatic rime.' To my complaints that he was flaying me, that his pomatum stunk, and that his hair-powder was only coarse flour, the unpolished English barber sullenly answered, 'I don't understand you, Sir !'

"I put on my Parisian frock, be-thought me of dear France with a sigh, and walked out in a very melancholy mood. But the cloud that darkened my soul soon vanished at the sight of the beautiful illumination, which presented itself to my wondering eyes.— Though the sun was scarcely set, all the lamps in the streets were lighted up. There are thousands of them, and whichever way I turn I behold a fiery string, as it were, extended through the air; I had never before seen any thing similar to it, and I no longer wondered at the mistake of a German prince, who on making his entry into London, imagined that it was an illumination provided on purpose to welcome him with peculiar marks of honour. The English are fond of light, and they spend millions to supply, by artificial, the want of the solar rays—an indubitable proof of the national wealth.

"Whoever calls London noisy must either never have seen it, or must have no correct idea of what a noisy city is. London is populous it is true; but, compared with Paris, and even with Moscow, it is extraordinary quiet. The inhabitants of London seem to be either half asleep, or overcome with lassitude from their excessive activity and exertion. If the rattling of the carriages did not, from time to time, shake the auditory nerve, a stranger might frequently suppose he had become deaf, while passing along some of the most populous and most frequented streets. I stepped into several coffee-houses, where I found from 20 to 30 persons reading the newspapers, and drinking their port; while the profoundest silence reigned in the room, except that perhaps every quarter of an hour, one hears a solitary *'Your Health, Gentlemen!'* Can it then excite wonder, that the English are such deep thinkers, and that their parliamentary orators know not when to leave off, when once they have begun to speak? it would seem as if they were tired of, and willing to make amends for their usual taciturnity.

"But if my ears thus enjoy rest and quiet, my eyes are the more busily engaged. In London, too, the women

are very handsome, and they dress with tasteful simplicity; they are all without either powder or paint, and wear hats, which seem to have been invented by the Graces themselves; they seem rather to fly than to walk; their neat little feet, which peep out from under their snow-white muslin robe, scarcely touch the pavement. Over their white corset an Indian shawl is spread, on which their fair hair descends in charming ringlets: for to me, at least, it seems that the greater part of the English women have fair hair: the most beautiful of them, however, are brunettes. The physiognomies of the men may be arranged under three classes; they are either surly, good-natured, or brutish. I can safely swear, that in no other country have I seen so many brutish faces as here; and I am now convinced that Hogarth drew from nature.—Such physiognomies are, it is true, only to be met with among the populace; but there is so much variety, so much characteristic expression in them, that ten Lavaters would scarcely be able to point out the bad qualities and propensities which they indicate."

Besides these, we have had Dr. WENDEBORN'S view of England; a very flattering and well-tempered account of our manners, characters, and institutions, in the middle of the reign of George the third. Afterwards, M. Von ARCHENTOLTZ drew a picture of England: he praised the nation, and held it up as an example to others. But, during the last war, one PILLET, a Frenchman, published a most disgusting portrait of England, caricatured and libelled our women, and represented the men as universal and habitual drunkards. The last severe strictures were those of a New-Englandman, of which we gave the substance in a late number of this work.

In every respect it is useful, as a means of improvement, and as a corrector of vanity, to read and study these notions of foreigners. Like English travellers in others countries, they make their own habits the standards of perfection: but their criticisms enable us to make comparisons, and rub off the rust of our own prejudices.

TRAVELS IN ENGLAND. BY DR. A. H. NIEMEYER.

(Translated from the German, Ap. 1823.)

MY stay in the country was too short to enable me to consider the prevailing manners and ways of living in all the various shapes they offer to the traveller. I have, indeed, given myself every trouble to come in contact with persons of different and manifold dispositions and employments and, in this respect, I have succeeded. I have neither neglected to visit the poor miserable districts in the City, Southwark, and St. Giles's, where the lowest classes dwell, nor the most sumptuous quarters, the abode of affluence. By far too many figures, however, present themselves to me, that I could execute and give a proper finish to so great a picture. For this purpose, too, it would be necessary to possess the talent of the noblest historical painters, of a West, an Angelica; and to unite, that of a Tenier with those of the masters of caricatures, Hogarth and Rowlandson.

The *difference of classes* constitutes here, as every where, the principal difference in the manners. It is, however, certainly more difficult in England, than in other countries, to ascertain this difference from external appearances. This arises from the manner of *dress*. The men's costume displays the greatest simplicity. The quality of the articles worn is, indeed, various; but, whatever meets the eye, whether in the street, or in company, whether worn by the minister of state, the opulent lord, the merchant, the wealthy mechanic, the clerk in the counting-house, is throughout, the same; and, in the usual intercourse of social life, the court gala alone excepted, no exception is made therein. In the most populous streets I have never noticed any person who was to be distinguished by any external mark, particular uniform, the decoration of an order, or any thing similar. What in Germany becomes a kind of duty to wear, would here create surprise, and probably, would expose the wearer only to the insults and ridicule of the populace.

It is in no respect different with regard to the dress of the *women*. The real worth and costliness of the articles, not the particular manner of dress, constitutes the difference. In certain parts of the town, I thought I perceived only persons of rank, however they may vary in situation of life and property, because, in ordinary life, the humblest chambermaid wears her hat and muslin dress, as well as the richest lady; and, upon occasions, only of court ceremony, sumptuous festivals, or upon her visits to the *Italian Opera*, does the latter display all the magnificence and expense of dress.

In many establishments the *late hour of tea-time*, concludes the arrangement of meals. A simple but cold supper is, nevertheless, to be met with sometimes, when the dinner hour happens between four and five o'clock. This supper takes place between the hours of nine and ten. It is natural, however, to imagine, from the way of life led by the great, that when we read of the supper commencing at four or five o'clock in the morning, that the same bears a proportion to a dinner at seven or eight in the evening, the natural consequence of which is, that in such houses, the hours of rising correspond almost with our dinner hour.

This is to be attributed partly to the immense size of the town, and to the course of business. The courts of justice and of law, the offices, the counting-houses, the members of which are frequently obliged to make a journey of several miles, cannot be shut so soon, opened again, and the business terminated, as in smaller places. To which may be added, that all the mails take their departure after midnight, and that a letter is certain of being forwarded, if delivered, even at the office, a short time before twelve o'clock. Thus, in this great emporium of the trade of the world, the merchant frequently avails himself of the last moment he is allowed to wait, to forward any fresh intelligence that may transpire.

THE SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.

Almost all travellers complain that they found nothing more melancholy than the British manner of keeping the Sunday. They assure us that on that day all nature appears expired, and that every tone of joy is hushed in sorrow. They pity the people who are thus denied every lawful enjoyment, and consider our laws far more happy, which are strangers to this constraint. I frankly assert that the Sunday has not appeared to me so gloomy and joyless, and that I reckon many of the Sundays I passed in England amongst the most pleasing days of my recollection, and cannot even suppress the wish that we at least might see a little more of that practised in Germany which is found in the highly respectable families of that country, both with respect to character and religious education. I am not here meaning to speak of those who, imbued with a stern religious melancholy, consider it a sin to divert themselves with the most innocent recreations, such as playing upon an instrument, or the reading of any book the contents of which treat not of religious subjects, and think themselves obliged to keep the sabbath holy, more in a sense of the old testament than in a christian one; but I mean to speak of those who could not but wish, that a certain uniform sentiment were introduced also into Germany in keeping the hours of Sunday.—

I think, however, that whoever does not consider the theatre, balls, and gambling, as indispensable in order to be amused or to get rid of his ennui; whoever has not lost all taste for the great beauties of nature and the joys of a noble and cheerful sociability in the family circle, cannot fail in being merry both within and without London, even on the Sunday.

FIRST IMPRESSION MADE BY THE NATIONAL CHARACTER, THE SOCIAL LIFE, AND THE TON OF INTERCOURSE.

What first presents itself to the traveller in foreign countries, and which he encounters at almost every step he takes, is the peculiarity in the customs, manners, and habits of social life, with

which, in order not to appear singular, he must necessarily make himself acquainted. Nevertheless, we become nearly as soon accustomed thereto as the eye to new objects. After a few weeks residence we begin to pass rapidly over what at the beginning was wont to fix our attention for several days, and which we thought we should never grow tired of considering.—Just as easily we accommodate ourselves to the established manner of arranging the day and plan of life.

I had heard and read so much of the coldness, reserve, and even of the pride of the English, who condemn every thing foreign, that it would but little have astonished me had I found this generally so. I will however not deny that single occurrences of this kind have come before me, and that, for example, in my travels during the voyage, in the post coaches, I have made many an acquaintance, which left not the slightest wish in my mind to continue them. In places particularly where many people meet together, for example, in coffee houses and inns, there is opportunity to perceive the unusual *taciturnity* and love of science which prevails; as frequently persons who have been long and intimately acquainted with each other, can sit for hours by the side of the fire without uttering one word; nay, they seem to wonder if, according to our German social manner which inclines so much to discourse, you endeavour to address it to them. In the domestic circles I found, particularly the younger unmarried ladies, for the most part, very still, and always purposely shy. Persons, who have long lived amongst the English, assert also, that in family circles and friendly meetings it is not rarely the case, that a long pause follows after a long conversation. It remains to be decided therefore by the feelings of each individual, whether this has not more charms for the man who knows how to employ himself within the resources of his own mind, than an endless chatter about *nothings*, and the tiresome endeavours of many companions, male or female, never to let the conversation drop, and who, that they may only speak, are continu-

ally making the most common-place questions.

Speaking, however, from my own experience, I cannot at all agree in the complaint which has been made of a *thorough* cold or repulsive conduct. First of all, I must praise the great politeness with which the stranger is set right by those who are altogether unacquainted with him. As I never had a *Laquais de place*, even in the first weeks of my stay, in order that I might find my own way by myself the more readily, I have been frequently exposed to the necessity of troubling persons I met with questions; and I have tried this purposely with people of all conditions of life. Never has an unfriendly word put me to the blush; generally speaking, however, a polite manner in putting people into the right road, is a tolerable common virtue, which may have suffered here and there a little by incomprehensible or even troublesome questions made by the foreigner. The nature of man inclines him to participation; and even the feeling, that we know something better than another who may be our superior, is often an agreeable one.

In the society of the *better-informed classes* you indeed expect in vain that formal ceremony, those low reverences, and established usages of outward politeness upon arrival and taking leave, to which formerly at least people were accustomed in Germany, although they are daily losing their ground. On the other hand, however, true politeness reigns in England, together with the noblest *simplicity of manner*; consisting more in facts than in words. The hand is given to the person of the highest rank, as well as to the equal, and you are certain of a friendly return. The *lord*, as well as your *friend*, is saluted with a *good morning*, and leave taken of them, with a *good evening*, or a *good night*. *Embracing and kissing*, amongst men, appear to the English as unnatural, and the man would be exposed to insult even, should he be seen following the German custom in the street. This, indeed may be carried too far; but we must still allow, that the fine token of *love* and *inward friendship*, is sacrificed by us too much

to unnecessary ceremony; and we must rejoice rather, that what had become a frequently burthensome, and where-withal a repugnant custom, is disappearing more and more from the circles of the men; for example, that of offering, after any great social entertainment, 30 or 40 embraces, twice or three times as many kisses, and, as formerly was the custom, of kissing the hand of every lady. Amongst the English women, I have never noticed this latter custom at coming and going, but frequently in families, amongst affectionate parents, children, brothers and sisters.

The strong exterior contrast of ranks, so common in our country, appears less frequent in England, and in this respect too, one of the finest peculiarities of British life is indisputably displayed. Every one feels in that country, that he is *free born*, that, by the constitution of the country, as well as by his natural liberty, he is a protected man, and that all, in the eye of the law, have an equal right. He knows that, either personally, or by his representative, he has a voice in the great concerns of the nation; that, if he commits a crime, his equals will judge him, that he is secured from the *oppressions* of overbearance, whether of the *nobles*, the *military* or the *clergy*, so long as he confines himself only within the bounds of the laws. Attempts are not wanting, even in England, of individual members of these classes, to elevate themselves above the others. But as every house proprietor thinks his house is his castle, so every citizen of the state considers the principles of the constitution as the bulwark of his liberty. Much of this, indeed, may consist in *imagination*, but this, of itself, frequently makes us contented and happy. This spirit is cherished from early youth; it grows up with the boy and the young man. Parents themselves treat their sons, sacred as the paternal power is, in this spirit; and the *domestic* education is, in the highest degree, liberal. Hence arises the unconstrained manner of intercourse of all ranks amongst each other; hence the facility, as soon as a person only is decently attired, of getting access to the first houses without much ceremony; hence the

candour in opposing in public meetings and assemblies of the people, the Duke and the Earl, as well as a brewer of beer, if they should happen not to be of the same opinion. Of this the debates in parliament are the best proof. But as these debates are public, they are known to and read by all ranks, and form the public spirit.

This public spirit is not a little cherished and promoted by all public events, mutually serviceable enterprizes, and institutions forming the most useful topic of conversation. In Germany, even men of superior education can find delight for hours in the petty novelties of the day, in the miserable prattle about what men say, how they dress themselves, receive visits, or go out; and frequently the most insipid jokes, which, on account of their being so continually repeated, are called stereotypes, are preferred to the most scientific subjects. Such things are not suited, as many impartial observers who have lived in England many years assure me, to the taste of well-educated company in that country. Politics and trade are indeed the principal theme of discourse. But an interest is also evinced for what is *generally serviceable to mankind*, and many matters of this nature are frequently treated of with the greatest earnestness over a glass of porter or wine.

From this kind of conversation, a certain seriousness must naturally accompany social life; and the loud and frequently noisy behaviour, as well as the shout of any individual, would appear as a failure in good manners. But this is the reason of a large mass of sound ideas, of a perspicuity in opinion, and an ability in expression, being extended in all classes of people; in which respect it cannot be denied that *Life* forms the Englishman far more than the *School*. That *public spirit*, as far as it consists in the participation in the general concerns of the nation, sometimes displays itself in a manner which would excite any thing but respect, or a wish that it might so exist amongst us, is already sufficiently known from the events which have lately occurred. If popular meetings, like the last in London and Manchester;

if at sometimes earnest, and at others laughable speeches, proclamations and actions, astonish less there, and probably occasion less harm than they would with us; this must be attributed to the constitution, which affords security in such manifold ways; although the reflecting and the reasonable part of the nation are not perfectly easy at such scenes, and think of measures to ward off the storm, well knowing how much evil generally ensues, when the poorer classes of people wish to effect by force, that change which can only be the work of deep reflection, and a profound insight into the real situation of things.

But there are *finer effects* of this *public spirit*, which, although less taken notice of in German publications, and on that account too little known out of England, merit far more our respect and consideration. Through that spirit, *institutions, coalitions, and foundations*, have been brought about, partly in the capital, partly in the whole country and the most distant colonies, which, both in the excellence of their appointment, as well as in the grandeur of their plans, hardly have their equal.

Two principal motives have certainly operated to this effect, in an equal degree: on the one hand, it might almost be said, that the disposition is inherent in the nation for every thing which appertains to the *public weal* and *national instruction*, were the latter only to be effected by the most rigid application of human powers; on the other hand, the *religious spirit*, which, whether more or less pure, is still indisputably extended *amongst all ranks* in England more than elsewhere. Both have had a very great share in many of the important *institutions and coalitions* of modern times, which, as soon as we are better acquainted with them, exceed almost all expectation and imagination. If the *first* idea of these originated with a large number of enterprising men, animated with a religious spirit, and an high zeal for maintaining and extending the doctrines of Christianity, they found also, from those who probably participated not in that spirit with them, or were even unbelievers or indifferent, the most powerful sup-

port. They are animated at least by a lively spirit for every thing which the *human weal, liberty, and industry* demands, or which can contribute any thing to the honour and renown of the nation. On this account it is that we see princes, dukes, and many other members of the highest classes, who enjoy not altogether the reputation of a particular religious feeling, or austerity of morals, still connect themselves wil-

lingly and frequently with all assemblies or institutions, the end of which is directed to mutually useful enterprizes or the highest concerns of humanity; and protect and advance them by a patronage which they willingly undertake. How far vanity may find a place therein is their concern. The general good gains always by their interest and influence.

(New Mon. May.)

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chesnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the harch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds thro' the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-path a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home—
Ye of the rose-check and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and in glen,
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last,
A shade of earth has been round you cast!
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
—Oh! what have ye look'd on since last we met?

Ye are chang'd, ye are chang'd!—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay,
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps, that flew o'er the cowslip's head.
As if for a banquet all earth were spread!
There were voices that rung thro' the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
—Are they gone?—is their mirth from the green
hills pass'd?
—Ye have look'd on Death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to the earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of Beauty's race!
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
—But I know of a world where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there with their eyes of light!
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may
dwell,
I tarry no longer,—farewell, farewell!

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's;—fare ye well, fare-
well!

(Literary Gazette.)

THE SNOW-SPIRIT.

WRITTEN IN BERMUDA.

NO ! ne'er did the wave in its element steep
 An island of lovelier charms ;
 It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
 Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.

The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
 Their melody balm to the ear ;
 But the fiery planet of day is too high,
 And the Snow-Spirit never comes here.

The down from his wings is as white, as the pearl
 Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
 And it falls on the green earth, as melting, my girl,
 As a murmur of thine on the soul.

Then fly to the clime where he pillows the death,
 As he cradles the birth, of the year ;
 Bright are your bowers, and balmy your breath,
 But the Snow-Spirit never comes here.

How sweet to behold him, when, borne on the gale,
 And brightening the bosom of morn,
 He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
 O'er the brow of each virginal thorn.

But think not the veil he so chillingly casts
 Is the veil of a vestal severe :
 No, no ! you will see what a moment it lasts,
 Should the Snow-Spirit ever come here.

Then fly to this region, lay open his zone,
 And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
 To think that a bosom as white as his own,
 Should not melt in the day-beam like him.

Oh ! lovely the print of those delicate feet,
 On his luminous path will appear ;
 Fly ! fly ! my beloved, this island is sweet,
 But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here.

Collett's Rel. of Lit.

THE PHYSICIAN---NO. VI.

(New Mon. May.)

OF THE TOOTH-ACHE.

OF all the complaints incident to the human frame, the tooth-ache is one of the most painful. There are people enough who would willingly give large sums to any one who should discover a speedy and certain cure for it. How frequently you hear this observation with reference to other painful disorders ; but those who make use of it know not what they are talking about.

Tooth-ache is a species of disease of which there are many varieties. To talk of a specific for tooth-ache is, in reality, just as absurd as to desire a specific for all the disorders of infants—a specific for a multitude of evils, which are comprehended, indeed, under one general name, but the causes and natures of which are not only very different from, but frequently quite contrary to, one another. So little, then, as we can expect to discover a medicine that shall deserve the appellation of a universal specific for all diseases, because many of them require totally different treatment ; so little can we build upon an infallible remedy for the tooth-ache. Hence it is that some medicines, which in certain cases have removed the tooth ache, have in others either done no good, or perhaps aggra-

vated the complaint ; and that a universal remedy for tooth-ache is as grossly absurd as all other universal remedies without exception.

Before I proceed to the proper treatment for tooth ache, I shall describe the different kinds of that disorder, and the reader will then perceive that the opprobrium commonly thrown upon physicians, as being ignorant of a certain cure for these complaints, rests on no other ground than this, that people confound the one with the other, and that the remedies which are beneficial in one case are applied in others which they cannot possibly relieve. There are, however, some good palliatives which afford ease in most kinds of tooth-ache ; and this is the reason why some of them have been found more generally efficacious than others.

When tooth-ache lasts long and is violent, it has no small influence on a person's general health. It may be attended with sleepless nights, high fever, delirium, ulcers, tumours, caries of the bones, convulsions, swoons, and other distressing symptoms. The most common kinds of tooth-ache proceed from the following causes : 1. from hollow teeth ; 2. from inflammation of the nervous membrane that covers the teeth

and spread into the gums; 3. from a cold catarrhal humour that settles upon the nerves of the teeth; 4. from a general acrimony of the juices, either scorbutic, or of some other kind; 5. from a gouty or rheumatic affection; 6. from dentition in children. Mauriceau describes a kind of tooth-ache peculiar to pregnant women, and Raulin another incident to hysteric females; to say nothing of others which are not so essentially different as those here enumerated. Sometimes there is a concurrence of the causes of the different kinds of tooth-ache, and in these cases there is greater latitude in the choice of remedies; but their operation is slower, and frequently the diagnostics of these kinds are too obscure.

I shall first consider the tooth-ache as occasioned by hollow teeth.

The decay of the tooth uncovers the nerve which it contains; for every tooth is furnished with a nerve as well as with blood-vessels, which, as it were, supply it with life and nourishment. The nerve thus exposed is affected by the air, by food, both solid and liquid, and also by the corrosive humour which is destroying the tooth; and all these occasion pains which are sometimes more and at others less violent. When the tooth is considerably decayed and hollow, this species of tooth-ache is sufficiently defined, and no other diagnostics are required. A person who has many hollow teeth may, nevertheless, be troubled with tooth-ache of other kinds, in which caries has no share; but this must be inferred from their symptoms.

A tooth that is quite decayed must be extracted; for it is dangerous to leave it, even when the nerve is actually destroyed. It not only communicates a bad smell to the breath, but injures the gum; it prevents the patient from chewing with the adjoining teeth, so that they become covered with tartar, or they too, perhaps, contract caries, and thus the evil spreads farther and farther. Sometimes the carious matter penetrates through the small apertures by which the nerves and vessels enter the tooth, to its very roots and to the cavities of the jaw-bone, in which cases hard tumours arise on the

sides of the face or chin, which never can be cured till the tooth is extracted. Ulcers and caries of the jaw itself are the most dangerous consequences to be apprehended when decayed teeth are left too long in their places. Those who are reluctant to lose them on account of the unsightly vacancies which they leave in the mouth, may have the defect supplied by artificial teeth, especially if the decay does not originate in the root of the tooth, but in the body of it, or that part which projects from the gum. In such cases where the roots are yet sound, the carious remnant of the body may be broken off, and replaced either with an artificial tooth, a seal's, or one taken from a human subject; for dentists of great experience have asserted that it is more advisable to leave the roots in than to extract them. In this manner both jaws may be furnished with a complete set of artificial teeth, when not one of their original stock is remaining.

In case the roots also be decayed, it will be necessary to take them out too: but this operation is painful, and patients naturally dislike to submit to it. Here recourse might be had to those menstrua, the application of which to the hollow of a decayed tooth is said to loosen it so completely, that in a short time it may be removed, without the least pain, with the fingers only. There are dentists who pretend to possess applications of this sort, but make a secret of their composition; indeed, there is no reason to doubt that such application may exist. This effect has been attributed to the root of henbane and of asparagus, when put into the hollow of the tooth. It is not improbable that the authority of Celsus occasioned the recommendation of these vegetables, because he prescribed an infusion of the root of henbane in water mixed with vinegar, or in wine, for tooth-ache. Should it have any effect, however, it can go no farther, in my opinion, than easing the pain, but cannot loosen the tooth in the socket; and in other respects the use of it is attended with so much danger that I should not advise its application. It seems still more improbable that the root of asparagus should produce the effect in question.

I was in hopes of discovering such a nostrum, after reading in the works of physicians the strongest testimonials of the efficacy of certain applications. Riverius extols the virtues of helleboraster as so infallible, that the patient would be liable to lose his sound teeth, unless he covered them with wax previously to the application of the helleboraster to the decayed one. He recommends also, for the same purpose, a paste composed of milkthistle and powdered frankincense, mixed with a little starch; likewise the root of the ranunculus, the bark of mulberry-tree root, the ashes of earthworms, and many such-like things; to all which, however, he prefers the helleboraster as the most efficacious. Francis Joel says, in the most confident tone, that whoever would wish to take out his teeth without any pain with his fingers, need only dissolve half an ounce of gum ammoniac, or galbanum, in a sufficient quantity of the juice of milk-thistle or henbane, evaporate to dryness, then make small pills of the residuum, and put one at night into the hollow tooth. I have tried many such remedies, and particularly the last seven times, but without experiencing any benefit, so that at last I could not help exclaiming: *O quantum est in rebus inane!* It were to be wished that respectable physicians would, occasionally, make experiments on this subject.

When hollow teeth are not so much decayed as to threaten the above-mentioned dangers, in case of their being left in their places, they may be treated in a different manner. It is of the ordinary tooth-ache of hollow teeth that I am now about to treat.

It is necessary to consider the signs of decay, in order to be able to distinguish this species of tooth-ache from the rest. In the preceding case they were sufficiently evident: but sometimes the decay begins on the side next to another tooth, by which the evil is concealed, and then it is necessary to examine more closely. An experienced person can perceive from the colour of a tooth that it is affected. He may also discover it by means of a tooth-scraper, the smell of the breath, the acute pain occasioned by cold air or

cold water, the obstinacy of the tooth-ache without any particular swelling of the gum, and the discharge of matter from small orifices in the gums, surrounded by elevated rings. The complaint is most frequent between the ages of twenty-five and fifty; and the double teeth, but especially the eye-teeth, are much more liable to it than those in front. Teeth so attacked may be known by their colour, which gives them the appearance of being semi-transparent, nearly like pearls. On tapping them with a metal tooth-pick the aching returns. In the advanced stages of this complaint, carious matter forms in the cavities of the jaw-bone, and affects the latter. The fever, in such cases, is sometimes so violent, that the patient becomes delirious.

The causes which render the teeth black and hollow, are in general too hot, too cold and acid meats and drinks, the effluvia of mercury, the scurvy, and the like. It frequently happens, however, that teeth decay without any apparent cause; and it is an established fact, that this evil befalls persons whose parents had bad teeth, though they may themselves have taken the utmost care of theirs. It must, nevertheless, not be imagined, that the precautions to be observed in regard to the cleaning of the teeth are wholly useless. For this purpose many nostrums have been invented, but few of them are of real benefit. I shall take this opportunity of subjoining a few directions for the preservation of the teeth.

To this end, the principal points to be attended to are, to avoid those causes which, as stated above, render teeth hollow and black, and to clean them every day after dinner. When the teeth are sound, cold spring water is the best thing for washing them with, or red wine may be employed for this purpose. In the composition of the tooth-powders, used for removing the tartar and adhesive impurities, care should be taken not to employ matters possessing properties so subtle as to attack the enamel, or exterior smooth surface of the teeth; bread burned to a coal and pulverised is regarded as the best and safest dentifrice. Some medical men assert, that pumice-stone

made several times red-hot, plunged in this state into white wine, and then rubbed to powder, makes the teeth beautifully white; and others have ascribed the same effect to tobacco-ashes. Others again have recommended for the like purpose, and for the cure of bad gums, vitriolic acid, which, however, must be used with great caution, or it will injure the teeth. With the water employed for washing the teeth are mixed a few drops of this acid, just sufficient to communicate to it a sourish taste. For diseased gums this is an excellent application, but after the use of it the teeth should be rubbed with a rough cloth. Pure oil of vitriol is much more pernicious, though Montanus declares that a lady of Rome extolled it to him as the best preservative of the beauty of the teeth. The manner of using it is to wet the teeth with a drop or two, and to wipe it off almost immediately with a cloth or rag. When the teeth are thickly encrusted with tartar, this appellation diluted may be employed with advantage till the enamel appears. It fastens loose teeth and imparts firmness to the gums. The practice of rubbing the teeth every day with burnt salt has also been found extremely conducive to their preservation. Such are the simplest and safest means of keeping the teeth sound, clean, and white, and of protecting them from decay. Of compound tooth-powders there is an infinite variety. I shall give the ingredients of one only, without underrating the merits of the rest. Take an ounce of iris root, half an ounce of pure saltpetre, a quarter of an ounce of red sanders wood, and a drachm of Peruvian balsam, and prepare a tooth-powder with them.

For cleansing the gums, fastening the teeth, removing small ulcers and spongy sores in the mouth, some practitioners have recommended five parts of spirit of scurvy-grass mixed with one part of lemon-juice, which cannot possibly injure the teeth, as it does not change the colour of blue paper.

If these resources have either been neglected or employed in vain, and the teeth have become decayed and hollow, other methods must be resorted to.

When a tooth is so bad as not to be worth preserving, it must be extracted without mercy, as directed above. But, should it still look tolerably well, and be yet serviceable, notwithstanding its decay, it will be advisable to try to preserve it; but something must be done to destroy its sensibility, that it may never ache again. To this end some recommend that it should be drawn not quite out, but so far as to break the nerve, after which it should be pressed into the socket again, by biting with it at a cork. Others think it better to extract such a tooth entirely, and after cleaning it and filling up the hollow with melted metal, to replace it immediately, when it fastens again in about a week. These processes are indispensably necessary where the interior of the tooth is decayed, but where there is externally either no hole at all, or too small a one to get at the nerve for the purpose of killing it. As the total extraction of a tooth is sure to break the nerve, which is not always accomplished when it is but partially drawn, the former is the only way to make quite sure that it will never ache again.

When a hollow tooth has an externally accessible aperture, the sensibility of the nerve may be destroyed by the introduction of the end of a piece of heated wire several times in the hollow of the tooth, by which the nerve is burned and the progress of the caries is checked. When this operation is cleverly performed, it is attended with less danger and difficulty than the use of many subtle remedies, which are applied to the hollow of the tooth with a view to deaden the nerve, and which have frequently pernicious consequences. Such are, particularly, aqua-fortis and oil of vitriol. It is much safer to have recourse to milder means which merely allay the pain of the nerve; for instance, to put into the hollow a little cotton impregnated with a drop of essence of cloves or cinnamon, or some other essential oil, by which the aching is frequently stopped for a considerable time. Of this sort of remedies, which are said to prove sometimes wonderfully efficacious, I might introduce a long catalogue; but I shall content my-

self with a brief notice of those that are most extolled.

In such cases camphor has been employed in various ways. Montagnana directed a small quantity to be boiled in vinegar, and this vinegar to be held in the mouth. He declares that this application will remove all kinds of tooth-ache, which is false. Martin Ruland relieved a lady of quality of a tooth-ache which would not yield to any other application, by introducing oil of camphor upon cotton into the hollow of the tooth. Fonseca used the same oil in like manner. Thoner was dining with a party, when one of them was seized with such violent tooth-ache, that he would have retired : he put a small piece of camphor into the hollow of the tooth, which immediately ceased aching, so that the patient could stay with the company and enjoy himself. Hartmann dissolved half a scruple of camphor in a drachm of oil of cloves, put a drop upon cotton into the hollow of a tooth, and thus stopped its aching.

Opium also renders good service in such cases. Either a drop of tincture of opium alone, or mixed with an equal part of essence of cloves, is applied on cotton. This method is recommended by Tissot. A small pellet of opium, or laudanum, upon cotton may likewise be put into the tooth ; and this sometimes relieves the pain instantaneously.

Many writers extol oil of box as an infallible specific in tooth-ache. Fonseca directed a few drops to be dropped into a hollow tooth, and it always stopped the aching immediately. Riverius and others are equally warm in their commendations of this remedy. I have tried it myself with three patients ; two were relieved, but with the third it failed : to be sure, the tooth-ache of the latter, though the tooth was hollow, was partly occasioned by inflammation.

Forestus praises a remedy which was communicated to him by a rustic, dock-roots cut into slices and laid upon the aching tooth, which removed the most obstinate pains ; but the *primæ viæ* were always previously cleansed.

The roots of the yellow iris are also said to be wonderfully efficacious in stopping the tooth-ache immediately, either if they be chewed, or their juice be rubbed on the ailing tooth.

M. Tissot, by boiling wild tansy in water, made a lotion which, when held in the mouth, frequently allays the aching of hollow teeth, and which may be constantly used by persons who are liable to tooth-ache, as it can do no harm, is of benefit to the gums, and is not so disgusting as the practice recommended by some French physicians to wash the mouth every morning with warm urine, from which such patients are said to be sure of deriving benefit who have many hollow teeth at once, that are liable to ache on the slightest occasion.

When tooth-ache is prolonged by worms which fix themselves in the cavity, tobacco of every kind may be used with advantage, as the smoke, even with those who are unaccustomed to it, deadens the sensibility and gives ease, if the pain be not attended with inflammation and fever. Ettmüller directed a decoction of savine to be held in the mouth for the purpose of expelling worms ; and Crato prescribed decoction of nettle-root, which also relieves the pain.

When the nerve has been destroyed or deprived of sensibility by any of the above means, and the hollow of the tooth is cleaned out, it may be filled with lead, which prevents the air and food from affecting it and the neighbouring parts so easily, and exciting it to ache afresh. To this end a bit of wax is introduced into the hollow of the tooth, and this, when taken out, serves as a model for forming a piece of lead, which is then inserted and pressed in firmly by the opposite tooth.

Some years ago considerable expectations were entertained of the efficacy of the magnet in tooth-ache, from some experiments made by a learned physician of Gottingen. When applied to the aching tooth it was said to afford speedy relief. I have frequently tried it, and it cannot be denied that the magnet has some effect on the complaint. After a sensation of coldness

in the tooth, the pain subsides in a short time, but it generally returns in as short a space in another. Sometimes, indeed, the magnet fails of affording even this temporary relief, and then recourse must be had to other means of more certain operation. The means to which I allude are those that remove pain, which is nothing but a very lively sensation, by exciting either another violent pain, or a number of slighter ones, the sum total of which is sufficient to overpower the first. Accidental circumstances, too, sometimes effect such cures as a physician, with all his study and experience, would fail to accomplish. A violent blow on the shin has frequently been known to stop instantaneously the most raging tooth-ache. Sudden fright often drives it away, or the fear which those experience who set out for a dentist's for the purpose of having a tooth drawn, but on reaching his door find themselves at once relieved from their pain. A sound box on the ear has been known to dispel tooth-ache, owing to the joint effect produced on body and mind. Let us now endeavour to purify this mode of cure of its grossness.

By placing medicines that produce pain on sensitive parts of the skin, and enduring them as long as possible, you may frequently dispel the most vehement tooth-ache, which may not return for a considerable time. Garlic is a suitable matter for producing this effect, but those who cannot bear to smell of it may use scraped horseradish in its stead. It is to be applied to the interior of the elbow joint on the side affected, and I have often witnessed effects from it which have surpassed the most sanguine expectations. If applied to the contrary side, it is said that the pain shifts to that side, and is not to be removed from it again by this treatment. The pain caused by these applications is severe; but whoever has suffered, for any time, the torments of tooth-ache, which are frequently excruciating, would find it the easier of the two to bear. Any sort of damp salt applied to the temples produces, by its excitement, a similar effect. A slice of turnip toasted, and placed behind the ear, is recommended for the

same purpose. Such as prefer a less simple remedy, may make a paste with fermented dough, vinegar, and mustard, and apply it to the soles of the feet, to the hips, or to the bend of the knees or elbows. Tissot assures us that he cured violent tooth-ache in the lower jaw with a plaster made of flour, white of egg, aqua vitæ, and mastix, and applied either to the temple or behind the ear. On the temple it is particularly serviceable in head-ache. All these remedies, in fact, operate in the same way; for whatever excites lively sensations in another part overpowers and dispels tooth-ache, and hence this effect is frequently produced by cathartics of such a nature as to occasion violent pains in the intestines.

As, after any violent pain, there is a determination of the juices to the seat of it, and as even garlic, horseradish, salt, and mustard plasters, affect the skin and raise blisters which give out a watery fluid, this effect has led most physicians to consider it as the principle of the cure of the pain, and to give to all these remedies the general epithet of *drawing*. If this notion be correct, the remedies of this kind are suitable only for those sorts of tooth-ache arising from colds, since they draw from the nerves of the teeth the acrid catarrhal humour which causes them to ache. But it would appear that on this point practitioners are often mistaken, because the operation of the remedies that cause pain is frequently so rapid, and the quantity of the humours drawn off by them so inconsiderable, that it is doubtful whether they do not operate rather in a psychological way, if I may so express it, by obtunding the feelings, than physically by drawing. Indeed, it is evident, from the operation of the affections of the mind, that such cures are practicable without drawing; and in catarrhal tooth-aches, drawing remedies, which act without so much pain as those mentioned above, but draw off more water—for instance, blister-plaster, cathartics, and cupping—are comparatively much slower in their operation, in all kinds of tooth-ache, than those which give pain, when they succeed.

Respecting the latter, I must observe

generally that it is better to apply them to the limbs or to the nape of the neck, than to the temples or behind the ears. It is true that on the last-mentioned places their operation is sometimes more speedy; but I have remarked that on the temples large sores, which are very unsightly, are occasionally produced by such applications; and that the frequent use of drawing remedies behind and in the ears causes a ringing in them, and even hardness of hearing, which cannot be too carefully guarded against.

I shall add one more general observation, which is, that the aching of hollow teeth is at the same time, in many cases, catarrhal or inflammatory, or is

liable to become so in the course of the complaint. Those remedies which otherwise allay the pain immediately when applied to the tooth, then fail of producing their usual effect, and even opium only makes it worse. Having recently observed this in a person who had frequently employed opium with the best success, and perceiving at the same time some inflammation, I directed her to lose blood, which immediately produced the desired effect.

As the consideration of the treatment of tooth-ache occasioned by hollow teeth has occupied much more space than I expected, I must reserve for another paper my observations on the other sorts of that disorder.

BIOGRAPHY OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

(New Mon. May.)

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

DIED, in Stafford-row, Pimlico, Mrs. ANNE RADCLIFFE, long known and admired by the world, as the able authoress of some of the best romances that have ever appeared in the English language: and which have been translated into every European tongue. Her first work was *Athlin and Dunbayne*, her second *The Romance of the Forest*, and her third *The Sicilian Romance*, which established her fame as an elegant and original writer. Her next production, published in 1793, was the famous *Mysteries of Udolpho*, for which the Robinsons gave her 1000*l.*, and were well repaid for their speculation, the work being universally sought for and many large editions rapidly sold. Having been incorporated by Mrs. Barbauld into her edition of the British Novelists, and being, in that or other forms, in every library, it would be superfluous, in this place, to enlarge on its transcendent merits. Hypocriticism alone can detect its faults. The *dénouement* is not considered by many persons as a justification of the high colouring of the previous narrative; but it was Mrs. Radcliffe's object to show how superstitious feelings could feed on

circumstances easily explained by the ordinary course of nature. This object she attained, though it disappoints the votaries of superstition, and, in some degree, irritates the expectations of philosophy. Be this as it may, taken as a whole, it is one of the most extraordinary compositions in the circle of literature. In 1794, Mrs. Radcliffe gave to the world a Narrative of her Travels in France, Germany, and Italy; but in describing matters of fact, her writings were not equally favoured. Some years after, Cadell and Davies gave her 1500*l.* for her *Italian*, which, though generally read, did not increase her reputation. The anonymous criticisms which appeared upon this work, the imitations of her style and manner by various literary adventurers, the publication of some other novels under a name slightly varied for the purpose of imposing on the public, and the flippant use of the term "Radcliffe school," by scribblers of all classes, tended together to disgust her with the world, and create a depression of spirits, which led her for many years, in a considerable degree, to seclude herself from society. It is understood that she had written other works, which, on these accounts, she withheld from publication, in spite of the solicitude of her friends, and of

tempting offers made her by various publishers. Her loss of spirits was followed by ill health, and the only solace of her latter years was the unwearied attentions of an affectionate husband, whose good intelligence enabled him to appreciate her extraordinary worth. The situation in which they resided, during the last ten years, is one of the most cheerful round the metropolis; and here, under a gradual decay of her

mental and bodily powers, this intellectual ornament of her sex expired on the 7th day of February, in the 62 year of her age. In person, Mrs. Radcliffe was of diminutive size; and, during the prime of her life, when she mixed in company, her conversation was vivacious, and unalloyed by the pedantic formality which too often characterizes the manners of literary ladies.

(New Monthly Magazine, May.)

UGLY WOMEN.

“Un homme rencontre une femme, et est choqué de sa laideur; bientôt, si elle n'a pas de prétentions, sa physionomie lui fait oublier les défauts de ses traits; il la trouve aimable, et conçoit qu'on puisse l'aimer; huit jours après il a des espérances, huit jours après on les lui ravit, huit jours après il est fou.”

De l'Amour.

THE ancient inhabitants of Amathus, in the island of Cyprus, were the most celebrated statuaries in the world, which they almost exclusively supplied with gods and goddesses. Every one who had a mind to be in the vogue ordered his deity from these fashionable artists: even Jupiter himself was hardly considered orthodox and worshipworthy, unless emanating from the established Pantheon of the Cypriots; and as to Juno, Venus, Minerva, and Diana, it was admitted that they had a peculiar knack in their manufacture, and it need hardly be added that they drove a thriving trade in those popular goddesses. But this monopoly was more favourable to the fortunes than to the happiness of the parties. By constantly straining above humanity and aspiring to the representation of celestial beauty; by fostering the enthusiasm of their imaginations in the pursuit of the *beau idéal*, they acquired a distaste, or at least an indifference for mortal attractions, and turned up their noses at their fair countrywomen for not being Junos and Minervas. Not one of them equalled the model that had been conjured up in their minds, and not one of them, consequently, would they deign to notice. At the public games, the women were all huddled together, whispering and looking glum, while the men congregated as far from

them as possible, discussing the *beau idéal*. Had they been prosing upon politics, you might have sworn it was an English party. Dancing was extinct unless the ladies chose to lead out one another; the priests waxed lank and woe-begone for want of the marriage offerings: Hymen's altar was covered with as many cobwebs as a poor's box; successive moons rose and set without a single honeymoon, and the whole island threatened to become an antinuptial colony of bachelors and old maids.

In this emergency, Pygmalion, the most eminent statuary of the place, falling in love with one of his own works, a figure of Diana, which happened to possess the *beau idéal* in perfection, implored Venus to animate the marble; and she, as is well known to every person conversant with authentic history, immediately granted his request. So far as this couple were concerned, one would have imagined the evil was remedied; but alas! the remedy was worse than the disease. The model of excellence was now among them, alive and breathing; the men were perfectly mad, beleaguering the house from morning to night to get a peep at her; all other women were treated with positive insult, and of course the whole female population was possessed by all the Furies. Marmorea (such was the name of the animated statue) was no Diana in the flesh, whatever she might have been in the marble; if the scandalous chronicles of those days may be believed, she had more than one favoured lover; certain

it is that she was the cause of constant feuds and battles in which many lives were lost, and Pygmalion himself was at last found murdered in the neighborhood of his own house. The whole island was now on the point of a civil war on account of this philanthropical Helen, when one of her disappointed wooers, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed her to the heart, and immediately after threw himself from a high rock into the sea.

Such is the tragedy which would probably be enacting at the present moment in every country of the world, but for the fortunate circumstance that we have no longer any fixed standard of beauty, real or imaginary, and by a necessary and happy consequence no determinate rule of ugliness. In fact there are no such animals as ugly women, though we still continue to talk of them as we do of Harpies, Gorgons, and Chimeras. There is no deformity that does not find admirers, and no loveliness that is not deemed defective. Anamaboo, the African prince, received so many attentions from a celebrated belle of London, that he could not refrain from laying his hand on his heart and exclaiming, "Ah! madam, if Heaven had only made you a negress, you would have been irresistible!" And the same beauty, when travelling among the Swiss Cretins, heard several of the men ejaculating, "How handsome she is! what a pity that she wants a Goitre!" Plain women were formerly so common that they were termed *ordinary*, to signify the frequency of their occurrence; in these happier days the phrase *extraordinary* would be more applicable. However parsimonious, or even cruel, Nature may have been in other respects, they all cling to admiration by some solitary tenure that redeems them from the unqualified imputation of unattractiveness. One has an eye that, like Charity, covers a multitude of sins; another is a female Sampson, whose strength consists in her hair; a third holds your affections by her teeth; a fourth is a Cinderella, who wins hearts by her pretty little foot; a fifth makes an irresistible appeal from her face to her figure, and so on to the end of the catalogue. An

expressive countenance may always be claimed in the absence of any definite charm; if even this be questionable, the party generally contrives to get a reputation for great cleverness; and if that too be inhumanely disputed, envy itself must allow that she is "excessively amiable."

Still it must be acknowledged, that however men may differ as to details, they agree as to results, and crowd about an acknowledged beauty, influenced by some secret attraction of which they are themselves unconscious, and of which the source has never been clearly explained. It would seem impossible that it should originate in any sexual sympathies, since we feel the impulsion without carrying ourselves, even in idea, beyond the present pleasure of gazing, and are even sensibly affected by the sight of beautiful children: yet it cannot be an abstract admiration, for it is incontestable that neither men nor women are so vehemently impressed by the contemplation of beauty in their own as in the opposite sex. This injustice towards our own half of humanity might be assigned to a latent envy, but that the same remark applies to the pleasure we derive from statues, of the proportions of which we could hardly be jealous. Ugly statues may be left to their fate without any compunctious visitings of nature; but our conduct towards women, whom we conceive to be in a similar predicament, is by no means entitled to the same indulgence. We shuffle away from them at parties, and sneak to the other end of the dinner-table as if their features were catching; and as to their falling in love and possessing the common feelings of their sex, we laugh at the very idea. And yet these Parias of the drawing-room generally atone, by interior talent, for what they want in exterior charms; as if the Medusa's head were still destined to be carried by Minerva. Nature seldom lavishes her gifts upon one subject: the peacock has no voice; the beautiful Camelia Japonica has no odour; and belles, generally speaking, have no great share of intellect. Some visionaries amuse themselves with imagining that the complacency occasioned by the posses-

sion of physical charms conduces to moral perfection.—

“Why doth not beauty, then, refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will.”

This is a fond conceit, unwarranted by earthly test, though destined perhaps to be realized in a happier state of existence.

What a blessing for these unhand-some damsels, whom we treat still more unhandsomely by our fastidious neglect, that some of us are less squeamish in our tastes, and more impartial in our attentions. Solomon proves the antiquity of the adage—“*De gustibus nil disputandum*,” for he compares the hair of his beloved to a flock of goats appearing from Mount Gilead, and in a strain of enamoured flattery exclaims, “Thy eyes are like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim : thy nose like the tower of Lebanon looking towards Damascus.” Now I deem it as becoming to see a woman standing behind a good roomy nose, as to contemplate a fair temple with a majestic portico ; but it may be questioned whether a nose like the tower of Lebanon be not somewhat too elephantine and bordering on the proboscis. The *nez netroussé* is smart and piquant ; the button-nose, like all other diminutives, is endearing ; and even the snub absolute has its admirers. Cupid can get over it, though it have no bridge, and jumps thro’ a wall-eye like a harlequin. As to the latter feature my taste may be singular, perhaps bad, but I confess that I have a *penchant* for that captivating cast, sometimes vividly termed a squint. Its advantages are neither few nor unimportant. Like a bowl, its very bias makes it sure of hitting the jack, while it seems to be running out of the course ; and it has, moreover, the invaluable property of doing execution without exciting suspicion, like the Irish guns with crooked barrels, made for shooting round a corner. Common observers admire the sun in his common state, but philosophers find it a thousand times more interesting when suffering a partial eclipse ; while the lovers of the picturesque are more smitten with its rising and setting than with its meridian splendour. Such men must be enchanted

with a strabismus or squint, where they may behold the ball of sight gracefully emerging from the nasal East, or setting in its Occidental depths, presenting every variety of obscurity. With regard to teeth, also, a very erroneous taste prevails. Nothing can be more stiff and barrack-like than that uniformity of shape and hue which is so highly vaunted, for the merest tyro in landscape will tell us that castellated and jagged outlines, with a pleasing variety of tints, are infinitely more pictorial and pleasing. Patches of bile in the face are by no means to be deprecated ; they impart to it a rich mellow tone of autumnal colouring, which we should in vain seek in less gifted complexions : and I am most happy to vindicate the claims of a moderate beard upon the upper lip, which is as necessary to the perfect beauty of the mouth as are the thorns and moss to a rose, or the leaves to a cherry. If there be any old maids still extant, while mysogonists are so rare, the fault must be attributable to themselves, and they must incur all the responsibility of their single blessedness.

In the connubial lottery ugly women possess an advantage to which sufficient importance has not been attached. It is a common observation that husband and wife frequently resemble one another, and many ingenious theorists, attempting to solve the problem by attributing it to sympathy, contemplation of one another’s features, congeniality of habits and modes of life, &c., have fallen into the very common habit of substituting the cause for the effect. This mutual likeness is the occasion, not the result of marriage. Every man, like Narcissus, becomes enamoured of the reflection of himself, only choosing the substance instead of a shadow. His love for any particular woman is self-love at second hand, vanity reflected, compound egotism. When he sees himself reflected in the mirror of a female face, he exclaims, “How intelligent, how amiable, how interesting !—how admirably adapted for a wife !” and forthwith makes his proposals to the personage so expressly and literally calculated to keep him in countenance. The uglier he is, the more need he has of this consolation ;

he forms a romantic attachment to the "fascinating creature with the snub nose," or the "bewitching girl with the roguish leer" (*Anglice—squint*), without once suspecting that he is paying his addresses to himself, and playing the innamorato before a looking-glass. Take self-love from love, and very little remains : it is taking the flame from Hymen's torch and leaving the smoke. The same feeling extends to his progeny : he would rather see them resemble himself, particularly in his defects, than be modelled after the chubbiest Cherubs and Cupids that ever emanated from the studio of Canova. One sometimes encounters a man of a most unqualified hideousness, who obviously considers himself an Adonis ; and when such a one has to seek a congenial Venus, it is evident that her value will be in the inverse ratio of her charms. Upon this principle, ugly women will be converted into belles—perfect frights will become irresistible—and none need despair of conquests if they have but the happiness to be sufficiently plain.

The best part of beauty, says Bacon, is that which a statue or painting cannot express. As to symmetry of form and superficial grace, sculpture is exquisitely perfect, but the countenance is of too subtle and intangible a character to be arrested by any modification of marble. Busts, especially where the pupil of the eye is unmarked, have the appearance of mere masks, and are representations of little more than blindness and death. Painting supplies by colouring and shade much that sculpture wants ; but, on the other hand, it is deficient in what its rival possesses—fidelity of superficial form. Nothing can compensate for our inability to walk round a picture, and choose various points of view. Facility of production, meanness of material, and vulgarity of association, have induced us to look with unmerited contempt upon those waxen busts in the perfumers' shops, which, as simple representations

of female nature, have attained a perfection that positively amounts to the kissable. That delicacy of tint and material, which so admirably adapts itself to female beauty, forms, however, but a milk-maidish representation of virility, and the men have, consequently, as epicene and androgynous an aspect as if they had been bathing in the Salmacian fountain.

Countenance, however, is not within the reach of any of these substances or combinations. It is a species of moral beauty, as superior to mere charm of surface as mind is to matter. It is, in fact, visible spirit, legible intellect, diffusing itself over the features, and enabling minds to commune with each other by some secret sympathy unconnected with the senses. The heart has a silent echo in the face, which frequently carries to us a conviction diametrically opposite to the audible expressions of the mouth ; and we see, thro' the eyes, into the understanding of the man, long before it can communicate with us by utterance. This emanation of character is the light of a soul destined to the skies, shining through its tegument of clay, and irradiating the countenance, as the sun illuminates the face of nature before it rises above the earth to commence its heavenly career. Of this indefinable charm, all women are alike susceptible : it is to them what gunpowder is to warriors, it levels all distinctions, and gives to the plain and the pretty, to the timid and the brave, an equal chance of making conquests. It is, in fine, one among a thousand proofs of that system of compensation, both physical and moral by which a Superior Power is perpetually evincing his benignity ; affording to every human being a commensurate chance of happiness, and inculcating upon all, that when they turn their faces towards heaven, they should reflect the light from above, and be animated by one uniform expression of love, resignation, and gratitude.

THE POWER OF PAINTING.

A large dog, which had been brought by some of the company into a London exhibition, suddenly began barking, and on turning round, it was discover-

ed that he menaced one of Glover's pictures of goats, painted as large as life. The attention of the company was immediately directed to the spot.

and a short time afterwards one of the pictures was sold. Whether this genuine compliment to the truth of Mr. Glover's representations of nature occasioned the sale of the picture is doubtful; but this occurrence may add con-

siderably to his reputation as an artist, and will be told in future in connexion with the story of the ancient painter whose grapes were pecked at by the birds.

JOWETT'S TRAVELS—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE EGYPTIANS.

(Sel. Mag. Feb.)

ON Sunday we went to the Coptic church at Cairo. Episcopacy and the patriarchal dignity are here exhibited in humble guise. The church is in the convent; the approach to it is by winding avenues, narrow, and almost dark; on each side of which were seated on the ground, the sick, the poor, the halt, the maimed, and the blind, asking alms, and scarcely leaving room for our feet to pass. Escaped from this scene, we entered the church, which was well lighted up with wax tapers. There is a recess for the communion table, where a priest, standing by himself, had already begun the service, in the Coptic language. Next to this was a considerable portion, latticed off, for patriarchs, priests, and chief persons; and behind these, the remainder of the church was occupied by a moving mass of people. We were all standing; and many, as is their custom, leaning on crutches. Some blind old men near me took great pleasure when joining in the responses at one part of the service, accompanied by the clangor of cymbals. This kind of performance was by no means musical: the Coptic is the only church wherein I have witnessed this custom, which accords literally with the word of the Psalmist—*Praise Him with the loud cymbals*. At length the patriarch read, from a beautiful large manuscript, in Arabic, the Gospel of the day.

The evening after sun-set we arrived at Thebes. This is the name of a district containing four principal towns at present. Beneath the mountains on the west, about a mile from the river, are excavated the tombs of the kings. On landing, the village of Gornou does not for some time appear. The huts are built in circular hollow pits, like dried ponds; and as the roofs do not

reach above the surface of the surrounding soil, it was not till we came upon the village that we knew that one existed. The number of these pits is considerable and multitudes of dogs guard them. The pits might be from one hundred to two hundred feet in diameter. One of these might contain three or four hovels. These, the Troglodytes mentioned by Bruce, were dangerous people at that time, but the strict police of the present bashaw has brought them into order.

On approaching the mountains, we find them pierced with many hundred minor excavations, from which mummies, with their curious coffins and ornaments, have been withdrawn. These are now inhabited by families; and defended, according to the custom, by innumerable dogs.

Further, in the recesses of the mountains, are the more magnificent tombs of the kings; each consisting of many chambers, adorned with hieroglyphics. The scene brings many allusions of Scripture to the mind; such as, Mark v. 2, 3, 5. but particularly Isaiah xxii. 16. *Thou hast hewed thee out a sepulchre here, as he that heweth him out a sepulchre on high, and that graveth a habitation for himself in a rock*: for many of the smaller sepulchres are excavated nearly half way up the mountain, which is very high. The kings have their magnificent abodes nearer the foot of the mountain; and seem, according to Isaiah xiv. 18. to have taken a pride in resting as magnificently in death, as they had done in life—*All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory every one in his own house*. The stuccoed walls within are covered with hieroglyphics. They cannot be better described than in the words of Ezek. viii. 8—10. *Then said*

he unto me, Son of man, dig now in the wall: and when I had digged in the wall, behold, a door. And he said unto me, Go in, and behold the wicked abominations that they do here. So I went in and saw; and, behold, every form of creeping things, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel pourtrayed upon the wall round about. The Israelites were but copyists: the master-sketches are to be seen in all the ancient temples and tombs of Egypt.

It is remarkable that Scripture gives no explanation of the particular meaning of the hieroglyphics. Moses, no doubt, who was *learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians*, must have understood this sacred science; yet he furnishes us with no specific clue—nothing but the general condemnation of them, as idolatrous in the highest degree. Deut. iv. 15, &c. The wisdom of man seems, in this cradle of the sciences, to have betrayed its genuine tendency; and the monuments of Egypt are a durable comment on the first of Romans.

We explored some of these tombs, by the help of a Copt, who had been living in one of them eighteen months, as servant to our consul's secretary, who, on account of the arts, has endured the same miserable abode for so long a time. We then ascended to the top of the mountain, which commands a magnificent view of the winding Nile, and the plain of the hundred-gated Thebes. As we were descending on the other side of the mountain, we came suddenly on a part where thirty or forty mummies lay scattered in the sand—the trunk of the body filled with pitch, and the limbs swathed in exceedingly long bandages. The forty days spent in embalming these bodies (Gen. 1. 3.) thus give us a sight of our fellow-creatures, who inhabited these plains more than three thousand years ago. How solemn the reflection, that their disembodied spirits have been so long waiting to be united again to their reanimated body!—and that this very body, which, notwithstanding its artificial preservation, we see to be a *body of humiliation*, will, on its great change, become incor-

ruptible and immortal. How awful too to think, that, while we gaze on their remains as a curiosity, their souls are expecting that great day when they shall receive according to the deeds done in the body!

On arriving at the plain, the eye is particularly attracted by two colossal figures, sitting. These stupendous figures, if standing up, would be more than sixty feet in height; and serve very well to explain the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar, which was sixty cubits in height. One of these figures is in better condition than the other; but the latter is the greater curiosity, being the celebrated statue which, according to tradition, used to utter a sound at sun-rise. On the leg are engraved more than sixty inscriptions, none of them apparently much older than the time of Trajan. One complains, in mournful verse, of the injury done to the statue by Cambyzes, who, when he conquered Egypt, maltreated many of the ancient monuments. This invasion may be alluded to, two hundred years before, in Isaiah xix. 1, where it is predicted, *The idols of Egypt shall be moved.*

We observed the people making holes in the sandy soil on the side of the Nile. Into these holes they put a small quantity of pigeon's dung and feathers, with the seed of melons or cucumbers. The value of this manure is alluded to in 2 Kings vi. 25. In June extensive fields of ripe melons and cucumbers adorn the sides of the river. They grew in such abundance, that the sailors freely helped themselves. Some guard however is placed upon them. Occasionally, but at long and desolate intervals, we may observe a little hut, made of reeds, just capable of containing one man; being in fact little more than a fence against a north wind. It exactly illustrates Isaiah i. 8. *And the daughter of Zion is left as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers.* The abundance of these most necessary vegetables brings to mind the murmurs of the Israelites, Numbers xi. 5, 6. *We remember the cucumbers and the melons: but now our soul is dried away.*

At Molubis, on the east bank of the Nile, I observed a cattle-fair. Several

buffaloes were swimming from the opposite side across the water. Their unwieldy body sinks deep into the water, so that only a part of the neck is level with the surface; while their uplifted head just raises the snorting nostrils above the water. Often a little Arab boy takes his passage across the Nile upon the back of this animal; setting his feet on the shoulders, holding fast by the horns, and thus keeping his balance. As the buffaloes rose out of the water, it brought to my mind Gen. xli. 1, 2. *Behold he stood by the river: and, behold, there came up out of the river seven well-favoured kine and fat-fleshed: and they fed in a meadow.* It was the very scene, and the very country.

At one place, the people were making bricks, with straw cut into small pieces, and mingled with clay to bind it. Hence it is, that, when villages built of these bricks fall into rubbish, which is often the case, the roads are full of small particles of straws. They were, in short, engaged exactly as the Israelites used to be, making bricks with straw; and for a similar purpose—to build extensive granaries for the bashaw—treasure-cities for Pharaoh: Exodus i. 11.

The sides of our boat were plastered with the earth taken from the river banks—very stiff and rich soil, without stones. This mud is so rich and slimy,

and, when dry, so impervious, that, together with the strong reed that grows on the banks, it is easy to conceive how the mother of Moses constructed a little ark which would float: she then placed it among the flags, in order that the stream might not carry it down. Exodus ii. 3.

The countless multitude of date trees, which form even forests about some of the villages, furnish a great source of subsistence to the people. To cut these down (as it is said the French were proceeding to do, and would have done, but that the people surrendered at the prospect of this utter ruin) would be to cut off the support of the present, and the hopes of the future generation. Nothing could be more terrible than this denunciation against Egypt. *They shall march with an army, and come against her with axes, as hewers of wood: they shall cut down her forest, saith the Lord.* Jer. xli. 22, 23.

We met one day a procession, consisting of a family returning from the pilgrimage to Mecca. A white bearded old man, riding on a *white ass*, led the way with patriarchal grace. He was followed by his three wives, each riding on a high camel. It was impossible, on viewing the old man who led the way, not to remember the expression in Judges v. 10. "*Ye that ride on white asses.*"

Peter Pindarics.

THE HANDKERCHIEF.

A Judge of the Police and Spy
(For both are join'd in Eastern nations)
Prowling about with purpose sly,
To list to people's conversations,
And pry in every corner cupboard,
According to his dirty calling,
Saw a poor woman passing by,
Who wept and blubber'd,
Like a church spout when rain is falling,
Which strives in vain to vent and utter
The overflowings of the gutter.

Our magistrate thought fit to greet her,
Insisting on the dame's declaring
What caused this monstrous ululation:
When she averr'd her spouse had beat her
Black and blue beyond all bearing,
Without the smallest provocation.

To work the Judge's pen and ink went,
Taking the rogue's address and trade,

And the next morning the delinquent
Was duly into court convey'd:
When he asserted, that his wife
Was such an advocate of strife,
That she would raise a mighty clangour,
And put herself into a pucker,
For trifles that surpass'd belief,
And, for the recent cause of anger,
He swore, point blank, that he had struck her
With nothing but his handkerchief.

The Judge, convinced by this averment,
Dismiss'd the cause without a word;
When in the Court there rose a ferment,
And the wife's angry voice was heard—
"To cheat your Worship is too bad!
My Lord, my Lord! do interpose,
And stop the knave where'er he lingers;
The villain! he forgot to add
That he for ever blows his nose
With his own fingers!"

(N. Mon. May.)

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

ONE of the Kings of Scanderoon,
A royal Jester,
Had in his train a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seem'd to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin at last, beyond all measure,
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure
Of his serene and raging Highness:
Whether he twitch'd his most reverend

And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the Seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows:—his sin was an occult one,
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaim'd—" 'Tis time to stop that breath;
Thy doom is seal'd:—presumptuous slave!
Thou stand'st condemn'd to certain death.
Silence, base rebel!—no replying!—
But such is my indulgence still,
That of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just."
Replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust:
"Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty's humane decree
Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

VARIETIES.

BLUNDERS AND BULLS.

A correspondent, pointing out the difference between *blunders* (such as our Gotham stories) and *bulls*, gives the following as an example of the latter:—An Irish gentleman having a pair of new boots sent home to him, proceeded to try them on; but after a great deal of labour, and pulling, and straining, till, from the blisters on his hands, he could no longer continue the violent exertion, he desisted, declaring that "he perceived very clearly he should never get these boots on till he had worn them a day or two."

SILK WORM.

In a communication to the Society for Arts and Manufactures, it is stated by Miss Henrietta Rhodes that one line of the silk-worm, when unwound, measured 404 yards, and, when dry, weighed 3 grains. Hence it follows, that one pound avoirdupois of the thread, as spun by the worm may be extended into a line of 535 miles long, and that a thread which would encompass the earth would weigh no more than 47 pounds.

PUN.

Keller, the Irish barrister, examining a roguish witness, who, it appeared in the course of the examination, had at

one time been at the point of death, and had received the last rite of the Romish church—that of extreme-unction. "So, (says Keller) you were *anointed* by a priest." "Yes, sir." "There was little need then, (returned K.) for you were *slippery enough already*."

ANATOMY.

Mr. Bell, in a paper lately read to the Royal Society, having explained the distinct nature of the various operations performed by the human face in eating, breathing, expression of emotion, and enjoyment of common sensibility, &c. has shewn that it is practicable to deprive it of one motion or faculty, and to let it retain another by dividing the respective nerves appropriate to the several functions. All animals eat by the faculty of moving their jaws and cheeks in mastication: he cuts the nerve appropriate to this action, and it ceases, while the motion of breathing and expanding the nostrils remains; or he cuts the other nerve, and the motion of the face which accords with that of breathing, is immediately lost, while sensibility remains, and the power of moving the jaws in eating is entire. By cutting one of the nerves of a monkey's face,

he deprives it of all power of chattering and mewling ; whilst the skin of its face retains its sensibility through the other nerve. He cuts the small nerve before the ear of a terrier, and there continues, in fighting with an opponent, all the snarling and fierce character on one side of its face, with gravity and the utmost silliness on the other. It might be supposed that this is a necessary consequence of cutting the nerves ; but although the three larger nerves of the face be cut, the expression of the face and eyes will remain ; it is only on cutting the smaller nerve, which Mr. Bell has distinguished as peculiar to this function, that all the expression of the face disappears. In man it is found, that whenever a diseased gland presses upon this particular nerve, or when inflammation of any kind affects it, or when it is accidentally cut in a wound, or in a surgical operation, instantly the side of the face is deprived of all expression, remaining without indicating the slightest emotion of the mind, and no longer partaking even of the action of laughing and crying. A paralysis is exhibited in these actions which is not apparent during the common condition of the features, but only when the person smiles ; that is, when he would bring the muscles into operation by this nerve.

A VIRTUOSO.

The celebrated Professor Blumenbach of Göttingen, has collected a most valuable cabinet of curiosities, which he highly prizes. One morning a friend came to him with a long face, to tell him a very unpleasant circumstance, that he had seen a man get by a ladder into a window of the Professor's house. 'Potztausend ! (cried Blumenbach) into which window ?' I am sorry to say, replied his friend, it was your daughter's. 'O man, said B. you almost frightened me ! I thought it had been into my cabinet !'

TOPHAM, THE STRONG MAN.

The most extraordinary instance of human strength recorded in modern times, is that of Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public house at Islington. Mr. Hutton gives this account of him :—He performed surprising feats of strength—as breaking a broomstick

of the first magnitude by striking it against his bare arm, lifting two hogsheads of water, heaving his horse over the turnpike-gate, carrying the beam of a house as a soldier carries his firelock, &c. When this Second Samson appeared at Derby as a performer in public, at a shilling each, upon application to Alderman Cooper for leave to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed, and as his appearance was like that of other men, he requested him to strip, that he might examine whether he was made like them ; but he was found to be extremely muscular. What were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him.

He appeared nearly five feet ten, turned of thirty, well made, but nothing singular ; he walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post which he should clasp with his feet ; but the driver given them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk had broke his thigh.

The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, were, rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds as a man rolls up a sheet of paper ; holding a pewter quart at arm's length, and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell ; lifting two hundred weight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their powers of gravitation. He also broke a rope fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundred weight ; lifted an oak table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity ; a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth. He took Mr. Chambers, Vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand. His head being laid on one chair, and his feet on another, four people (fourteen stone each) sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron, one inch diameter, against his

naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

Being a master of music, he entertained the company with *Mad Tom*. I heard him sing a solo to the organ in *St. Werburgh's church*, then the only one in *Derby*; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, scarcely seemed human. Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The ostler at the *Virgin's Inn*, where he resided, having given him disgust, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantel-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not chuse to tuck the ends in the ostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laugh of the company till he condescended to untie his iron cravat. Had he not abounded with good nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow from his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of the *Bear-garden Johnson* and *Mendoza*.

At the time of his death, which happened 10th August, 1749, he kept a public house in *Hog-lane, Shoreditch*. Having, two days before, a quarrel with his wife, he stabbed her in the breast, and immediately gave himself several wounds which proved fatal to him, but his wife recovered.

— FRAGMENT.

The lights are fair in my father's hall,
The red wine is bright to see;
But I'll flee like a bird and leave them all,
My Ocean Love! for thee.

There is gold around my silken robes,
And white pearls are in my hair:
And they say that gems and the brodered vest,
Are woman's chiefest care;

But dearer to me is one silent smile
Of thine eagle eye than them all;
And dearer the deck of thy bark to me
Than my father's lighted hall.

I have no home now but thy arms,
And they are the world to me;
And he thou but true, I'll never regret
All, dear love! I have left for thee.

L. E. L.

April 1823.

THE ORIGIN OF THE STOCKING-FRAME.

A young gentleman of no fortune, a student at *Oxford*, fell in love with an inn-keeper's daughter of that town, whose circumstances were very narrow. He had philosophy enough to despise superfluous wealth, and judgment to foresee the necessity of a competency; but love was headstrong, and too hard for reason; so that, after a year or two's ineffectual delay, they bid defiance to their stars, and had courage enough to marry! The scholar gained a wife, and lost a fellowship, the only small subsistence he before depended on.

Our innkeeper often upbraided the bridegroom with the barren effects of his learning, and thought it very strange, as he well might, that, while every body told him his son-in-law was a great scholar, his whole stock of knowledge could not help him to one penny of his own getting.

Six or seven months after this marriage, the father-in-law dies, miserably poor, and the credit which his industry maintained in his life-time, dying with him, the goods he left behind were seized on by his creditors, and the student and his wife turned out of doors, to eat the bread of fortune where they could find it.

The wife had a relation in town,—unable to contribute any great assistance; she took them, however, into a garret of her house, where the man could only waste his hours between books and sighs, while the partner of his sorrows made hard shift to pick up a support by knitting stockings, at a certain common price for every pair.

At last by a growing stomach, their cares at once became more weighty, and their patience less fortified. The only subject of their conversation, now, was their melancholy dread of what would become of the poor infant, who was to be born a beggar.

But, sitting constantly together from morning to night, the scholar often fixed his eyes, with stedfast observation, on the motion of his wife's fingers, in the dexterous management of her needles; he took it into his imagination, that it was not impossible to contrive a little loom, which might do the work with much more expedition.

This thought he communicated to his wife, and, joining his head to her hands, the endeavours succeeded to their wish. Thus the ingenious stocking-loom, which is so common now, was first invented, by which he not only made himself and his family happy, but has left his nation indebted to him for a benefit which enables us to export silk stockings in great quantities, and to a vast advantage, to those very countries from whence before we used to bring them at considerable loss in the balance of our traffic.

LIFE PRESERVERS.

M. Hoffman, one of the professors of the University of Warsaw, has invented a kind of cork jacket, by which inexperienced swimmers may save themselves in the most rapid current. It is an invention which will be very useful in shipwrecks, and in the passage of rivers by troops. Repeated experiments have proved that with this apparatus a man may swim a hundred feet in a minute.

SWIFT'S LOVES.

The first lady, whom he romantically christened Varina, was a Miss Jane Waryng, to whom he wrote passionate letters, and whom, when he had succeeded in gaining her affections, he deserted after a sort of seven years' courtship. The next flame of the dean's was the well-known Esther Johnson, whom he fancifully called Stella. Somehow he had the address to gain her decided attachment to him, though considerably younger, beautiful in person, accomplished, and estimable. He dangled upon her, fed her hopes of a union, and at length persuaded her to leave London, and reside near him in Ireland. His conduct then was of a piece with the rest of his life; he never saw her alone, never slept under the same roof with her, but allowed her character and reputation to be suspected in consequence of their intimacy, nor did he attempt to remove such by marriage until a late period of his life, when, to save her's from dissolution, he consented to the ceremony, upon condition that it should never be divulged; that she should live as before; retain her own name. &c.; and this wedding, upon the above being assented to by

the unhappy woman, was performed in a garden! but he never acknowledged her till the day of her death.—But he did worse, for during all this his treatment of his Stella, he had ingratiated himself with a young lady of fortune and fashion, in London, whose name was Miss Vanhomrig, and whom he called Vanessa. It is a thousand pities that this merciless tormentor should have been so ardently and passionately beloved, as was the case, with the latter lady. Selfish, hard-hearted as was Swift, he seemed but to live in disappointing others. Such, however, was his coldness and brutality to Vanessa, that he may fairly be said to have caused her death.—*Recreative Review*.

TIC DOLOUREUX.

Mr. Jeffreys, an eminent surgeon of London, has published the history of a case of this formidable disease in a young woman, which was occasioned by a piece of China, which had been imbedded in the integuments nearly fourteen years, and which ceased after the removal of the foreign body. On her first application to Mr. Jeffreys, she stated, that when she was six years old she fell down with a tea-cup in her hand; that the cup was broken in the fall, and that the fragments made a large wound in the part near the chin: that the wound proved obstinate, and did not perfectly heal in less than twelve months. Acute pain in the same side of the face almost immediately followed the accident, with irregular intermissions. Mr. Jeffreys being satisfied that the wound healed over a piece of the tea-cup, on the following day cut down to the substance, which, on being extracted, proved to be a piece of a China tea-cup, of the size of a horse-bean. This operation occasioned very acute pain; but the moment the fragment of china was removed, she declared herself to be relieved from her accustomed pain. The wound healed in a short time, and she has remained free from the disease. Mr. Moore, a scientific Surgeon-apothecary, of Dorking, lately met with a case of acute pain in a finger, of about eighteen months' standing, which had baffled the treatment of some medical men of experience. Mr. Moore, dis-

covering a hardness under the skin unconnected with the bone, cut down to it; and on taking it out, it proved to be a part of a thorn.

A BLIND HOUSE-BREAKER.

From the Scotch papers, the public were recently informed, that a man in Forres, blind from his infancy, and whose ingenuity as a carpenter, locksmith, &c. has been a matter of astonishment to all who have had an opportunity of inspecting his workmanship, was lately committed to the gaol of that place, on a charge of entering into several shops by means of keys which he had made for that purpose, and carrying off goods of every description. It is said, that owing to the peculiar construction of one of the locks, he had devoted a great portion of three years in making a key to fit it.

PEAT MOSSES IN HOLLAND.

There are two kinds of peat mosses employed by the Dutch, found in different layers. The highest affords grey or dry peat, composed of leaves and stems of reedy plants, and occasionally pieces of branches of large trees. The lowest layer produces mud peats, in which trunks of trees are often found; and, what is remarkable, with their heads invariably pointing to the east. Some of the timber, oak in particular, is so sound, that it is often employed in carpentry, but it is of a dark colour, as if stained with ink. The Dutch ashes are much employed in agriculture and gardening, after they have been kept for some time. Fruit trees in a languishing state are restored to vigour by them. They are said to open and stimulate the soil, and afford additional nourishment to the plants, by means of the water which they absorb and gradually give out; and that by carrying into the soil principles calculated to attract the carbonic acid or fixed air in the atmosphere, the solubility of the portions adapted for the food of plants is promoted. When the ashes are old, they may be spread on the garden in greater quantity, by which the ground is always kept damp. When old garden soil is overloaded with rich mould, or when too frequent manuring have been used, stale ashes are found to restore it to its due state of sharpness and activity.

EARL ST. VINCENT.

Died, at Rochetts, Essex, aged 89, Earl St. Vincent. His lordship was born at Meaford, in 1735. At an early period of his life, he entered into the naval service of his country. He was remarkable in his early life for yielding to the necessary discipline of his profession, which he enforced so well when he himself became a commander. In April 1766, he was made post-captain; rear-admiral of the blue, December 1790; vice-admiral, April 1794; admiral, February 1799; and admiral of the fleet, July 1821. Among the earlier exploits of Lord St. Vincent, the capture of the *Pegase*, of 74 guns, stands conspicuous. It took place in the night of the 20th of April, 1782. He then commanded the *Foudroyant*, of 74 guns, in the fleet under the command of Admiral Barrington. About one o'clock on that day, an enemy's fleet was discovered at a great distance, and a signal was given for a general chase. At the close of the evening, seven ships had got a-head, the *Foudroyant*, Captain Jervis, being the foremost. In the night, it coming to blow strong, with hazy weather, after having lost his companions, at half-past twelve o'clock he brought the French ship, the *Pegase*, of 74 guns and 700 men, to a close action, which continued for three quarters of an hour, when the *Foudroyant* having laid her on board on the larboard quarter, the Frenchman struck. Of this brilliant achievement, the admiral says in his despatch, "My pen is not equal to the praise that is due to the good conduct, bravery, and discipline of Captain Jervis, his officers, and seamen, on this occasion." Soon after this, Capt. Jervis was made a Knight of the Bath. The celebrated battle of Cape St. Vincent will for ever stand conspicuous in the naval annals of Great Britain. This memorable battle took place on the 14th of Feb. 1797. The British fleet, under Sir John Jervis, amounted to no more than fifteen sail of the line. The Spanish fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line; one of which was a four-decker, carrying 136 guns, and was the largest ship in the world; six were three deckers, of 112 guns each; two of 84 guns; and eighteen of 74 guns. This fleet was under the command of Admiral Cordova, on its way to form a junction with the French fleet, for the purpose of invading Ireland, then in a rebellious and distracted state. The moment was most critical and important. The responsibility attached to encountering the enemy with such a disparity of force, would have justified the bravest man in declining such a contest. But Sir John Jervis, confident in the skill and bravery of the Nelsons, the Collingwoods, the Trowbridges, and the heroes he commanded, seized with his characteristic promptitude the brilliant opportunity, and in a battle which for the manner in which it was planned and executed can never be surpassed—he gained a most important and decisive victory. The *Salvador del Mundo*, and the *San Josef*, of 112 gun each; the

San Nicholas of 84, and the San Isidro of 74 guns, were taken; the rest, many of them absolute wrecks, (particularly the 136 gun ship, which was fought by Nelson with a 74,) took shelter in Cadiz, and were there blockaded by the gallant admiral. From the excellent skill and discipline of the British fleet, the fire of our ships was superior to that of their opponents, in the proportion of five or six to one. The Culoden, Captain Trowbridge, expended 170 barrels of powder; the Captain, Commodore Nelson, 146; and the Blenheim, Captain Frederick, 180 barrels. Soon after this, Sir John Jervis was created a peer, by the title of Baron Jervis, of Meaford, and Viscount and Earl of St. Vincent. His Lordship married a daughter of Lord Chief Baron Parker, by whom he had no issue. The earldom has become extinct, but the titles of Baron Jervis and Viscount St. Vincent has descended to his Lordship's nephew, Edward Jervis Ricketts, Esq. of Meaford, in the county of Stafford. He had also a pension granted him of three thousand a year. Lord St. Vincent had sat in Parliament for various boroughs in the opposition interest; but the honour of sitting in the House of Peers he owed alone to his transcendent merit. After this his lordship lived some time on shore, on account of ill health. During the administration of Mr. Addington, Lord St. Vincent held the place of First Lord of the Admiralty; and, under him, the affairs of that board were conducted with great spirit. He retired from the admiralty in 1805, and for some time commanded the Channel Fleet. In political life, his lordship was always distinguished for his attachment to the free principles of the British constitution; and in the legislature generally voted against ministerial measures, many of which he was expected professionally to support. His promotion was, therefore, the sole result of his own high character, and never was obtained by compliance or intrigue. In truth, he was as sturdy in politics as he was brave on the ocean. As a commander, he was so strict a disciplinarian, as to have exposed himself, on some occasions, to charges of undue severity; but he considered order and discipline as the soul of the naval, as well as of the military service.

NEW WORKS.

Fables for the Holy Alliance, Rhymes on the Road, &c. by Thos. Brown the Younger [Moore].—Memoirs of Gen. Count Rapp.—Delmour, or a Tale of Sylphia.—Neale's History and Antiquities of Westminster Abbey.—Lingard's History of England, vol. V.—Averill's Treatise on Operative Surgery.—The Tell-Tale, a novel.—The Gathering of the West.—Integrity, a tale, by Mrs. Hoffland.—Essays and Sketches in Prose, by George Milner, jun.—The Bardiad, a poem, by C. Burton.—Recollections of the Peninsula.—Hunter's Captivity among the Indians of North America.—Tur-

ner's History of England, vol. 3.—The New Annual Register for 1822.—Howship on the Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, &c.—Narrative of a Journey to Brussels and Coblenz, by Louis the 18th.—The Fall of Constantinople, a poem.—Adelaide, the Intrepid Daughter.—The Actress; or Countess and No Countess, 4 vols.—Elmes's Lectures on Architecture.—Gray's Elements of Pharmacy and Materia Medica.—Brown's Eventide, 2 vols.—Clas's Gymnastic Exercises, &c. &c.

Among the latest announced works, we observe Isabelle d'Albe, a novel, by Miss Crumpe;—Cardinal Beaton, an Historical drama, in 5 acts, by Tennant, author of Anster Fair;—A History of Suli and of Parga, from the modern Greek;—and the Works of Garcilasso de la Vega, translated by Mr. Wiffen, author of Aonian Hours, &c.

A new novel, by Mrs. Opie.

A new Tragedy by Mr. Millman is said to have been accepted at Covent-Garden.

Lady Morgan is about to prefer fresh claims on the public attention, by the publication of a new work, of a class entirely differing from those which she has hitherto produced with so much success.

The 5th and 6th Parts of the interesting Journal of Count Las Cases are just ready for publication. Among a variety of other curious matters, they contain Napoleon's own relation of his return from Elba, and arrival at Paris; also of his Voyage from Egypt—his Invasion of Russia—his projects, had he returned as conqueror—Plan for a political defence of Napoleon, sketched by himself—curious anecdotes of Madame de Staël, true causes of her exile, &c.

A new romance, by the author of the "Romance of the Pyrenees," "Santo Sebastiano," &c. is in the press, entitled, "The Hut and the Castle; or, Disbanded Subalterns," a romance. 4 vols.

The author of "The Entail" has a new novel in the press, of which the printing is nearly finished. It is, we understand, a narrative of a Covenanters's sufferings, entitled "Ringan Gilhaize," supposed to be written by himself.

A new novel, entitled Willoughby, or, the Influence of Religious Principles, by the author of "Decision," Caroline Ormsby, &c. in 2 vols. 12mo. will appear in a few days.

The author of "Domestic Scenes" will shortly publish, in 3 vols. 12mo. "Self-delusion," a novel.

Mrs. Hoffland, author of "Integrity," "Son of a Genius," "Tales of the Manor," &c. is engaged on a new tale, entitled, "Patience."

A new novel will appear shortly, under the title of "Edward Neville; or, the Memoirs of an Orphan."

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, JULY 15, 1823.

(Lond. Mag.)

THE ROAD TO PREFERMENT IN PERSIA.

IN a city of Irak dwelt Allaverdi, who, little fulfilling the hopes of his namegiver, or verifying the propriety of his appellation (God-sent,) seemed a true emissary of the demon, sent into the world for the torment of his poor, fond, widowed mother, and the annoyance of the whole neighbourhood. A wayward headstrong boy, scarcely ever contradicted at home, he soon assumed a tone of authority abroad unbecoming his years and situation, which involved him in perpetual disputes and quarrels with his juvenile companions, and excluded him from mingling in their childish sports. Despising the monotonous quiet of his mother's house, he daily frequented it less; and, although only just of age to leave the women's apartment for the society of men, he spent most of his time loitering about the bazaars and caravanse-rais, where he picked up a few pieces of money, by executing little commissions for merchants or travellers. His mother, always delighted to see him return home, seldom inquired how he obtained possession of various little articles of dress, which from time to time he produced; till one day he appeared with a new Kirmanshah shawl round his waist—too material an acquisition to be overlooked, and requiring some explanation: this, however, the son endeavoured to avoid by the most concise replies, and during the interrogation, even let fall a hint, that it became women mightily to refrain from all in-

terference in the affairs of men (he was then thirteen); adding that, as far as he could understand, indiscreet curiosity was the principal failing of the female sex. The old woman was for a moment thunderstruck; but recovering her wits as quickly as she lost her patience, she snatched up the ass's bridle, and bestowed a few hearty stripes with it on the back of her aspiring son. The contest ended without any explanation, by her accepting of the shawl as a present, and believing, on his own repeated assertion, that her darling boy was a clever, active, industrious youth of great promise. He continued this loose desultory kind of life for a few years subsequent to the preceding scene, seldom returning home without some addition to his stores, often received as recompense for his labour from the merchants he served, and, sorry I am to add, not unfrequently purloined from the packages which he was engaged to cord. A few discoveries of this latter practice, with the chastisement that followed, gave rather too great notoriety to his name and character among his usual employers in the caravanse-rais; the day was often passed in idleness without profit; but as he had accumulated a tolerable supply of money and goods, and had his mother's house for home, this gave him little concern. During these frequent intervals of leisure, his mind dwelt more on subjects of recreation and sport than formerly. He was a

that age when the blood flows quick, and the heart beats high, at the anticipation of scenes as yet untried ; when a Persian imagination strews flowers and jewels in the path towards beauty, and clothes the barren rocks and sterile plains of his poor desolate country with groves, fountains, and a gaudy population of wealthy, joyous inhabitants. Allaverdi was now more frequently seen in his own quarter of the town, generally with a hawk upon his hand, in company with the falconer of a neighbouring Khan, by whose advice and example he treated his bird. Flying carrier-pigeons was another of his favourite occupations, noticed with considerable inquietude by several of his married neighbours, and became the subject of most serious though unavailing complaints to his mother, who no longer retained the slightest control over his actions. When thus engaged on the terraced roof of the house with his pigeons, the usual and welcome accident of the younger ones straying and setting upon the roofs of other houses would occur ; he then saw himself constrained, as it were, to clamber over the walls and roofs of his neighbours, and could not avoid catching a glimpse of their unveiled wives and daughters occupied in the court yards of their own apartments. A word of civil inquiry after his bird announced his presence and pursuit to a solitary young beauty ; a half suppressed gentle laugh and modest gesture, indicative of retiring, intimated to a youthful party that they were overlooked ; the veils were seldom closely drawn or secured, when the graceful movements and smiling beardless countenance of the really handsome intruder were perceived ; whilst the busy whispering, stolen glance, and respondent laugh, assured him of their forgiveness this time, and encouraged a hope that a similar encroachment on their privacy would be tolerated, should his affairs again lead him over the roof of their house : but, if he discovered one or more elderly ladies present, a most precipitate retreat out of sight marked his deference, and unwillingness to violate the sacred mysteries of the Harem Khonar. One day, whilst exercising

his pigeons, they took flight, but returned no more : he whistled and chirruped, and cooed, but all in vain ; the insubordinate favourites were too busily occupied in devouring some Indian corn, which had been laid out in the sun previous to cleaning ; and turned a deaf ear as indeed he hoped they would, to all his allurements. Nimble scrambling over all obstacles, Allaverdi soon reached the spot where his fugitives were continuing their depredations. He had scarce reclaimed them, when he perceived that the sound of his voice had attracted the attention of others besides his pigeons,—a very pretty young female face just peeped above the parapet wall, and disappeared. Allaverdi, immediately commencing his usual mode of approach and attack, crept towards the edge of the roof to reconnoitre the court below, and was delighted to behold the lovely fair one alone, steadfastly gazing on the very spot where he stood. He could not inquire after his birds, having them already in his possession ; but some apology for his sudden appearance and intrusion was absolutely necessary ; and he commenced one in his very best style of eloquence, sprinkling here and there a few Arabic verses, which neither he nor his hearer understood ; but as the Mirza from whom they were learned had employed them in similar circumstances, he judged them appropriate. During this harangue, which was most favourably received, he had full time to contemplate and admire the person to whom it was addressed : she was of the middle size and young ; her jetty hair, neatly braided, streamed in numerous small plaits down her back and over her shoulders ; in front, two large curls only were visible, from beneath the turban, waving on each side of her face, and adding increased brilliancy to her highly rouged complexion ; her eyelashes and the borders of her eyelids, shone with the blackest hue that powdered antimony could communicate ; a gentle shading of the same sable tint extended over the upper part of her cheek, under her eye, and formed a most pleasing contrast to her orange-stained nails and fingers, which she displayed in the manner of a fan or

pervious skreen: her mouth, as she smiled, might be compared to a coral box, half open, to disclose the treasure of pearl within: a short coat, or tunic, of faded green velvet, with a tarnished gold binding, fastened round the waist by a belt and ponderous silver clasps, but open at the bosom to display the red silk chemise buttoning close round her throat, only partially concealed her diagonally striped cotton trowsers, which, with short stockings wrought in a curious pattern, and green slippers, completed the essential part of her dress. In addition, she wore across her forehead a string of large gold coins, and a rich necklace, and bracelets of Dutch ducats. Allaverdi was fascinated to the spot, nor thought of quitting it, till the young beauty completed her conquest over his heart and eyes, by expressing to his ears, in dulcet accents, her fears for his safety, if he attempted retracing his airy path over the house-tops, embarrass'd as he then was by his pigeons: she finally, in the sweetest terms imaginable, begged him to descend the step ladder into her court, and return by the safer road through the streets. Lost in amazement at the condescension of this perfection of excellence, as he gallantly termed her, Allaverdi obeyed, and descended the ladder. They now stood together on the same pavement; but scarcely had his foot touched the ground, when the sudden recollection of his critical situation, and what consequences might ensue if detected by the men of the family, dispelled the charm, and left him impressed only with the sense of his danger.

Marie (so the youthful beauty was called) perceived his embarrassment, and hastened to calm his fears, by explaining that she was a lone woman, mistress of her own house, and an Armenian, as her dress might indicate; her husband was an English corporal, who had come into the country with the ambassador, and had since died in India, leaving her a poor widow which her dress and appearance by no means confirmed, to struggle with the busy world. Allaverdi, once more reassured, resumed his strain of compliments, and, following his engaging hostess into

the house, quaffed with a prayer for her happiness, the copious goblet of wine which she pressed on his acceptance. On continuing the conversation, it appeared that his mother's aunt had been on terms of most friendly intercourse with her grandmother, although of different religions. In order to renew this intimate family connexion, the blooming Marie invited her accidental guest to return and partake of their evening repast, when her brother, she could affirm, would be most happy to receive him, in remembrance of their dear departed grandmother. It required no great power of persuasion to induce Allaverdi, always disposed for a frolic, to accept of the proffered invitation. They then separated, under the promise of soon meeting again. Allaverdi, as he slowly returned towards his mother's house, reflected on the singularity of his adventure: the wine that he had swallowed (unaccustomed as he was to strong drink) during the day, had rather confused his intellects; still it occurred to him as an extraordinary circumstance, that a female, young and lovely as Marie, should live so independently alone; should receive him as a stranger, dropt as it were from the clouds, into her house; and, upon the mere recollection of some traditional friendship between a mother's aunt and a grandmother, should invite him to dinner. At all events, he determined to elucidate the mystery, by attending the summons at sunset; and, in the mean time, to say nothing to any one, more particularly to his mother, who would be scandalised at his eating with Christians, and drinking wine.

Never had a week appeared to Allaverdi of equal duration with the remainder of this day. At length the sun set, the evening prayer was called, and objects, but little distant, were already rapidly disappearing in the gloom of the fast approaching darkness; when he once more bent his steps towards the habitation of the hospitable Marie. On entering, he found the hostess engaged in deep conversation with her brother, who, to his surprise, bore rather the appearance of a middle aged Courtier, than of an Armenian, the brother of so useful a sister.

He was well received however by both, and was seated in the place of honour, beside three or four more guests, daring looking young fellows, who quaffed their whet of arrack before dinner with the assurance of Christians, though their gay dress, and the rich daggers which shone in their girdles, declared them Mussulmans. Allaverdi, by no means a scrupulous observer of the Koran precepts of abstinence, willingly imitated the exhilarating example of jovial associates ; he accepted the cup of the forbidden liquor when offered ; he listened with pleasure to the glowing descriptions of their feasts in cities, and of their adventurous exploits in the mountains, all terminating with one general conclusion,—immense gain and advantage to themselves ; and he sighed to think that his own prowess had hitherto been confined within the narrow precincts of the town, and his profits to the paltry acquisition of a few baubles, which his present companions assured him would scarcely be accepted by one of their servants as pay for a single excursion. They commended his manly looks and athletic figure ; they praised the acuteness of his remarks, the brilliancy of his replies, the ingenuity of his anecdotes—till he himself felt astonished that so many rare perfections of body and mind had hitherto remained unnoticed ; above all, they rivalled each other in expressing their admiration of his aspiring genius, and their prayers that one day he might shine a distinguished character among them in the black tents. He was about to ask some explanation, when dinner was served, and put a stop to his inquiries. He had never witnessed a similar repast : the profusion, the excellence of the various dishes, he believed could only be equalled in the Prince's kitchen. The delicious flavour of the pilau, the delicacy of the sherbet, and the mellow richness of the wine, as Marie, blooming as a Hourî of Paradise, presented him the cup, seemed too much for mortal enjoyment ; and he could with difficulty persuade himself that the scene was actually real, and not the delusion of a pleasing dream. After dinner, a beautiful ka-

leon was placed by him ; from its tube he inhaled the fragrant vapour of the finest Shiraz tobacco, tempered to a grateful freshness by passing through cool rose-water. Thus occupied, he remained lost in a most pleasing reverie, till attracted by the sound of the Gourka, and the entrance of a dancing boy from the inner room, moving in slow cadence as he gracefully waved his long flowing hair around his shoulders. Allaverdi testified his delight by repeated exclamations of admiration and applause, during this exhibition, which he conceived inimitable ; when Marie, suddenly snatching up a small tambourine, and throwing herself into a most alluring attitude, stood smiling before him, beating a continued roll upon the instrument to engage his attention. She then performed a dance, composed of a variety of gestures, but scarcely moving from the spot where she commenced : at the conclusion, dexterously balancing the whirling tambourine on one hand, and gracefully waving the other in gentle adieu to her guests, she vanished into the inner apartment. Allaverdi forgot the company : the feast, the dancing boy, all disappeared : his breath came thick and short, his heart beat quick, tears filled his eyes, whilst ecstatic rapture swelled his breast, and vainly sought articulate utterance in speech. How long he might have remained thus transported is uncertain, as he was roused by the Courd brother offering him a cup of wine, in honour of his sister's performance : most devoutly was it received by the fascinating youth. The rest of the party sitting themselves down to play at draughts, the brother and Allaverdi remained alone, and occupied the time in mutual explanations as to their actual situation and future views in life : during these communications the visitor learned that Marie regarded him with eyes of partiality, but that she would never receive a man into favour who did not draw the sword and wield the spear : he was further informed that the brother, in common with several other worshippers of pleasure, despised servitude, commerce, and all other servile tedious methods of acquiring wealth ;

and preferred the more expeditious, though more precarious method, of obtaining it in the mountain passes with spear and pistol; that their young friend had long been remarked among them as a bold enterprising spirit, unsubservient to the trammels of ordinary characters; and finally, if he would join them, that he was master of a horse, arms, and ammunition. No proposal could be more congenial to the feelings of Allaverdi: daring, active, unprincipled, and luxurious by nature, he saw himself placed in a situation to gratify all his desires; he willingly promised, in the most solemn manner, good faith to the community, and devotion to its service: he was then formally introduced to his other associates then present, as a new member of their brotherhood. The wine flowed plentifully in celebration of this event, and a cordial interchange of mutual fidelity cemented the bond between them. Marie re-appeared, smiling applause at the transaction, and with her Syren voice in song contributed to increase the general hilarity of the assembly. The players again drew near the draught board, when Allaverdi for the first time with astonishment observed (so occupied had he been with his own affairs) the heaps of silver which formed their stake. Every thing around appeared enchantment: wealth, beauty, all the enjoyments of this world, beyond what his fondest fancy had ever portrayed, were at once displayed before him and offered to his acceptance. The party separated at a late hour, after due arrangements where and when to meet the following day, to prepare for the first expedition of their new brother.

From this day the appearance of Allaverdi improved rapidly, without any one being able to assign the cause: he was more indifferent to occupation, when offered to him, than ever; spending his time in town almost exclusively with his hawks, pigeons, and greyhounds, which he now also possessed. A handsome dagger decorated his girdle, supported by a brace of silver mounted pistols, when he rode abroad, or retired to some garden in the suburbs to enjoy the amusement of shooting at

a mark. The horse which first entered his stable as belonging to a friend, and only lent to him for a time, he soon called his own, and paid in fair pieces of gold for the ornamental saddle with embroidered housing that graced its back. He was now frequently absent two or three days at a time: where he went no one knew: when questioned by his mother, his constant reply was "To the chase." She was surprised that her son should so indefatigably return to this chase, which invariably proved unproductive; for during the two years that he had spent some days, every week, sometimes the entire week, in this pursuit, she had only seen him bring home three quails and a desert partridge. Still his ardour was unabated, notwithstanding this poor success, and the untoward accidents which occasionally befell him: his musket was once discharged by a sudden jerk of the horse, and inflicted a very severe wound in his leg, which the old lady, on inspection (for she was something of a doctress) would have decidedly pronounced a bullet wound, had she not been aware that shot only was used in killing birds. Another time he returned with a deep gash upon his head, bearing every appearance of a sabre wound, which was occasioned, she was informed, by a sharp splinter of rock falling from the summit of a precipice upon him, as he watched the dogs from the ravine below.

A report was now generally circulated that the neighbouring district was infested by a daring band of plunderers, few in number, but desperate in their attacks on travellers of all descriptions when not united in large bodies. Numerous complaints, in consequence, poured in from all the adjacent country to the ministers: they were heard for some time with coolness and indifference; till at length a few liberal presents, judiciously distributed, procured an order for four hundred horsemen to proceed in pursuit of the offenders. During the preparation, absence, and researches of these troops, Allaverdi's passion for the chase totally subsided; he never mounted his horse but to exercise him, or quitted the town

beyond the limits of a very moderate ride. The *Defta*, that general rendezvous for men of all ranks and conditions, became his favourite resort ; news of every kind was there first reported, commented on, and from thence dispersed through the city. The most interesting themes of conversation, at present, were the fearful exploits and horrid barbarities practised by the numerous followers of *Abdullah*, the reputed chief of the banditti, to extort confession from travellers where their treasures were secreted. An involuntary burst of exultation which escaped him, whilst others deplored the hitherto had success of the Prince's troops in detecting the transgressors—and his hasty denial of some cruelty attributed to them, with the imprudent dispute which followed—warned him, on cooler reflection, to support a less conspicuous character in similar discussions. One day, after suffering for some time in silence a martyrdom, by listening to maliciously exaggerated misrepresentations, which he dared not contradict, though well acquainted with the minutest circumstance of the transaction—having been indeed himself the leader of the enterprise,—he arose and quitted the society ; fearing, that indignation at the reiterated prayers for the capture, destruction, and death of the whole troop, might subdue his better judgment, and, by a rash exposure of his anxiety for their welfare, his knowledge of their transactions, and resentment against their enemies, might betray his intimate connection with the outlaws, and involve him in ruin, which prudent silence might in all probability avert. As he slowly traversed the great *Maidoon*, he was overtaken by the old *Mullah*, *Hadji Ismael*, then on his way to the adjoining mosque to call mid-day prayers : after mutual salutations, the *Mullah* invited him to ascend the mosque, if not better engaged, extolling the beauty of the general prospect, and above all the dark groves of the gardens of the Prince's Harem, which it partly overlooked. *Allaverdi*, pleased with any variety of objects which might dissipate his unpleasant reflections, willingly assented, and they mounted together the narrow dark

stairs which led to the roof of the poor mud edifice, dignified by the name of a mosque : little elevated as this was, it overtopped the neighbouring houses, generally only about fifteen or eighteen feet in height, and afforded a view of the surrounding country. Whilst the *Mullah* called the hour, his companion carelessly cast his eyes over the monotonous and unseemly display of terraced mud roofs and walls which lay extended before him, relieved only here and there by a tall acacia rising from some intervening court-yard, and delightfully contrasting the graceful waving of its verdant foliage, with the straight lines, sharp angles, and dreary hue of every other object. His attention was directed by the *Mullah* to that earthly Paradise, in his estimation, the gardens of the Prince's Harem, which, however, only consisted of long formal walks, and borders producing rose trees, and a very few other flowers, symmetrically arranged in rows ; some apricot, peach, and other fruit trees, with a few grafted elms, by the side of a diminutive artificial rivulet or gutter, serving to irrigate the garden with its waters, formed the shady groves and sparkling fountains of this boasted scene. The old *Hadji* was well acquainted with the various windings and intricacies of the Harem, having seen it built ; and delighted to communicate his knowledge somewhat diffusely to others, as his present auditor rather impatiently experienced. "There," he continued, "there is the casket which contains the choicest jewel of our lord and master, the fairest blossom of his blooming parterre, the pillar round which twine the glowing wreaths of his affections, the all-excellent and all-excelling *Fetmah*." *Allaverdi* immediately turned his eyes towards this most unpromising husk which concealed so rich a fruit. It was at no great distance, and connected even with the building on which they stood, by the wall surrounding its court yard, and the roofs of some inferior houses. At this instant, the recollection of his first meeting with *Marie* flashed across his mind, and was hailed by him as an omen of success in some approaching adventure in which

a lady and himself would be concerned. Hadji Ismael, too much occupied with the charms of his own descriptive powers, noticed not the abstraction of his hearer; but pursued his minute survey with an accuracy that scarcely left a single portion of roof, beneath which an old woman could spread her bed, without assigning the express purpose of the spot it covered. Both parties remained thus absorbed in themselves, till a sudden exclamation from the Hadji, of "Am I not a beast?" catching the ear of Allaverdi, excited a smile, and directed his eyes to the wreaths of roses partially appearing above the walls of Fetmah's apartments, as the poles which supported them were moved about by those below. "Am I not a beast," he went on, "to forget the festival of to-morrow, when the Prince will appear in all his glorious apparel, and not present to your mind some image of the splendour which your young eyes have never beheld? See! they are already preparing the chamber of the Queen of beauty, for the joyful solemnity of the coming morn; where the son of the King will condescend to enter, and taste of the collation prepared by the hands of his lovely and loving handmaids, and adorn himself with the glowing jewels entrusted only to the hands of the favourite Fetmah, previous to his public appearance. This

evening will the banquet be spread in the great hall yonder, in readiness for the earliest dawn. The rose of the Harem, surrounded with all the radiant treasures of her lord, reposes this night beneath the roof, just behind that wall which advances towards us, and prevents our seeing the entrance of her apartments: there are but the stairs to the terrace between it and the corner. What a transcendent spectacle will there be presented to the enraptured eyes of her happy attendants! the fairest of celestial beauties reposing amidst the most gorgeous of worldly treasures!" A confused idea of a desperate act occurred, and rapidly developed itself in the mind of Allaverdi: no longer absent or distracted, he frequently and minutely inquired as to the localities of the Harem, with an earnestness that captivated his informer, little accustomed to see his communications excite such lively interest. They at length descended; and Allaverdi, thanking his babbling garrulous companion for the agreeable moments he had lately passed, and asserting that darkness was fast falling, and that day would not again dawn for him till illumined by the light of his friend's presence, wandered slowly through the cemetery towards the gardens, to meditate in solitude, and maturely digest the plan of his projected enterprise.

Remainder in our next.

APRIL.

(Literary Gazette.)

Of all the months that fill the year
Give April's month to me,
For earth and sky are then so filled
With sweet variety!

The apple-blossoms' shower of pearl,
The pear-tree's rosier hue,
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent too.

The purple light, that like a sigh
Comes from the violet bed,
As there the perfumes of the East
Had all their odours shed.

The wild-briar rose, a fragrant cup
To hold the morning's tear;
The bird's-eye, like a sapphire star,
The primrose, pale like fear.

The balls that hang like drifted snow
Upon the guelderose,
The woodbine's fairy trumpets, where
The elf his war note blows.

On every bough there is a bud,
In every bud a flower;
But scarcely bud or flower will last
Beyond the present hour.

Now comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky,
Then all again sunshine;
Then clouds again, but brightened with
The rainbow's coloured line.

Aye, this, this is the month for me!
I could not love a scene
Where the blue sky was always blue,
The green earth always green.

It is like love ; oh love should be
 An ever-changing thing,—
 The love that I could worship must
 Be ever on the wing.

The chain my mistress flings round me
 Must be both brief and bright ;
 Or formed of opals, which will change
 With every changing light.

To-morrow she must turn to sighs
 The smiles she wore to-day ;
 This moment's look of tenderness
 The next one must be gay.

Sweet April ! thou the emblem art
 Of what my love must be ;
 One varying like the varying bloom
 Is just the love for me. L. E. L.

(Literary Gazette.)

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO THE SHORES OF THE POLAR SEA, IN THE
 YEARS 1819, 20, 21, AND 22. BY JOHN FRANKLIN, CAPT. R. N.*

AS a preface to this volume, the object of much natural curiosity, our readers will not perhaps be displeased to take a rapid glance at its most important precursors.

In the years 1769, 70, 71, and 72, Mr. Samuel Hearne, by order of the Hudson's Bay Company, performed three journeys from Prince of Wales's Fort (Hudson's Bay) to the Northern Ocean, "for the discovery of the Copper-mine River, copper-mines, a North west Passage, and other purposes." The narrative of his travels is now before us (4to. 1795, Cadell and Davies,) and contains much information still very interesting. Mr. Hearne set out Nov. 6, 1769, with sledges, tents, &c. for the expedition ; but encumbered with voracious Indians and even women and children, no wonder that at the end of a month, deserted and robbed by the natives, the fruitless excursion was completed by a return to the Fort. On the 23d of the ensuing February Mr. H. again departed with other associates, five in number, and pursued a tardy, dilatory journey to the north and west till the 11th of August, when, having accidentally broken his quadrant, he once more resolved to seek his starting point. Yet limited as this journey was within 5° of latitude, and never going out of the common track of trading Indians, the party were exposed to dreadful distress. Their scanty and infrequent meals were often made of raw deer's flesh, raw fish, and, still more nauseous, the raw meat of the musk ox ; and we quote one descriptive passage as a picture of the hardships endured during an absence

from the fort of eight months and twenty-two days.

"To record in detail each day's fare since the commencement of this journey, would be little more than a dull repetition of the same occurrences. A sufficient idea of it may be given in a few words, by observing that it may justly be said to have been either all feasting or all famine : sometimes we had too much, seldom just enough, frequently too little, and often none at all. It would be only necessary to say that we have fasted many times two whole days and nights ; twice upwards of three days ; and once, while at She-than-nee, near seven days, during which we tasted not a mouthful of any thing, except a few cranberries, water, scraps of old leather, and burnt bones. On those pressing occasions I have frequently seen the Indians examine their wardrobe, which consisted chiefly of skin clothing, and consider what part could best be spared ; sometimes a piece of an old, half-rotten deer-skin, and at others a pair of old shoes, were sacrificed to alleviate extreme hunger. The relation of such uncommon hardships may perhaps gain little credit in Europe ; while those who are conversant with the history of Hudson's Bay, and who are thoroughly acquainted with the distress which the natives of the country about it frequently endure, may consider them as no more than the common occurrences of an Indian life, in which they are frequently driven to the necessity of eating one another."

The third journey, in company with an Indian leader, Matonabee, and some of his best men, (and women

* London 1823.

too,)* began in December 1770. After a few days, in the old track, the party proceeded in a much more westerly direction than before. Thus, meeting with several parties of northern Indians on their route, they arrived at a small Lake called *Thelewey-aza-yeth* (*i. e.* Little Fish Hill) on the 8th of April 1771, where they prepared for taking a northern direction; this place being very little to the north of the parallel of Prince of Wales's Fort. They resumed their journey on the 18th, and by the 5th of July reached "the Stony Mountains," and on the 14th the Copper-mine River. Here the savages butchered about twenty Esquimaux. Mr. Hearne reports that he surveyed the river to its mouth; that it is full of shoals and falls, hardly navigable for a boat, and empties itself into the sea, over a ridge or bar. That the tide flows only a little way within the river's mouth; and that this is (as he supposes) an inland sea or bay like Hudson's. Stunted pines, dwarf willows, wishampuckey, (a shrub of which they make a sort of tea,) Iackashepuck (used as tobacco) and a few heathberry and cranberry bushes, without fruit, are stated to be the chief vegetable productions. The animals mentioned are musk oxen, deer, bears, wolves, wolvarmes, foxes, alpine hares, white owls,

ravens, partridges, ground and common squirrels, ermine, mink, &c. and a bird of the owl genus, called the alarm bird, or bird of Warning.

The Copper-mine is described as lying 29 or 30 miles S.S.E. from the mouth of the river, and to be a mere jumble of rocks and gravel, with rare specimens of the ore intermixed. On the 29th of June the author accomplished his return in safety to the fort, though some of the natives died of hunger and fatigue, after an absence of 18 months 23 days; and though his book is indifferently written and wants scientific information, it is full of anecdote, and amusing as a picture of savage life. The Copper Indians asserted that the North Sea was always clear of ice near the shore; and the journey itself proved that almost a third of the route thither consisted of a series of lakes.

Alexander Mackenzie published in 1801 (quarto,) "*Voyages from Montreal, through the continent of North America, to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans, in the years 1789 and 1793.*" He, like Hearne, penetrated to the northern sea, in about the latitude of 70°, but by a course to the westward of that taken by the former traveller.* Mr. Mackenzie, however, performed his journey almost entirely by water. He embarked, June 3, 1789, at Fort Chipewyan, on the south side of the Lake of the Hills (lat. 58° 40' N. long. 110° 30' W.) navigated the lake, the Peace River, Slave River, Slave Lake, and down Mackenzie River to the sea, so rapidly with the current, that he reached his ultimate point on the 12th of July. Landing here, 69° 7' N. lat. he looked out from the highest part of an island in the lake with which the river terminates, and discovered the solid ice extending from South-west to the Eastward. "As far as the eye could reach to the south-westward (he adds) we could dimly perceive a chain of mountains, stretching further to the north than the edge of the ice, at the distance of upwards of 20 leagues.

* This chief's reasons for taking females on so toilsome and dangerous a way are very characteristic:—"He attributed all our misfortunes to the misconduct of our guides, and the very plan we pursued, by the desire of the Governor, in not taking any woman with us on this journey, was, he said, the principal thing that occasioned all our wants: 'for (said he) when all the men are heavy laden, they can neither hunt nor travel to any considerable distance; and in case they meet with success in hunting, who is to carry the produce of their labour? Women, added he, were made for labour; one of them can carry, or haul, as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing, keep us warm at night; and, in fact, there is no such thing as travelling any considerable distance, or for any length of time, in this country, without their assistance.' 'Women (said he again) though they do every thing, are maintained at a trifling expence; for as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers in scarce times is sufficient for their subsistence.'"

* The first is laid down about Long. 110°, the latter about 133°, and both, as it appears from the more correct and intelligent Franklin, erroneously.

To the Eastward we saw many islands, and in our progress met with a considerable number of white partridges, now become brown." Also flocks of beautiful plovers, white owls, white gulls, cranes, swans, geese, and other birds. Seven fish, called Poisson inconnu, were caught, but they were unpalatable; one about the size of a heron (probably Hearne's "Kepling" of Hudson's Bay) was delicious. The return was more tedious; but the whole voyage occupied only 102 days.

As his second Expedition was to the Pacific, and, however curious in itself, distinct from our present inquiry, we shall here close our preliminary statement and take up the more recent and instructive Journal of Captain Franklin.

This is indeed a powerfully interesting production: the personal narrative most affecting, the scientific details equally valuable and amusing, and the manner in which the volume is printed and embellished (which will be felt more sensibly if it be compared with Hearne's and Mackenzie's works,) such as to excite our admiration, and demand our warmest praise. The spirit and character of the whole,—tables of science, typography, charts, plates finely executed of scenery and costume, render it, to use the bookselling phrase, one of the best got up volumes that has appeared even in these improving times.

The narrative comprizes all the particulars of the "Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the years 1819, 20, 21, and 22." Capt. Franklin sailed to Davis' Straits, landed on the coast of Labrador, made preparations at York Factory, and proceeded across the country to Fort Chipewyan (whence Mackenzie set out,) where being joined by Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hood, they got ready for their journey to the northward.

On the 18th July 1820, they embarked in three canoes; coasted the lake, entered the Stoney river, (one of the discharges of the Athabasca lake into the Slave river,) and dashing down the same noble streams which Mackenzie navigated, soon reached the establishments on the great Slave lake. Here, procuring Copper Indians for guides, and consulting with them, Capt.

F. determined to abandon his original intention of descending Mackenzie's river, and try a new route to the Copper-Mine river, not only to the eastward of Mackenzie, but of Hearne. But as it is not in our power to trace their course, and the course of their many adventures, in this Number of our Gazette, we shall only observe, that they visited the Copper-Mine River (334 miles N. of Fort Enterprise,) and Copper Mountain; attained the Polar Sea, lat. $67^{\circ} 47' 50''$ N. long. $115^{\circ} 36' 49''$ W. and sailed 550 miles along its shore to the Eastward, and returned across the Barren grounds, in appalling distress, to Fort Enterprise. From the latter parts we select a few pages illustrative of the work.

On the sea voyage, along the Polar sea coast:—"August 1.—At two this morning the hunters returned with two small deer and a brown bear. Augustus and Junius arrived at the same time, having traced the river twelve miles further up, without discovering any vestige of inhabitants. We had now an opportunity of gratifying our curiosity respecting the bear so much dreaded by the Indians, and of whose strength and ferocity we have heard such terrible accounts. It proved to be a lean male of a yellowish brown colour, and not longer than a common black bear. It made a feeble attempt to defend itself and was easily despatched. The flesh was brought to the tent, but our fastidious voyager supposing, from its leanness, the animal had been sickly, declined eating it; the officers, however, being less scrupulous, boiled the paws, and found them excellent.

- - - "After paddling twelve miles in the morning of the 5th, we had the mortification to find the inlet terminated by a river; the size of which we could not ascertain, as the entrance was blocked by shoals. Its mouth lies in lat. $66^{\circ} 30'$ N., long. $107^{\circ} 53'$ W. I have named this stream Back, as a mark of my friendship for my associate. We were somewhat consoled for the loss of time in exploring this inlet, by the success of Junius in killing a musk-ox, the first we had seen on the coast; and afterwards by the acquisition of the flesh of a bear, that was shot

as we were returning up the eastern side in the evening. The latter proved to be a female in very excellent condition; and our Canadian voyagers, whose appetite for fat meat is insatiable, were delighted.

"We encamped on the shores of a sandy bay, and set the nets; and finding a quantity of dried willows on the beach, we were enabled to cook the bear's flesh, which was superior to any meat we had tasted on the coast. The water fell two feet at this place during the night. Our nets produced a great variety of fish, namely, a salmon-trout, some round fish, tittameg, bleak, starfish, several herrings, and a flat fish resembling plaice, but covered on the back with horny excrescences.

- - "The portion of the sea over which we passed, is navigable for vessels of any size; the ice we met, particularly after quitting Detention Harbour, would not have arrested a strong boat. The chain of islands affords shelter from all heavy seas, and there are good harbours at convenient distances. I entertain, indeed, sanguine hopes that the skill and exertions of my friend Captain Parry will soon render this question no longer problematical. His task is doubtless an arduous one, and, if ultimately successful, may occupy two and perhaps three seasons; but confiding as I do, from personal knowledge, in his perseverance and talent for surmounting difficulties, the strength of his ships, and the abundance of provisions with which they were stored, I have very little apprehension of his safety. As I understand his object was to keep the coast of America close on board, he will find in the spring of the year, before the breaking up of the ice can permit him to pursue his voyage, herds of deer flocking in abundance to all parts of the coast, which may be procured without difficulty; and, even later in the season, additions to his stock of provision may be obtained on many parts of the coast, should circumstances give him leisure to send out hunting parties. With the trawl or seine nets also, he may almost everywhere get abundance of fish even without retarding his progress. Under these circumstances I do not conceive

that he runs any hazard of wanting provisions, should his voyage be prolonged even beyond the latest period of time which is calculated upon. Drift timber may be gathered at many places in considerable quantities, and there is a fair prospect of his opening a communication with the Esquimaux, who come down to the coast to kill seals in the spring, previous to the ice breaking up; and from whom, if he succeeds in conciliating their good-will, he may obtain provision, and much useful assistance.

"If he makes for Copper-Mine River, as he probably will do, he will not find it in the longitude as laid down on the charts; but he will probably find what would be more interesting to him, a post, which we erected on the 26th August at the mouth of Hood's river, which is nearly, as will appear hereafter, in that longitude, with a flag upon it, and a letter at the foot of it, which may convey to him some useful information. It is possible, however, that he might keep outside of the range of islands which skirt this part of the coast."

On the return—

"September 10.—About noon the weather cleared up a little, and, to our great joy, we saw a herd of musk-oxen grazing in a valley below us. The party instantly halted, and the best hunters were sent out; they approached the animals with the utmost caution, no less than two hours being consumed before they got within gun-shot. In the mean time we beheld their proceedings with extreme anxiety, and many secret prayers were, doubtless, offered up for their success. At length they opened their fire, and we had the satisfaction of seeing one of the largest cows fall; another was wounded, but escaped. This success infused spirit into our starving party. To skin and cut up the animal was the work of a few minutes. The contents of its stomach were devoured upon the spot, and the raw intestines, which were next attacked, were pronounced by the most delicate amongst us to be excellent. A few willows, whose tops were seen peeping through the snow in the bottom of the valley, were quickly grubbed, the tents

pitched, and supper cooked, and devoured with avidity. This was the sixth day since we had had a good meal. The *tripe de roche*, even where we got enough, only serving to allay the pangs of hunger for a short time.

- - "17th. We walked next day over a more level country, but it was strewn with large stones. These galled our feet a good deal; we contrived, however, to wade through the snow at a tolerably quick pace until five p. m. having made twelve miles and a half. We had made to-day our proper course, south by east, which we could not venture upon doing before, for fear of falling again upon some branch of the Contwoy-to. Some deer were seen in the morning, but the hunters failed of killing any, and in the afternoon we fell into the track of a large herd, which had passed the day before, but did not overtake them. In consequence of this want of success we had no breakfast, and but a scanty supper; but we allayed the pangs of hunger by eating pieces of singed hide. A little *tripe de roche* was also obtained. These would have satisfied us in ordinary times, but we were now almost exhausted by slender fare and travel, and our appetites had become ravenous." - - -

22d. The body of the men "had halted among some willows, where they had picked up some pieces of skin, and a few bones of deer that had been devoured by the wolves last spring. They had rendered the bones friable by burning, and eaten them, as well as the skin: and several of them had added their old shoes to the repast. Peltier and Vaillant were with them, having left the canoe, which, they said, was so completely broken by another fall, as to be rendered incapable of repair, and entirely useless. The anguish this intelligence occasioned may be conceived, but it is beyond my power to describe it. Impressed, however, with the necessity of taking it forward, even in the state the men represented it to be, we urgently desired them to fetch it; but they declined going, and the strength of the officers was inadequate to the task. To their infatuated obstinacy on this occasion, a great portion of the melancholy circumstances

which attended our subsequent progress may, perhaps, be attributed. The men now seemed to have lost all hope of being preserved; and all the arguments we could use failed in stimulating them to the least exertion. After consuming the remains of the bones and horns of the deer, we resumed our march."

At last weakness forced the party to separate; Mr. Hood, Dr. Richardson, and Hepburn, remained; while captain Franklin pushed on for Fort Enterprise to procure assistance, but Fort Enterprise had been left desolate. Two, Vaillant and Credit, dropped behind in the snow, and the state of the rest may be gathered from the following:—

"Scarcely were these arrangements finished, before Perrault and Fontano were seized with a fit of dizziness, and betrayed other symptoms of extreme debility. Some tea was quickly prepared for them, and after drinking it, and eating a few morsels of burnt leather, they recovered, and expressed their desire to go forward; but the other men, alarmed at what they had just witnessed, became doubtful of their own strength, and, giving way to absolute dejection, declared their own inability to move. I now earnestly pressed upon them the necessity of continuing our journey, as the only means of saving their own lives as well as those of our friends at the tent." - - -

Fontano next fell, he was an Italian, and had served many years in De Meuron's regiment. "He had spoken to me that very morning, after his first attack of dizziness, about his father; and had begged, that should he survive, I would take him with me to England, and put him in the way of reaching home.

"The party was now reduced to five persons, Adam, Peltier, Benoit, Samandre, and myself. - - -

"At length we reached Fort Enterprise, and to our infinite disappointment and grief found it a perfectly desolate habitation. There was no deposit of provision, no trace of the Indians, no letter from Mr. Wentzel to point out where the Indians might be found. It would be impossible for me to describe our sensations after enter-

ing this miserable abode, and discovering how we had been neglected : the whole party shed tears, not so much for our own fate, as for that of our friends in the rear, whose lives depended entirely on our sending immediate relief from this place.

" I found a note, however, from Mr. Back, stating that he had reached the house two days ago, and was going in search of the Indians, at a part where St. Germain deemed it probable they might be found. If he was unsuccessful, he purposed walking to Fort Providence, and sending succour from thence. But he doubted whether he or his party could perform the journey to that place in their present debilitated state. It was evident that any supply that could be sent from Fort Providence would be long in reaching us, and could not be sufficient to enable us to afford any assistance to our companions behind, and that the only relief for them must be procured from the Indians. I resolved, therefore, in going also in search of them ; but my companions were absolutely incapable of proceeding, and I thought, by halting two or three days they might gather a little strength, whilst the delay would afford us the chance of learning whether Mr. Back had seen the Indians.

" We now looked round for the means of subsistence, and were gratified to find several deer skins, which had been thrown away during our former residence. The bones were gathered from the heap of ashes, these with the skins, and the addition of *tripe de roche*, we considered would support us tolerably well for a time. As to the house, the parchment being torn from the windows, the apartment we selected for our abode was exposed to all the rigour of the season. We endeavoured to exclude the wind as much as possible, by placing loose boards against the apertures. The temperature was now between 15° and 20° below zero. We procured fuel by pulling up the flooring of the other rooms, and water for the purpose of cooking, by melting the snow. Whilst we were seated round the fire, singeing the deer skin for supper, we were rejoiced by the unex-

pected entrance of Augustus. He had followed quite a different course from ours, and the circumstance of his having found his way through a part of the country, he had never been in before, must be considered a remarkable proof of sagacity. The unusual earliness of this winter became manifest to us from the state of things at this spot. Last year at the same season, and still later there had been very little snow on the ground, and we were surrounded by vast herds of rein-deer. Now there were but few recent tracks of these animals, and the snow was upwards of two feet deep. Winter River was then open, now it was frozen two feet thick.

" When I arose the following morning, my body and limbs were so swollen that I was unable to walk more than a few yards. Adam was in a still worse condition, being absolutely incapable of rising without assistance. My other companions fortunately experienced this inconvenience in a less degree, and went to collect bones, and some *tripe de roche*, which supplied us with two meals. The bones were quite acrid, and the soup extracted from them excoriated the mouth if taken alone, but it was somewhat milder when boiled with *tripe de roche*, and we even thought the mixture palatable, with the addition of salt, of which a cask had been fortunately left here in the spring. Augustus to-day set two fishing lines below the rapid. On his way thither he saw two deer, but had not strength to follow them."

The fate of the party behind was still more deplorable ; and with as much as we can select from Dr. Richardson's narrative we conclude :

11th Sept.—" On arriving at the pines, we were much alarmed to find that Michel was absent. We feared that he had lost his way in coming to us in the morning, although it was not easy to conjecture how that could have happened, as our footsteps of yesterday were very distinct. Hepburn went back for the tent, and returned with it after dusk, completely worn out with the fatigue of the day. Michel too arrived at the same time, and relieved our anxiety on his account. He reported that he had been in chase of some

deer which passed near his sleeping-place in the morning, and although he did not come up with them, yet that he found a wolf which had been killed by the stroke of a deer's horn, and had brought a part of it. We implicitly believed this story then, but afterwards became convinced from circumstances, the detail of which may be spared, that it must have been a portion of the body of Belanger or Perrault. A question of moment here presents itself; namely, whether he actually murdered these men, or either of them, or whether he found the bodies on the snow. Captain Franklin, who is the best able to judge of this matter, from knowing their situation when he parted from them, suggested the former idea, and that both Belanger and Perrault had been sacrificed. When Perrault turned back, Captain Franklin watched him until he reached a small group of willows, which was immediately adjoining to the fire, and concealed it from view, and at this time the smoke of fresh fuel was distinctly visible. Captain Franklin conjectures, that Michel having already destroyed Belanger, completed his crime by Perrault's death, in order to screen himself from detection. - -

"On the 19th Michel refused to hunt, or even to assist in carrying a log of wood to the fire, which was too heavy for Hepburn's strength and mine. Mr. Hood endeavoured to point out to him the necessity and duty of exertion, and the cruelty of his quitting us without leaving something for our support; but the discourse far from producing any beneficial effect, seemed only to excite his anger, and amongst other expressions, he made use of the following remarkable one: 'It is no use hunting, there are no animals, you had better kill and eat me.' At length, however, he went out, but returned very soon, with a report that he had seen three deer, which he was unable to follow from having wet his foot in a small stream of water thinly covered with ice, and being consequently obliged to come to the fire. The day was rather mild, and Hepburn and I gathered a large kettleful of *tripe de roche*; Michel slept in the tent this night.

Sunday, Oct. 20.—In the morning we again urged Michel to go a hunting that he might if possible leave us some provision, to-morrow being the day appointed for his quitting us; but he shewed great unwillingness to go out, and lingered about the fire, under the pretence of cleaning his gun. After we had read the morning service I went about noon to gather some *tripe de roche*, leaving Mr. Hood sitting before the tent at the fire-side, arguing with Michel: Hepburn was employed cutting down a tree at a short distance from the tent, being desirous of accumulating a quantity of fire wood before he left us. A short time after I went out, I heard the report of a gun, and about ten minutes afterwards Hepburn called to me in a voice of great alarm, to come directly. When I arrived, I found poor Hood lying lifeless at the fire-side, a ball having apparently entered his forehead. I was at first horror-struck with the idea, that in a fit of despondency he had hurried himself into the presence of his Almighty Judge, by an act of his own hand; but the conduct of Michel soon gave rise to other thoughts, and excited suspicions which were confirmed, when upon examining the body, I discovered that the shot had entered the back part of the head, and passed out at the forehead, and that the muzzle of the gun had been applied so close as to set fire to the night-cap behind.

"Next day, having determined on going to the Fort, we began to patch and prepare our clothes for the journey. We singed the hair off a part of the buffalo robe that belonged to Mr. Hood, and boiled and ate it.—

"Thick snowy weather and a head wind prevented us from starting the following day, but on the morning of the 23d we set out, carrying with us the remainder of the singed robe. Hepburn and Michel had each a gun and I carried a small pistol, which Hepburn had loaded for me. In the course of the march Michel alarmed us much by his gestures and conduct, was constantly muttering to himself, expressed an unwillingness to go to the Fort, and tried to persuade me to go to the southward to the woods, where he said

he could maintain himself all the winter by killing deer. In consequence of this behaviour, and the expression of his countenance, I requested him to leave us and to go to the southward by himself. This proposal increased his ill-nature, he threw out some obscure hints of freeing himself from all restraint on the morrow; and I overheard him muttering threats against Hepburn, whom he openly accused of having told stories against him. He also, for the first time, assumed such a tone of superiority in addressing me, as evinced that he considered us to be completely in his power, and he gave vent to several expressions of hatred towards the white people, or as he termed us the idiom of the voyagers, the French, some of whom, he said, had killed and eaten his uncle and two of his relations. In short, taking every circumstance of his conduct into consideration, I came to the conclusion, that he would attempt to destroy us on the first opportunity that offered, and that he had hitherto abstained from doing so from his ignorance of the way to the Fort, but that he would never suffer us to go thither in company with him. In the course of the day he had several times remarked that we were pursuing the same course that Mr. Franklin was doing when he left him, and that by keeping towards the setting sun he could find his way himself. Hepburn and I were not in a condition to resist even an open attack, nor could

we by any device escape from him. Our united strength was far inferior to his, and, beside his gun, he was armed with two pistols, an Indian bayonet, and a knife. In the afternoon, coming to a rock on which there was some *tripe de roche*, he halted, and said he would gather it whilst we went on, and that he would soon overtake us. Hepburn and I were now left together for the first time since Mr. Hood's death, and he acquainted me with several material circumstances, which he had observed of Michel's behaviour, and which confirmed me in the opinion that there was no safety for us except in his death, and he offered to be the instrument of it. I determined, however, as I was thoroughly convinced of the necessity of such a dreadful act, to take the whole responsibility upon myself; and immediately upon Michel's coming up, I put an end to his life by shooting him through the head with a pistol.—

"28th. Upon entering the now desolate building, we had the satisfaction of embracing Capt. Franklin, but no words can convey an idea of the filth and wretchedness that met our eyes on looking around. Our own misery had stolen upon us by degrees, and we were accustomed to the contemplation of each other's emaciated figures, but the ghastly countenances, dilated eye-balls, and sepulchral voices of Mr. Franklin and those with him, were more than we could at first bear."

(To be continued.)

(Lit. Gaz.)

GOLICE MACBANE.

Ascribed to Lord Byron.

The clouds may pour down on Culloden's red plain,
But the waters shall flow o'er its crimson in vain;
For their drops shall seem few to the tears for the slain;
But mine are for thee, my brave *Golice Macbane!*

Though thy cause was the cause of the injur'd and brave,
Though thy death was the hero's, and glorious thy grave;
With thy dead foes around thee, pil'd high on the plain,
My sad heart bleeds o'er thee, my *Golice Macbane!*

How the horse and the horseman thy single hand slew!
But what could the mightiest single arm do?
A hundred like thee might the battle regain;
But cold are thy hand and heart, *Golice Macbane!*

With thy back to the wall, and thy breast to the targe,
Full flashed thy claymore in the face of their charge ;
The blood of their boldest that barren turf stain ;
But alas !—thine is reddest there, *Golice Macbane !*

Hewn down, but still battling, thou sunk'st on the ground,
Thy plaid was one gore, and thy breast was one wound ;
Thirteen of thy foes by thy right hand slain ;
Oh ! would they were thousands for *Golice Macbane !*

Oh ! loud, and long heard, shall thy coranach be ;
And high o'er the heather thy cairn we shall see ;
And deep in all bosoms thy name shall remain,
But deepest in mine, dearest *Golice Macbane !*

And daily the eyes of thy brave Boy before
Shall thy plaid be unfolded ; unsheath'd thy claymore,
And the white rose shall bloom on his bonnet again,
Should he prove the true son of my *Golice Macbane !*

“ The determined fierceness of the Highland character urges to acts of desperate resolution and heroism. One of a clan at the battle of Culloden, being singled out and wounded, set his back against a park wall, and with his targe and claymore bore singly the onset of a party of dragoons. Pushed to desperation, he made resistless strokes at his enemies, who crowded and encumbered themselves to have each the glory of slaying him. ‘ Save that brave fellow,’ was the unregarded cry of some officers. *Golice Macbane* was cut to pieces, and thirteen of his enemies lay dead around him.”—*Cromek's Remains*, p. 200.

(Europ. Mag.)

THE SHIPWRECK. A TALE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. OPIE.

IT has been said, and perhaps justly, that affliction has a tendency to harden the heart, and incline it to selfishness ; but sometimes the heart is rendered, by its own trials, more tenderly alive to the trials of others ; and the afflicted become actively solicitous to ward from the breasts of their fellow-creatures those arrows which have lacerated their own. An instance of this kind I am enabled to give in the following narrative.

After a happy union of several years with the man of her heart, Mrs. Beverley became a widow, and life would have been to her comparatively a blank, had she not been blessed with a son, to whom she could transfer, and in whom she could centre all those strong afflictions, which had hitherto been divided between her child and his father.

She was naturally of a fine temper, and that temper was improved by the strongest religious impressions. She therefore found the task of resignation easier than she expected ; and, while thankfully contemplating the blessings which she still possessed, she learnt to hush every impatient regret for that which she had lost.

Charles Beverley was indeed of so mixed a character, a being so calculated to excite maternal anxiety, while he gratified maternal pride, that Mrs. Beverley had little leisure to revert to the past, so constantly was she engrossed with cares for the present and fears for the future. She had vainly hoped that Charles, when he had taken his degree, and had returned to his parental roof, would have become a clergyman, and, like his father, have been an ornament to the church, and a blessing to his parishioners ; but unfortunately he was of a speculating, ambitious nature, and he preferred risking his fortune in a commercial concern, in which he was offered a considerable share. At first all went on well, but on his partner's sudden death, his son, a dissipated, unprincipled young man, succeeded to the business, and in a very few years Mrs. Beverley found herself obliged to advance a considerable sum of money, out of her own income, in order to avert impending bankruptcy from Charles and his rash partner William Dixon.

But, as is usually the case in such instances, the money was expended in vain ; Charles was obliged to own to

her that it was not in her power to save him from ruin, and he had wisely resolved to insist on calling the creditors together ; when all at once his partner appeared in the highest spirits, produced money for every emergency, and, forcing bank notes on the astonished Charles, desired him not to trouble himself concerning their affairs, for that the storm was weathered, and all would soon be well.

Charles was only too willing to believe him, and he eagerly imparted his recovered tranquillity and its cause to that tender mother who had been the participator, the soother, and the help of his troubles. But the calm was transient, and the storm which followed of terrible duration. Scarcely had Mrs. Beverley rejoiced, though in trembling, over this surprising letter, when, just as she was preparing for bed, she heard a knock at the door, and on its being opened, Charles, pale and agitated, rushed into the house ; sad indeed was the tale which he had to tell. Dixon, he found, had been for some time connected with forgers,.....the notes which he had circulated himself, and given Charles to circulate, were forgeries—he was already in custody, and so would Charles himself have been had he not escaped by a back-door, and hastened to the village where his mother resided, in order to give her the comforting assurance that he was an innocent victim of his partner's guilt, and to consult with her on what it was best for him to do in this alarming emergency.

"Surrender yourself, and stand a trial !" was the dictate of her judgment, and also of her trust in Providence ; but maternal anxiety, and Charles's conviction that it would be difficult to prove that he was not privy to the forgeries, got the better of every other feeling ; and terror, lest this beloved child should be condemned to perish on a scaffold, made her urge him to escape to another country, and to assist him with the means of immediate flight.

Dreadful under such circumstances was the parting of the mother and son, but it was cheered to both by Mrs. Beverley's positive declaration, that she

would ultimately settle wherever he did, and would know no other home or country but his. It was, indeed, impossible for her to remain where she was, for Charles's flight had convinced every one of his guilt ; and when Dixon was tried, convicted, and executed, she thought that she read in the eyes even of every friend whom she saw, "Such ought to have been the fate of your son !" while she knew that her assurances of his innocence must be given in vain. She, therefore, impatiently expected news of his safe arrival in Norway, whither he was bound, and in the mean while she made every preparation to join him in that country. But all hope of being reunited to her beloved son in this world was soon destroyed ; for she received a letter from a friend of his at Elsinour, informing her that the ship in which Mr. Beverley sailed had been wrecked off the coast of Norway, and that every one on board had perished !

He added, that amongst the bodies which had been washed on shore, he had recognised that of Charles Beverley, and had endeavoured to revive him ; but, not understanding the means of resuscitation so well known, and so successfully practised in England, he had not succeeded in his efforts, and that he was then going to follow the remains of his lamented young friend to the grave.

At first the reason of the bereaved mother tottered under this unexpected calamity, but those, who in every trial look upwards for relief, are always sure to obtain it ; and, though bending to the earth with the burthen of her sorrow, Mrs. Beverley was at length able to seek refuge, as usual, from her sense of suffering, in active employment.

But the idea, that, had the proper remedies been applied to the body of her son, he might have been saved, was constantly recurring to her mind, adding bitterness to her regrets ; and she continued to cling to this idea, occasionally with a degree of even insane tenacity, when she was forced from it by the power of equally painful certainties ; for she learnt that she had to mourn over a greater evil than that of the death of her son : namely, the con-

viction of that son's immorality of conduct.

She found that he had private debts to a considerable amount, and that those debts had chiefly been incurred for the sake of an abandoned and expensive woman, who had long been his mistress. But the mind of Mrs. Beverley rebounded at length from the pressure of even this overwhelming affliction, and she again endeavoured to forget her son's evils in active exertions for the good of others, saying to herself, as she did so, "Since it is the will of heaven that I should still exist, it is also its will that I should not live for myself alone!"

It was to the abode of her childhood, to the scenes where her maternal heart had first opened to the delight of seeing her son, when just able to walk, bounding before her on the pebbly shore in all the gaiety of infancy, that Mrs. Beverley had directed her steps, and she had taken up her abode in a large old-fashioned house on a remote coast of England. She had once possessed a house in this village, but had been forced to sell it in order to answer some of her son's demands; but wild, desolate, and straggling as the place was, it was so endeared to her by pleasing, and even by mournful recollections, that she preferred this situation to every other for its own sake, and she soon learnt to prize it still more for the sake of others.

There was not a coast in England more notorious for repeated shipwrecks than the one on which Mrs. Beverley had taken up her abode; and, scarcely had the equinoctial gales begun to blow, when her shrinking sensibility, and her most agonizing associations were called forth by wrecks of a very affecting nature, for vessels were able to come so near the shore that the cries of the crew for succour could be distinctly heard, and their features could be easily distinguished.

Those therefore whom fruitless humanity led as anxious spectators to the scene of misery and danger, were exposed to the additional agony of forming an acquaintance with the features of the despairing and the sinking; and of not only seeing them, in torturing

remembrance, when the last wave had closed over their heads, but also of hearing in fancy, or during the stillness of night, their dreadful and unavailing shrieks, when those shrieks had long been ended by the powerful grasp of death. To any one their remembered looks and remembered sounds would have been fraught with anguish, but they urged Mrs. Beverley to a feeling of almost frantic misery; for such (said she to herself) were probably the looks and shrieks of my dear shipwrecked child! But this increased degree of occasional suffering, to which her new situation exposed her, brought its own medicine along with it; for while it made her live over again the scene of her son's death, and of recalling at the same time her regret that his friend had not been able to revive him, her benevolent heart was taught by the renewed consciousness of her own sorrows to feel for the sorrow of other mothers, and not only to feel for them, but to try as much as she could to prevent their recurrence in future.

"Had my son's friend possessed (as he said) the means of resuscitation known and followed in England, he might yet have lived!" she exclaimed one evening after her suddenly averted eye had unconsciously rested upon a corpse just thrown upon the shore beneath her.

From that moment Mrs. Beverley never rested till she had obtained from the Humane Society directions how to proceed in endeavours to restore drowned persons to life, had procured every necessary assistance, and had appropriated a part of her own dwelling to the reception of all bodies that should be thrown on shore from wrecks in future.

Never was house better situated for the purpose; as it stood on a rock, and was the nearest building to the spot where vessels were usually shipwrecked.

The first time that, thro' the means which she had caused to be used, she beheld a fellow creature restored to life, her joy and thankfulness were great even to a painful excess, but not long after, her benevolent interference received a still greater reward.

One of the persons saved from apparent death by the indefatigable efforts which she obliged her agents to make, proved to be the son of a sort of decayed gentleman, well known both to Dixon, and once acquainted with Charles Beverley.

This man frequently visited Dixon in prison ; and, being with him the night before his execution, the culprit shewed him a paper which he had drawn up, in which he solemnly declared the innocence of Charles Beverley, and exculpated him from any *knowledge, suspicion of, or participation* in the crime for which he suffered. "This paper," said Dixon, "I mean to give to the sheriff, that poor Beverley's reputation may be cleared from all stains." "The sheriff ! no, no, give it to me," replied Williams, "I will take care that it is made public directly !" The unhappy man believed him, entrusted the paper to his care, and Charles Beverley's name remained uncleared ; for Williams was the father of Charles Beverley's mistress ; and having, tho' very unjustly, attributed his daughter's original fall from virtue to him, he felt towards him sensations of the most vindictive nature ; and now it was in his power to gratify those feelings.

"No," cried he, in the bitterness of his soul, when he left the prison, and held in his hand the affecting document penned by a repentant sinner in the fulness of a contrite heart. "No ! This paper shall never meet the light. As my poor child's honour and reputation were destroyed by Charles Beverley, his reputation, as a sort of retributive justice, shall remain injured for ever !"

But when he found from the representations of his restored son that he owed his life to the benevolent agency of Beverley's mother, his heart was rising with compunction ; and when his erring daughter, who died soon after, declared that she had falsely accused Beverley of being the author of her dishonour, he would instantly, but for the dread of obloquy, have done his memory justice.

To this overt act of penitence he was, however, very soon most awfully obliged, for he found himself on his own bed of death, and could hesitate

no longer to make Charles's innocence as public as possible ; accompanying his declaration, at the instigation of the clergyman who attended him, by a confession of his motives for withholding the paper, and his sorrow for the double injustice which he had done Charles Beverley. He also wrote a letter to Mrs. Beverley full of penitence, of thanks, and blessings. But no language can do justice to the overpowering sensations which she experienced, when she not only found that her son's exculpation was published all over England, through the channel of the public prints, but that she had procured it by her exertions to save her fellow-creatures, and had, at the same time, been the means of calling a sinner to repentance. "Have I ever suffered ? And have I ever dared to murmur ?" burst from her quivering lips as she raised her clasped hands and tearful eyes to heaven, yet still in the happy wakefulness of the succeeding night she caught herself exclaiming, "but now that his reputation is once more restored, I cannot help wishing more than ever that he himself were alive ! nevertheless, God's will be done !"

But the comfort which attended Mrs. Beverley's first acquaintance with her son's restoration to unblemished fame went on increasing, for she could now talk of him again ; and had a pride in informing those, who had known and loved him when a child, that she could convince them from authority that he had never deserved the imputations cast on him ; and when she occasionally was obliged to associate with the opulent inhabitants of the village she felt that her step was more firm, her eye more assured, and her countenance more unembarrassed than they had been ; as she had hitherto felt that perhaps they regarded her as the mother of an untried felon !

But now the wound that had so long rankled was closed ; and though she had always reason to be satisfied with the attention paid her by all descriptions of people, yet she was not deceived when she fancied that she was become a greater object of interest than before ; for there was a degree of romance attached both to her whole his-

tory and to her active benevolence, which could not fail, especially after this last incident, to make her more generally an object of attention and regard.

High had always been her rank in village estimation. The squire's wife was known by the name of the smart notable lady, the countess who, with her lord, inhabited during some few months of the year a castle just out of the village, was distinguished as the great lady, but Mrs. Beverley was always known by the name of the good lady. Envious distinction ! Mrs. Beverley had it not in her power to bestow large bounties ; but her visits, her smiles, her looks, her offers of love to the poor who surrounded her, her sympathy in their sufferings, her active but chastened resentment of their injuries, and the fearless manner in which on principle she interfered to redress their wrongs, together with her generous provision for the necessitous,—all these things bound the neighbourhood so closely to her in the bonds of respect and affection, that even the noble and the distinguished when the chance of life brought them, especially at church, into aught of intercourse with this retiring, but far exalted woman, beheld her with reverential esteem ; and when they saw themselves received by the population of the village with low obeisance, and distant reverences, but beheld Mrs. Beverley surrounded by eager though respectful groups, enquiring after her health with kind anxiety,—while blessings involuntarily broke loudly from their lips, they felt, deeply felt, in spite of the illusions of pride, that they were in the presence of a superior.

Nor was it long before Mrs. Beverley's company was earnestly requested at the first houses in the neighbourhood, and her dwelling became an object of curiosity, especially those apartments consecrated to the recovery of drowned persons. But it was not in association with the great or the opulent that Mrs. Beverley had learnt those lessons which enabled her to rise superior to her trials, and to devote herself to the service of others ; and she could not be easy to allow herself to be led away

from the duties which had been to her a remedy and a blessing. She, therefore, firmly refused all the invitations given, and busied herself, as usual, in the offices which she loved.

The winter, the only winter since she had lived in the North, had passed away guiltless of one wreck, and Mrs. Beverley felt the joy of a benevolent heart on the occasion : when, on the coming of the March Equinox, the winds became more than usually awful and threatening, and "Heaven help the poor souls at sea!" became once more the phrase in the mouth of every one. Nor was it long before a vessel was seen dismasted, and hoisting signals of distress, and calling forth in Mrs. Beverley's sympathising heart the usual train of suffering, and the usual motives to benevolent exertion. But while as yet the fate of the vessel seemed doubtful, the spectators from the rock under Mrs. Beverley's windows saw a man, having stripped himself of his upper garments, plunge headlong into the sea, as if resolved to try and swim for his life. "Save him ! Assist him ! O thou God of mercy !" cried Mrs. Beverley, as she continued to gaze on him, even in spite of herself, while he manfully struggled with the increasingly tumultuous waves ; but vain were the prayers she breathed. At length she saw the unhappy man's exertions grow fainter and fainter, till at length he sunk beneath the waves, and was beheld no more.

Mrs. Beverley for a moment turned aside and wept bitterly ! for so dared, and so died her son ; but it was only for a moment that she could be absorbed in selfish sorrow. The next she gave to her usual prompt exertions. Immediately she sent her agents down to the shore to watch till the body should be cast on the sands, and, in a much less time than she could have imagined, it was so cast, and as usual it was brought into the appropriated apartments at Mrs. Beverley's.

Long and fruitless were all endeavours to restore the unhappy man to life ; but Mrs. Beverley, who always, though unseen, presided over the operations, and stimulated to unabated exertions, would not allow the task to

be given up. Continually reminding her agents how short a time the body had been in the water ; and at last, in the very moment of despair, signs of returning life appeared, and another victim was saved from the power of impending death ! As usual, too, the recovered person was carried to a comfortable bed, and, after every necessary process had been gone through, he was left to the refreshment of repose and sleep.

Mrs. Beverley retired to rest when she was assured that every thing had been done that was necessary, but to sleep after such a scene as she had witnessed, and the great excitement which she had undergone, was as she had often felt before, impossible ; and she soon rose again, to watch from her window the gradual declension of the storm, and to ascertain the now ensured safety of the so lately endangered vessel.

While thus employed she heard a low moaning from the chamber of the recovered stranger, and, fearing that he was ill, she hastened to listen at his door ; but she soon convinced herself that the murmurs which she heard were only the murmurs of prayer, intermixed with the sobs of uncontrollable emotion, in tones familiar to her ear, and dear to her heart. But while that heart beat at the sound with vain and overwhelming recollections the voice gradually sunk into silence, and it was not long before hard and low breathing convinced her that the stranger slumbered again.

When morning was quite risen she again went to his door, but all was still ; so still, that her fancy took the alarm, and she feared that the quick and loud breathing which she had before heard was the harbinger of death, and that he had now ceased to breathe. She therefore gently opened the door, having undrawn the window curtains, she approached his bed. He was lying on his side, with his face half concealed by the bed clothes ; but the flush on his cheek, the red on his lip, and the perceptible, though gentle breathing from the latter, soon convinced her that he was living, and enjoying the comfort of refreshing sleep. She was

then going to quit the room, when she saw that a small picture of herself had been displaced from its situation before the fire-place, and was lying on the pillow of the stranger. I cannot pretend to describe the bewildering emotions which now came over the brain of Mrs. Beverley. The tones she had heard, the sight before her ; but, above all, the shape of the hand that now reposed upon the counterpane ; and she was eagerly leaning over him to catch, if she could, a more sufficient view of his face, when he turned his head entirely round, and the now widening and and now fast closing eyes of the astonished mother, gazed upon her son, her Charles ! so long lost, so long lamented ! It was he ! The mother's eyes might be deceived, but the mother's ears and heart could not be so,—when he suddenly unclosed his eyes, and “ Mother ! Dearest mother ! ” burst from his quivering lips, as his arms opened to receive her fainting form ! But she soon revived again, to wonder, to weep the tenderest tears of joy,—to thanksgive, to ask questions to which she did not wait for an answer, and then to exclaim in the language of the Patriarch, “ Now let me die since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive.”

The rest of my story is soon told. When Charles Beverley saw the certain danger of the ship in which he sailed, he pushed off to sea a sort of raft which they had on board, on which no one else was willing to venture, since despair had as yet reached its climax with him only, and on this frail support he ventured alone on the raging ocean beneath him.

To those who remained behind he must no doubt have appeared to perish in the waves, as long before he reached the land he had been forced to abandon the raft and trust to his own swimming, but he landed at length in safety on the Norwegian coast, at some distance from the port for which he had been bound. When he had recovered the excessive exhaustion consequent on his exertions, he saw from a rock, to which his anxious and impatient feelings enabled him to ascend, though with great difficulty, that the vessel which he had so provi-

dentially left was only just visible above water, and he concluded that all the crew perished with her. He also concluded that he should be supposed to have died with them, "and why should I not allow the error to continue," said he; "as I fled from my trial my reputation is for ever gone! and life without reputation is not worth having;" but then he recollected how his poor mother would mourn for his loss; the next moment, however, he reflected that as his immoralities would no doubt be made known to her after his departure, that she would be so weaned from him by the disclosure that she would soon be resigned to his loss. But little did Charles Beverley know the heart of a mother! Little did he know how the maternal heart yearns to forgive the errors of the most offending child! As little did he reflect that his tender and pious parent would feel the bitterness of his supposed loss increased by the consciousness that he had been suddenly snatched away from the midst of unrepented sins. He therefore resolved to let himself be supposed dead, at least for the present to change his name, and endeavour in another country to redeem the time which he had so shamefully mispent in his own. But before he tried to put his plans in execution he repaired in disguise to Elsinour, and there he learnt that the body of a Mr. Charles Beverley had been recognised by a Mr. Watzberg, and buried. This circumstance confirmed him in his resolution, and though he considered at first who could have been taken for him, he at length remembered that there was a young man on board who was thought greatly to resemble him.

He now contrived to make his way to Russia, and thence to India, where fortune smiled on his industry, his self-denial, and his exemplary conduct: but at the end of ten years, having felt his heart yearn towards his mother and his country, he resolved to return to England, and discover himself to the former, even if he remained unknown to any one else. At the Cape he saw an English magazine, in which he read with overpowering delight and thank-

fulness that his reputation was cleared, that he might resume his own name, and enjoy his opulence, if his mother yet lived, without a single drawback. Nor, when he read what were the motives of Williams for so long withholding the proofs of his innocence, could he forbear to own that he was justly punished for the profligate conduct of which he was really guilty, by its being made the means of exposing him to the accusation of greater guilt of which he was entirely innocent. But when he was off the well-remembered coast, and in sight also of a well-remembered house, he saw himself in danger of a second shipwreck. Instantly urged perhaps by the recollection of past success, and relying on his knowledge of the shore, and his skill in swimming, he dared to trust himself once more to the waves. The result I need not relate, but when on waking he saw opposite to his bed a picture of his mother, he started up, overcome with affectionate alarm, for he feared that she was dead, and had bequeathed her picture to the owner of the house; and he was eagerly rising to gain, if possible, some intelligence concerning Mrs. Beverley, when his courage failed him, and he feared to end his painful suspense by a certainty still more painful: besides, he did not like to add to the trouble he had already given to the family by disturbing them so early, he therefore laid down again, after loud and repeated prayers for resignation, and at length his harassed and exhausted spirits sunk again into complete forgetfulness.

But till this last happy waking he knew not all his cause for thankfulness and joy, for then he not only woke to clasp his beloved mother to his heart, but to find that, in return for her endeavours to save the children of others, it had been given to her to recover and to save her own offspring.

Little more remains to be added. Taught and improved by suffering, Charles Beverley became the pride and comfort of his mother's declining years, and his children have pleasure in relating to their children the story of Grandmamma and the Shipwreck.

April, 1823.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON IN THE YEAR 1665.

(Sel. Mag. May 1823.)

SIR,
A MIDST the appalling instruments of God's vengeance to an erring world, we may surely consider the plague as one of the most awful and afflictive. Yet accustomed as we are to hear continually of its existing in distant countries, and having been so long mercifully preserved from it in our favoured island, we are in danger, perhaps, of losing sight of the blessing from the very ignorance of the magnitude of the evil. Yet two centuries have not elapsed since England was herself visited, and in part desolated, by this dreadful scourge—a scourge which presented scenes of woe scarcely less melancholy or less numerous than those which the pen of Thucydides has described with a nervous pathos which has thrilled through the hearts of his readers for so many succeeding ages. It is to be lamented that no eye-witness, approaching in the least degree to his eminence of talent, has left us a succinct account of a scene, which having passed amidst our ancestors, and in the bosom of our beloved country, would have given to its details a tenfold interest to an English reader. But as we do not possess so valuable a document, it seems desirable to collect the scattered details, and thus to present a more striking picture of this great calamity.

It may perhaps render the account more intelligible, by beginning with a short description of this fatal disease itself. Dr. Hodges's account of it is as follows. Most persons first perceived its approach by a creeping chilliness gradually spreading itself over the body, which produced a shivering not unlike the cold fit of an ague, succeeded by convulsive motions of the limbs and frame. Soon after this feeling of horror and shaking there followed a nauseous and strong inclination to vomit, with a great oppression and seeming fulness of the stomach: a violent and intolerable headache next succeeded, which was attended with palpitations of the heart, so violent as

to be heard even at a considerable distance. In some instances perspiration ensued, which would break out in such profusion as if the whole constitution were dissolved. These sweats were sometimes of a citron colour, sometimes black, fetid, and often like blood; sometimes they were cold, while the heat raged inwardly, and excited an unquenchable drought. But the most constant signs of the pestilence were the tokens (or spots usually first appearing on the breast) which proceeded from the putrefaction of the blood, and the mortification of the part, which, when real, i. e. when the spot and the part around had lost its feeling, were the certain forerunners of death. In some cases these fatal tokens only appeared a few hours previous to dissolution, in others even four days before, remaining all that time terrible admonitions to the sick and their attendants.

England seems to have received the infection in this visitation from Holland. In the September of 1664 the first reports of its having reached England began to be circulated: but, as De Foe with his characteristic acute simplicity remarks, there being no such things as printed newspapers in those days to spread rumours and reports of things, and to improve them by the invention of men, these rumours did not spread instantly over the whole nation, as they now do. Government were, however, watchful; but as they kept their councils private, the alarm soon subsided. Two Frenchmen died of the disorder, in Long-acre, at the end of November; and the fact being indubitable, it was entered in the weekly bills of mortality—"Two died of the plague.—One parish infected." This renewed the public apprehension, which was the more increased by another person dying in the same house two or three weeks afterwards, of the disease. For the next six weeks no fresh alarm ensued; but in the middle of the following February another died, not in the same house, but in the same

parish and manner. From this time the bills of mortality began to increase from their usual amount of about 240 per week to nearly 500, and continued, upon the whole, to fluctuate, though they gradually increased in the parish of St. Giles. where, in the middle of June, they began to bury 120 weekly, 68 of which were *allowed* to be cases of the plague, but 100 were supposed to be nearer the truth. While we may admire the wisdom of Government in endeavouring to prevent an undue or premature alarm among the people, we cannot see equal reason to admire the vigilance or vigour of their measures consequent upon this knowledge, and which indeed would have been the only proper justification of their secrecy. For it seems cruel to have concealed a danger which private exertion might at least individually have prevented, unless a wider field of general precaution and of public safety might be expected as the result of the concealment.

The cold of the winter appears to have checked its progress for a time. But the succeeding summer was remarkably still and warm, so that the weather was sometimes suffocating even to those in perfect health; and it is probable that this hot and sultry state of the atmosphere considerably increased the violence and progress of the disease. We have already seen its ravages in the parish of St. Giles in the month of June. It now began to extend to other situations, and the bills of mortality to increase. The first week in July the deaths were 470, —in the last they amounted to 2010. In the first week of August they arose to 3817, and in the last to 6102. Nor did this dreadful mortality reach its height till the third week in September, when the deaths amounted to 7165. This was the greatest bill; from that time it began to decrease—vast numbers still sickened with the disease, but the deaths were fewer, and the bills of mortality decreased to 5538, the following week to 4929, then to 4127, next to 2665, afterwards to 1421, and at length to 1031.

At the commencement of the pestilence a few here and there were seized without any certain proof of their hav-

ing infected each other: but in a short time the houses began to be shut up with a design of preventing the infection from spreading. These suspected places were marked with a red cross of a foot long in the middle of the door, and usually with these words painted over the cross, "Lord have mercy upon us." Two watchmen were appointed to the front and back of these houses, who forbade all ingress and regress, thus leaving the wild pestilence to do its worst within a limited space, and as it were feeding it with a small prey to induce it to abstain from a greater. Most of the regulations adopted on this occasion appear to have been dictated by wisdom and experience; but this was one of the greatest mistakes that could have been committed: for it can easily be conceived that few families would willingly consent to be thus sacrificed for the public good, and would consequently use every means to conceal their real situation as regarded the infection. A whole house by this regulation would be often doomed to destruction by the illness of a servant or a lodger, whom they would otherwise have removed to a pest-house. Families in despair would often break out, overpower the watchmen, and escape in every direction. Every artifice was used to delude the watchmen; and bribery would of course often succeed. A temporary confinement only increased the number of the infected, and their consequent escape dispersed unhealthy fugitives, who communicated their malady wherever they took refuge.

A house thus shut up had been guarded two nights and one day, and all this time no noise had been heard or light seen in it; nothing had been asked for, and the watchmen sent on no errands, which was one of their chief employments. From the time that they had heard a great cry and screaming in the house all had been silent and still: and this distress, it was supposed, had arisen in consequence of the death of one of the family at that time; for the night before, the dead-cart, as it was called, had been stopped there, and a servant maid had thrown into it a corpse wrapped up in a green rug. The mag-

istrates, on being informed of these circumstances, ordered the house to be broken open, when nothing was found there but the putrefying body of a young woman, lying upon the floor, with no clothes on but her shift. She was the sister of the mistress of the family, who, with her husband, children, and servants, had all made their escape, leaving the poor sufferer to perish alone, and whose screams and cries on this sad desertion had doubtless been the last sounds that had been heard from this abode of misery.

Similar scenes must have taken place in many of the unfortunate houses thus marked with the cross of destruction. And a more inexpedient measure could hardly have been adopted; for either the sick, as in this instance, must have been abandoned, or the inmates must have awaited their fate one after the other with the same feelings of despair which Dante has described in Count Ugoline and his sons, when confined together and left to starve.

The orders respecting the burial of the dead wore an appearance of the same harshness, but were perfectly irreproachable, because necessity required this sacrifice of feeling. In times of calamity, indeed, like these, the finer sensibilities of the human heart are lost in the overpowering anxiety for personal security; and owing to the number of deaths, and to the dread of infection, it soon became not only injurious to bury in the usual manner, but utterly impracticable. Every night, therefore, and again in the morning before sun-rise, the dead-carts went their appointed rounds. Their approach was announced by the ringing of a bell, and the families were required to bring out their dead and fling them into the carts, from whence they were conveyed to large and deep pits, dug on purpose, into which this melancholy load was cast like one of dust or brick. No service was performed, no bell tolled, and no friend or spectator suffered to attend. The mortality in some streets and courts was so universal, that none survived even to perform this last degrad-

ing service to the deceased; and the drivers of the carts were led to infer the real state of the case by the absence of the usual tribute of a corpse as they passed the infected doors.

Long before the disease had arrived at this height, all who possessed the power fled from this scene of danger. An animated description of the bustle of this removal is given by De Foe, as if drawn by an eye-witness. The richer sort of people, he tells us, especially the nobility and gentry from the west part of the city, thronged out of town with their families and servants. Nothing was to be seen but waggons and carts, with goods, women, servants, children, &c. coaches filled with people of the higher orders with horsemen attending them, and all hurrying away: then empty carts and waggons appeared, and spare horses with servants, who, it was apparent, were returning, as sent from the country to fetch more people; besides innumerable men on horseback, some alone, others with servants, generally speaking, all loaded with baggage, and prepared for travelling. This consternation for some weeks was such, that there was no getting at the Lord Mayor's door without the greatest difficulty, in consequence of the pressing and crowding to get passes and certificates of health, for without these there was no being permitted to pass through the towns upon the road or to lodge in any inn.

Nor was security sought for only by escaping into the country. Multitudes obtained it, and more effectually, by going into vessels and ships of every kind, for the plague had reached many of the towns and villages. As its violence increased, the ships which had families on board removed further off; some went quite out to sea, and then put into such roads and harbours as they could reach.

This bustle continued for some weeks, but principally during the months of May and June, at which time many parishes remained wholly uninfected. But the ravages of the disease then proceeded with such rapid strides, that there could be no doubt

that the whole of the metropolis would be visited in turn. The passengers began to walk cautiously in the middle of the streets, to avoid each other, and only to look mournfully and suspiciously even on their acquaintances or friends. The shops were shut, all trade was suspended, many manufacturers and servants discharged, and left to perish by want or disease. The court removed to Oxford. The courts and inns of justice were all closed. All egress out of London was prevented by the fears of the country, who would suffer no one from thence to come near them; and by the middle of the summer London was like a besieged town. Sorrow and sadness sat upon every face, and the city might well be said to be all in tears. Nobody, indeed, put on black, even for their nearest friends: but the voice of mourning was heard in the streets; the shrieks of women and children over the dying and the dead were continually sounding, especially at the commencement of these horrors; for after a time the heart became hardened, and death was so constantly present that few concerned themselves for the loss of their friends, expecting that they should be summoned the next hour, and thus yielded to an apathy of despair which was more chilling and appalling than the wildest lamentations of woe. The most harmless gratifications lost their innocency. Flowers were viewed with terror, and were purchased by none, lest with the scent of the rose or a pink there should also be conveyed the contagion of the plague. Rue and wormwood were carried in the hand, myrrh or some bitter in the mouth; few going out without taking with them something which they considered as an antidote. Wherever the fatal sign of the red cross appeared, and the watchmen guarding with halberds in their hands, there they passed with the utmost trepidation and haste.

The author of a little book printed in 1667, and called "*God's Terrible Voice in the City*," thus speaks of what he himself saw, and from this date it appears to have been in the month of August:—"Now the shutting up of visited houses is at an end, and most of

the well are mingled among the sick, which otherwise would have got no help. In some places where the people did generally stay, not one house in a hundred is uninfected; in many houses half the family is swept away, in some the whole; few escape with the death of only one or two. We could not go forth but we met many coffins, and many with sores and limping in the streets. Among other sad spectacles methought two were very affecting: one of a woman coming alone and weeping by my door, with a little coffin under her arm, carrying it to the new churchyard. I did judge that it was the mother of the child, and that all the family besides were dead, and she was forced to coffin up and bury with her own hands this her last child. Another was of a man at the corner of the artillery wall, that, as I judge, through the dizziness of the disease, which had seized him there, had dashed his face against the wall, and when I came by he lay hanging with his bloody face over the rails, and bleeding upon the ground; and as I came back he was removed under a tree in Moorfields, and lay upon his back. I went, and spake to him; he could make me no answer, but rattled in the throat, and, as I was informed, within half an hour died in the place. It would be endless to speak of what we have seen and heard of some in this phrensy, rising out of their beds and leaping about their rooms; others crying and roaring at their windows; some coming forth almost naked into the streets to precipitate themselves into the first water they could find. The delirium would often assume another shape, and the poor creatures would run about the streets dancing and singing, and making all kinds of extravagant gestures, refusing to pay any attention to their friends who followed entreating them to return."

Dr. Hodges, a physician who remained in London during the whole time, gives a similar account with our pious author just quoted, but in a still more animated manner.—"In the months of August and September the contagion changed its former slow and languid pace, and having as it were got master of all, made a most terrible

slaughter. The whole British nation wept for the miseries of her metropolis. In some houses carcases lay waiting for burial, and in others, persons in their last agonies; in one room might be heard dying groans, in another the ravings of delirium, and not far off, relations and friends bewailing both their loss and the dismal prospect of their own sudden departure; death was the sure midwife to all children, and infants passed immediately from the womb to the grave. Some of the infected run about staggering like drunken men, and fall and expire in the streets; while others lie half dead and composed, but never to be waked but by the last trumpet; some lie vomiting as if they had drank poison, and others fall dead in the market while they are buying necessities for the support of life."

Indeed, terrible as were the exacerbations of the disease, its unseen but deadly approach, in many instances, scarcely fill the mind with less awe. Dr. H. mentions having been called in to a girl who appeared so slightly indisposed that he almost suspected her of counterfeiting sickness, till, upon examining her breast, he found the certain characters of death imprinted in many places. The following night she died, with no increased appearance of illness. And he gives another instance in an old woman of sixty, whom he saw eat a very hearty dinner, and she affirmed to him she was never better in her life; but her pulse intermitted, and the tokens upon her breast proved too true a prognostic that she would by that evening be in another world.

In the state of alarm which must have seized upon the minds of men of every disposition, of intellectual, moral and religious cultivation, we cannot wonder that superstition should have her more than ordinary influence. Amulets, charms, and mystical signs, were in the greatest request; and the brazen head of Friar Bacon, which was the well-known sign of the fortuneteller, was mounted in every street. Many books and pamphlets also were published tending to increase the alarm, as they foretold, either directly or covertly, the entire ruin of the city. Some were so wild as to run about the

streets uttering their predictions. One in particular, who imitated Jonah, crying out "Yet a few days, and London shall be destroyed!" Another ran about naked, with the exception of a pair of drawers, crying, day and night, "Oh the great and the dreadful God!" —He said no more, but repeated these words continually, with a voice full of horror, and a swift pace; nor was he ever remarked to stop, or rest, or take any sustenance; nor would he answer any one, or ever be diverted by any means from uttering his dismal cries. Nor did quacks and mountebanks less abound than prophets and astrologers —every wall was covered with advertisements offering under every title of *infallible, never-failing, sovereign, incomparable, universal*, royal remedies and antidotes against the disease.

For a considerable time the churches were thronged—the author of "God's Terrible Voice," before quoted, thus describes this awakening among the people. "Now there is such a vast concourse in the churches, that the ministers cannot come near the pulpit for the press, but are forced to climb over the pews. And such a face is now seen in the assemblies, as seldom was seen before in London; such eager looks, such open ears, such greedy attention, as if every word would be eaten which dropped from the mouths of the ministers."

But as many of the clergy had fled into the country for refuge, whoever was disposed occupied the vacant pulpits, and preached to the people. Ministers of all sects officiated promiscuously in every place of worship; and whoever might be the preacher, he never wanted an audience: the awfulness of the times, disposing multitudes to seek refuge in religion, who had never before had any concern for their salvation. And surely we may indulge the thought, that amidst a season of such temporal destruction, God might make it one of peculiar spirited mercy; and the very apparent ruin, by his grace, be the instrument of bringing thousands to heaven.

The churches during the day were always open, and it was a common circumstance for one preacher to resign

his place to another who preached perhaps quite a dissimilar doctrine. In the earlier period of the pestilence, the churches were but thinly attended; for from the circumstance of the disorder often being communicated when no appearance of illness was manifested, every one was afraid of his neighbour. But this caution gradually subsided: the effects of limited calamity and deep despair at length rendered the minds of many callous to fear; they became careless and bold, were no more shy of one another, nor kept at home, but went every where, and beginning to converse, would say to each other, "I do not ask how you are, or say how I am, it is certain we shall all go, so 'tis no matter who is sick or who is sound."—and in this desperation they would go into any place or company. At length, therefore, the churches were thronged; they considered no more whom they sat near, nor in what condition others appeared to be in, or what offensive smells they perceived; but believing themselves certain of death, they crowded together as persons whose lives were in their estimation of no consequence compared with the object which brought them to the house of God.

While this picture of general and earnest devotion is one of the traits which must soften the peculiar horror of this season of calamity, it is not the only one which mitigates the painful impression arising from the description of such complicated scenes of human misery. We find another in the benevolence exercised towards the capital in this season of distress—a distress aggravated

by the pressure of want brought upon such numbers by the stagnation of trade, and so many servants and others who were directly thrown out of employ. The sums collected on this occasion seem almost incredible: they are said to have amounted to £100,000 per week. The king is reported to have given £1,000 weekly, and the parish of Cripplegate alone £17,000. Nor ought we to omit recording the noble conduct of the Lord Mayor. No personal condition could induce him to quit his post. He expended the whole of his noble fortune in relieving the distressed, particularly in affording assistance to the multitude of discharged servants. But his reward was not here: he was summoned by the fatal disease, towards its decline, to give an account of that stewardship he was so nobly fulfilling in the eyes of his fellow-creatures. But he has left a character dear to every benevolent heart, and a bright example, like that of the Bishop of Marseilles in a similar infliction of Providence, to every person high in rank and office, in seasons of great and public calamity. By the vigilance of the magistrates provisions also were kept very cheap; and all riots and tumults were on that account prevented. The disease subsided about the same time of year when its first appearance had been remarked the preceding autumn. In the ensuing winter the people all returned; and London did not appear less populous than ever, though it was computed that no less than 100,000 of its inhabitants had been carried off by this afflictive dispensation.

PARISIAN ANECDOTE.

A beadle of a Paris church returning home lately after service in full dress, and with his halberd in his hand, excited the anger of a dog, which ran after him and bit his leg. The pious *sacristan*, considering that his halberd was given him for the defence of the church, and feeling one of its pillars attacked, with one blow of his terrible weapon stretched the profane beast dead at his feet. The owner of the dog raised a hue and cry, and the beadle was dragged before the *Commissaire*.—"He has killed my dog, and he

must pay me."—"Why did he bite me then?" exclaimed the Suisse.—"But why did not you only strike him with the *queue* of your *hallebarde*?" said the master of the dog. "*Ce la bonheur*," resumed the Suisse; "and why did he not only bite me with his tail?" The Commissaire, the master of the dog himself, and the grave bedel and all the witnesses, burst out in laughter; and a few *litres* of wine to the memory of the heretical assailant on the church settled the affair.

(Mon. Mag. May.)

LETTERS ON THE MEDICAL SCHOOL OF LONDON.

To Frederick William Maitland, Trinity College, Oxford.

DEAR SIR,

WELL, here am I, at last, fairly and safely settled in the Great City ; whither my good, but somewhat eccentric, uncle has thought proper to transport me, to perfect (as he says) that professional education, which a three years' hard *grinding* at Edinburgh, and something more than a twelve-months' residence at Paris, had, in my humble estimation, already rendered as complete as was at all necessary. But my uncle, whose affectionate solicitude for his orphan nephew claims at least my unhesitating acquiescence, wishes that I should attend the classes here for another year ; when I shall,—even in *his* estimation,—be fully competent to commence my career as a disciple of the divine Esculapius. Well ; I shall not be sorry when I have *passed* the College—the *Royal College* of Surgeons of course,—and obtained my diploma ; although I have but little anxiety as to the result of the ordeal : for I gained at Edinburgh a tolerable knowledge of anatomy, (so at least my worthy preceptor Dr. Barclay was pleased to say,) and Paris afforded me several excellent opportunities of witnessing the perfection of modern surgery ; so that, although I do not intend to be idle,—for it is not, you know, in my nature to be so,—I shall not pay that exclusive attention to my studies which would be requisite in a novice.

You have often told me, Frederick, that you would not, upon any consideration, be a medical man ; and you have urged as your objections, first, the necessary loathsome nature of the preliminary studies ; and, secondly, the excessive toil and provoking uncertainty of the practice itself. All this is very well for a nervous, sensible youth like my good friend ; whom Fortune has placed beyond the necessity of exertion, and who can sit at home by his fire-side, and gaze with a careless eye upon the toil and bustle around him. But to one, who is to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow, all these discouraging difficulties become gradually less

conspicuous and formidable, till he finds that those very obstacles, which were once so obvious and disheartening, are only so many “ exciting causes” to exertion and perseverance. Thus have I found it ; and it shall not be my fault if I do not gain a very comfortable competency by the exercise of that profession to which I am every day becoming more enthusiastically attached.

As to the loathsome nature of our studies,—at least of our anatomical studies, (and anatomy is the key-stone of the profession,)—I would engage to inspire you with not only a reverence for the study, but with a decided and passionate predilection for it. Your benevolent and well-cultivated mind,—I prithee blush not at such fine phrases,—could never behold, without the most fervent admiration, the wonderful and most beautiful organization of the human body. The very evidence of design and contrivance, and of the most admirable adaptation of means to ends, would impress you with a powerful conviction of the mercy and omnipotency of Him who fashioned us. Yet there are some who presume to find fault with the mechanism of the human skeleton. An excellent anatomist once said, there was not a well-made joint in the whole body ; but he was then talking like a carpenter,—like one who had no means of judging of the works of Nature, but by comparing them with our own limited desires and performances. It was, however, a comparison of the mechanism of the leg and foot that led Galen (who, they say, was a sceptic in his youth,) to the public declaration of his opinion, that intelligence must have operated in ordaining the laws by which living beings are constructed. That Galen was a man of very superior intellect could be readily proved, were it necessary. I have often known the passage I allude to made a subject of reference, but not of quotation, among my fellow-students ; and I make no apology for reciting it now, although it may happen that it is already known

to you. "In explaining these things, (he says,) I consider myself as composing a solemn hymn to the Great Architect of our bodily frame; in which, I think, there is more true piety than in sacrificing hecatombs of oxen, or in burning the most costly perfumes: for I first endeavour, from his works, to know myself, and afterwards, by the same means, to show him to others, to inform them how great is His wisdom, His goodness, His power."

There are, however, other structures in the body, besides the frame-work, which are all wonderfully beautiful. Dr. Hunter could never demonstrate the back-part of the human throat, the passages by which we swallow and respire, and the mechanism by which the extremely diversified intonations of the human voice are produced, without enthusiasm. I have heard, that it was really delightful to see this venerable old man expatiating, with all the raptures of a poet, upon the exquisite structure of the *larynx*, *pharynx*, and the organs attached to them. Who, also, can examine the lacrymal parts of the human eye, or the wonderful mechanism of the ear,—to say nothing of the structure and functions of the viscera, —without the most unfeigned admiration. But why do we admire these things? Is it not because we understand them? We see the necessity for contrivances, and we find them constructed beyond our highest expectations, and perfectly adequate to effect the purposes for which we believe them designed. The same conclusions must, therefore, in reason, be drawn from the examination of the structures we meet with in living beings, as those which have been deduced from the consideration of the works of Nature in general, by the most intelligent and best informed men. That which we understand seems excellent, in a degree far exceeding our ordinary conceptions, yet appearing more and more so in proportion as it is minutely examined, and attentively considered; and that we understand so much of the works of Nature, as to warrant us in concluding, that we can only cease to admire when we fail to understand.

The mere art of anatomy, however,

abstractedly considered, is exceedingly fatiguing and uninteresting: it is tiresome beyond measure, excessively provoking, and at first perfectly disagreeable and disgusting. But it is not, perhaps, possible to consider it altogether abstractedly. He must have a dull heart, indeed, who can behold with unconcern or apathy the multitudinous mass of wonderful and even of beautiful facts, which he encounters in studying anatomy; for, if a man possesses the smallest portion of fine feeling, he will be astonished and delighted at the development of the complete and complicated machine whose structure he is analysing; and he will be powerfully interested by the multiplicity of the organs of the human frame, each performing its peculiar function with the utmost regularity and perfection, and each forming a contingent part of one beautiful and stupendous construction. It may happen, that he will at first anxiously wonder how life can exist for any length of time, when so many, and such trifling, accidents can derange the movements of this most elaborate machine. But his anxiety will subside when he observes how securely the most important organs are defended by others of comparatively less importance; and when he discovers that, however intricately blended the various organs may be one with another, there are always means in reserve to supply the place of any which may have sustained an injury, or even become unable to perform their function again.

Thus the beautiful distribution of the blood-vessels, with their peculiar fitness as essential parts of the vast machine, will powerfully engage his attention: but it is their situation, and their defence from injury, which strikes us as the most interesting circumstance of all. We find that the principal trunks, carrying an immense and continual column of blood, run in such parts of the body as are least exposed to external injury, deriving support and protection from the bones along which they pass, or from the large masses of muscle which cover them. They pursue their course more or less in a serpentine direction, which diminishes the force of the blood, and prevents the vessel from being

strained by the motion of the parts to which they appertain; and it is particularly observable in those arteries which enter very strongly and constantly-used muscles, that they are protected from compression by a firm tendinous sheath. The two arteries which ascend from the spine towards the head (*arteriæ vertebrales*), are beautifully defended from the inconvenience and danger which would ensue upon their being compressed by the bending of the neck: they run through small holes in the bones of the neck, and thus their circulation continues unimpeded and uninjured, however frequent, and in whatever direction, that part of the body be moved. In the back,—which is, of all others, perhaps the part most destitute of defence in the whole body,—there is not one important vessel, its large and strong muscles being nourished entirely by very small arteries, ramifying in the most beautiful manner and extent.

Another remarkable provision in the animal economy, is what is termed *anastomosis*, or *inosculation*, of arteries; that is, the minute communication of one artery with another by means of anastomotic or inosculating branches, for the purpose, doubtless, of continuing the circulation in case the principal trunk should sustain any injury. If a ligature be tied on the trunk of any of the great arteries, the cavity of the vessel must necessarily be obliterated in that particular part; but the circulation is continued by means of the inosculating branches above the ligature, communicating with those below it; and these branches, which are naturally very small, become considerably augmented, for the purpose of performing the functions of their new office. I could give you many other illustrations of this nature; but those which I have

mentioned are quite sufficient to afford you some idea of the beautiful contrivance manifested in the elaborate mechanism of man.

The late Dr. Lettsom, who was, without exception, one of the most benevolent and useful men that ever existed, experienced most sensitively the beatific pleasures of doing good. “I never witness (used this good man to say,) the recovery of a patient from any very severe illness without feeling a proud gratification at the event: nor do I forget to thank God for the means with which he had endowed me thus to relieve & benefit my fellow-creatures.”

When all these things are considered, it is not to be wondered at that the physician has always been regarded as the friend and benefactor of his kind; nor must we be surprised at the impressive eulogium which the Roman orator bestowed upon the science of medicine, in his famous oration for Quintus Ligurius:—“*Nihil est, (he enthusiastically exclaims,) tam populare quam veritas; nulla de virtutibus plurimis nec gratior, nec admirabilior miseracordia est; homines enim ad Deos nullâ ne propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando.*”

But I must conclude; for fear my enthusiasm may grow tiresome. In my next I shall give you some account of the school of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and its professors; having myself entered as a pupil under Mr. Abernethy, who is, without doubt, the first anatomical teacher in London,—I may say in the world. I shall afterwards proceed to describe the other professors; for, as I do not mean to lag very hard, I shall make a point of collecting all the information I can for you, that you may become (in these matters at least,) as wise as myself.

Yours ever, HENRY OAKLEY.

NO ADMISSION.

The late Sir Thomas Robinson, whose company might generally be dispensed with, frequently calling at the house of a gentleman high in office, where he was considered as a disagreeable visitor, and not chusing to take the hint of “my master and mistress are out,” &c. would often get admission by the fol-

lowing pretences, and then wait until the person he wished to see made his appearance. “Oh, not at home!—well, I'll just step in and chat with the children,—or—I'll have a talk with the parrot,—or—I'll just take the opportunity of setting my watch by the great clock on the stair case.” One morn-

ing however the servant was prepared, and seeing him from the window advancing towards the house, opened the door at the moment he knocked, and keeping it nearly closed said, in a loud-

er tone than ordinary, "O sir, my master and mistress are both out—the children are all asleep—the parrot is dead—and the clock stands."

LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH'S ACCOUNT OF HIS ESCAPE.*

(Blackwood's Mag. May.)

THIS work, written by a living monarch, Louis the Eighteenth, we shall not criticise, but translate a great part of it at length into our pages. Its briefness allows this; while it delights us to be able to display to our readers the simplicity, the nobleness, the warm heart and elegant taste of a sovereign, against whom his enemies, in endeavouring to vilify him, have been ever unable to bring any thing, save a vulgar abuse of his person and his misfortunes. The title-page offers no proof of the work having proceeded from a royal hand, but the dedication simply and nobly confesses the rank of the author. It is as follows:

"To Antoine-Louis-Francis D'Avaray,
His Liberator,
Louis-Stanislas-Xavier of France,
Full of Gratitude, greeting, (*salut.*)

"I know, my dear friend, that you are occupied in tracing the details of all that preceded and accompanied the moment in which you restored me my liberty; nobody can be better calculated than you to relate your own acts. Nevertheless, I undertake it also; your modesty might prevent you from rendering yourself entire justice, and it is for me a duty, sacred as it is sweet, to obviate the impediment. It would be ungrateful in me to suffer any one whatsoever, even yourself, to deprive my liberator of the glory which is his due. It is thence much more with this view, than for the sake of recalling events which shall be ever present to my memory, that I write this relation. Receive it as a mark of my tender friendship, as a monument of my gratitude. May it serve to acquit part of the debt which has been to me so sweet to contract, and of which it is sweeter still to think that I shall be eternally charged!"

The work commences with the first ideas of escape, and the state of things that hastened the necessity. The King, then Monsieur, first applied to a friend, whom his forbearance leaves unknown, and who refused to bear any part in the plan, and its consequent danger.—

"Madame de Balbi having met with a refusal from the man in question, found herself in the most cruel embarrassment, until Providence (for I defy the most obstinate unbeliever to attribute it to chance) brought D'Avaray to her. Not but that he had for a long time the desire to effect that which he has effected for me,—indeed he had, though distantly and modestly, hinted this desire more than once to Madame de Balbi—for that he was not in the habit of visiting her. But this was not the hour which he ordinarily came at, and I can attribute it but to Providence, that he was conducted thither that very day, at the very moment in which his presence was most wanting. She did not hesitate to make him the proposition; and although it was painful for him to be thus the agent of a plan which he had not concerted, and which left him scarce time to take the least measures for his own safety or for mine, he hesitated not a moment to accept it."

Several times was the day of departure deferred and the mode changed. It was at last fixed for the Monday after Whitsun-Week. After arranging the best means of escaping unnoticed from the Luxembourg and from Paris, the royal narrator continues—

"In the last place, we thought of how we should escape from the kingdom. A passport was an unavoidable requisite, but the difficulty was to pro-

* Relation d'un Voyage à Bruxelles et à Coblenz, (1791.) Paris, 1828.

cure one without compromising ourselves. My first idea was to send for Beauchêne, physician of the stables, who was connected with M. Montmorin and M. de la Fayette, and to tell him that two priests of my acquaintance, who had refused to take the oath, and were terrified at the recent events at the Theatins, wished to make their escape from the kingdom, under the name of two Englishmen, and to request him to procure me for them a passport from the office of M. Montmorin. D'Avaray did not like this idea; he represented to me that Beauchêne, who was cunning, might suspect something, so I abandoned it. He, at the same time, gave me hopes of obtaining one through Lord Robert Fitzgerald, with whom he was intimate. As to the route to be taken, my first intention was to pass by Douai and Orchies; but, after more reflection, I resolved to give up this road to Madame, as the most sure, and that, in the meanwhile, we would settle on another.

"On quitting D'Avaray, I went to the Thuilleries, where the Queen communicated to me the project of the declaration which the King had prepared, and which he had just given her. We perused it together; I found some incorrectness in the style—this was nothing; but, besides that the piece was a little too long, there was one essential point wanting, which was—a protestation against all the acts which had emanated from the King during his captivity. After supper, I made him some observations on the declaration; he bid me take it, and bring it to him the next day. Saturday, I set myself down to the most unpleasant task in the world, that of correcting the work of another, and of making the phrases that I introduced square with the style and thought of the original; the pen dropped from my hands at each instant; nevertheless I completed it, well or ill. In the meantime, D'Avaray had written to Lord Robert, and he had been with his saddler to see if his voiture was in a fit state; and, to deceive him, he said that he was about to join his regiment, and wished to deceive his parents as to his departure, on that ac-

count enjoining silence and secrecy. He had made with Peronnet all the arrangements necessary for my change of dress, and returned to me about six o'clock.

"He was sad enough; Milord Robert had replied, that it was no longer in his power to procure passports, and that Lord Gower would certainly give them to none who were not really English; all the other means that D'Avaray had tried were equally without success. Happily Madame de Balbi had left in parting an old passport, which she had procured from the English embassy, under the name Mr. and Miss Foster; but this passport, current only for fifteen days, was dated the 23d of April, and it was for a man and woman, instead of for two males. I did not think it possible to make any use of it; but D'Avaray, who was no more troubled with all these difficulties than if a young friend had begged to be brought to the ball of the opera, unknown to his parents, D'Avaray soon made me see that I was wrong. He scratched out the writing, and although the place of erasure was a fold, and the paper thin, in less than a quarter of an hour the passport was for Messieurs and Mademoiselle Foster, '(this was done merely by the addition of an M,—M. M. instead of M.)' and dated the 13th of June instead of the 23d of April. This obstacle vanquished, we were not yet without embarrassment, not knowing if the passport should be signed by the Minister for Foreign Affairs: and we by no means liked sending one there, which, notwithstanding all the ink spilt dexterously on the back of it, and all D'Avaray's address, was still but too easy to be discovered. So we resolved to content ourselves without the signature, hoping we might pass as two English, who thought the signature of their ambassador sufficient, and that the municipal officers who would examine them, might not observe their defects."

Monsieur and his friend then fix upon the road of Mons, by Soissons, Laon, and Maubeuge, having given up that of Orchies to Madame.

"In the evening, I carried the decla-

ration, with my corrections, to the Thuilleries : I asked the Queen, if she thought that a passport from the English ambassador would be sufficient. She assured me, that the King himself had no other than a passport of the Russian Ambassador, which tranquilized me a good deal. The work, in the meantime, which the King had ordered me to revise, contained as yet but the first part, the vices of the constitution. It wanted an enumeration of the personal outrages which his Majesty had suffered since the opening of the States General. He ordered me to prepare this, and I brought it to him the next evening. It must be then believed, from what I here say, and have said above, that I was the author of the declaration of the 20th of June. I owe it to truth to declare, that I was but the reviser ; that many of my corrections were not adopted ; that its concluding part was added afterwards ; and that I had known it, such as it appeared, but at Bruxelles.

“ With this employment, and one or two circumstances that I shall afterwards mention, Sunday was null with me,—it was not so with D’Avaray. He was busied in the preparatives all day, and shewed himself but for a moment at the Luxembourg in public, as we had agreed. He had already communicated half of his project to Sayer, his English servant, telling him, that he intended leaving Paris to-morrow for his regiment, and warning him not to say any thing to his parents or at home on the subject. D’Avaray added, that he had a companion, *un bon garçon* ; but that as there was generally more consideration shewn at the posts to strangers than to French, they had agreed to travel under the name of Messieurs Michel and David Foster, Englishmen. He then introduced him to Peyronnet, as Perron, valet de chambre to his companion. We did not take the names of Michel and David without reason ; as my linen was marked M, and his D A ; and, in case of search, the marks ought to be found to correspond.”

The writer here proceeds to relate all the reports, and frights, and tricks, which shewed that the opposite party

had some suspicion, however vague, of the attempts of the royal family to escape. The following scene between Monsieur and his sister, Madame Elizabeth, who afterwards suffered on the scaffold, is characteristic of that amiable and pious Princess.

“ I felt great impatience to arrive at the Thuilleries, knowing that my sister would, in the afternoon, be instructed of the secret, which it had cost me so much to keep from her. I found her tranquil, resigned to the will of God, contented, without any explosion of joy ; as calm, in a word, as if she had known and been familiar with the plan for a year. We embraced tenderly. She then said, ‘ My brother, you have religion, permit me to give you this image, it cannot but bring you happiness.’ I accepted the gift, as may well be believed, with as much pleasure as gratitude. We talked some time of the great enterprize ; it was impossible for any one to converse with more collectedness and *sang froid* ; I could not help admiring her. I descended to the Queen’s apartments, and waited for her some time, because she was shut up with the three *gardes du corps*, who had given to her as well as to the King, the last and melancholy proof of their zeal. At last she appeared ; I ran to embrace her. ‘ Do not move me,’ said she ; ‘ I do not wish any one to see that I have wept.’ We supped, and remained, the whole five, together till nearly 11 o’clock. When the moment of separation came, the King, who, till then, had not declared the place whither he intended to repair, said he should go to Mont-Medy, and ordered me positively to proceed to Longwy, passing by the Austrian Low Countries. At last we embraced one another, and separated, all persuaded that in 4 days’ time we should meet again in a place of safety.

“ It was not quite 11 when we quitted the Thuilleries, and I was glad of it, hoping that the Duc de Levis, who reconducted me in the evenings, might not yet be arrived ; and this for two reasons : first, that I might avoid his questions, which, though idly put, might embarrass me ; and, secondly, having the custom of talking for some time before going to bed, I might awaken some

suspicious by going to bed instantly. He had arrived, however, and was even more assiduous than usual. On my arrival at home, I began to undress; he was surprised. I told him, that I had slept but ill on the preceding night, and wished to make it up this one. He was contented. I finished my toilette and went to bed. It is necessary to observe, that my first valet always slept in my chamber, which seemed an obstacle to my escaping from it, at least without communicating to him my secret. But I had observed, that I had time to rise, light my lamp, and pass into my cabinet, before he was undressed and returned to my chamber. Scarce had he gone out, than I rose, closed after me the curtains of my bed, and taking with me the few things that I required to carry off, I entered the cabinet, and shut the door; and, from that moment, whether from presentiment, or a just confidence in D'Avaray, I already considered myself as out of the kingdom. I put into my pocket the 300 louis that I carried with me, and entered the little apartment where D'Avaray was waiting; not, however, without an alarm; for, in entering, the key refused to turn in the lock. A thousand ideas, one worse than another, ran thro' my brain, heedlessly, for turning the other way, the key performed its duty. He dressed me in disguise; and I remembering to have forgotten my cane and a second snuff-box, wished to return and seek them. "No temerity," said he.—The dress fitted me well, although the wig was a little too tight. But as I was to wear a large round hat always on my head, with a huge tricoloured cockade, the ill fit of the wig was a little matter. Crossing the little apartment, D'Avaray told me, that there was a remise, similar to ours, in the court of the Great Luxembourg, which alarmed him. I tranquillized him, however, in informing him that it belonged to Madame. Nevertheless, as we descended the stairs, he bade me wait, till he should go and see if it yet remained; finding it gone, he returned, calling in English, *Come along with me.*—"I am ready," replied I, and we proceeded to the carriage, which happened to be a *vis-a-vis*. It

chanced that I took the front seat.—'What! compliments?' said he.—'I faith,' said I, 'I'm seated.' He didn't insist; and having ordered the coachman to drive us to the Pont Neuf, we got clear out of the Luxembourg. The joy I felt at escaping from my gaolers, and in which D'Avaray partook sincerely, turned all our ideas on the side of gaiety; so that the first thing we did after passing the gate, was to sing a couplet of the parody of Penelope:

*"Ca va bien, ça prend bien,
Ils ne se doutent de rien."*

"We met a crowd of people in the streets, and a patrol of the National Guard, but they never thought of looking into the carriage. When near the Pont Neuf, D'Avaray directed the coachman to drive to the *Quatre Nations*. We met our carriage, which waited for us between the Mint and the Quatre Nations, in the little street that separates both buildings. We made the coachman set us down opposite the college. He asked if he were contented with him. 'Quite contented,' said D'Avaray; 'perhaps I may have you after to-morrow.' We proceeded on foot back to the voitur; D'Avaray not to mince (*dandiner*) in walking. At last we found it. I mounted first, then Sayer, then D'Avaray. Peronnet went on horseback; we cried to the postillion, in an English accent, to go on to Bourget, and set off."

The fugitives find themselves preceded on the road by two post-carriages, which they endeavour to pass, and which disquieted D'Avaray much, till Monsieur informs him that they must be those of Madame.

"Day broke upon us near Nautueil; then Sayer mounted on horseback, while Peronnet took his place in the carriage; he drew from his pocket the diamonds he had carried for me, and we concealed them in the back and lining of the carriage. I also took the burnt cork I had kept for the purpose, and blackened my eye-brows, without caricature, but sufficiently completed to disguise me. Moreover, I determined to feign sleep at all the posts, at least till we were at a distance from Paris. I took upon me (nor was I once de-

ceived) to predict, in parting from each post, from the appearance of the postilions, whether we should be driven well or ill. We travelled at a noble rate to Verte Feuille; from thence to Soissons, I promised we should go at a wretched pace, and I was right. During this post, D'Avaray spoke of his project of resigning his regiment; I was not of his opinion," &c. "In the meanwhile, the postilion answered but too well my evil augury of him; we could not have been conducted worse. So we came to the conclusion, that he was certainly president of the club of Jacobins at Soissons. But for all our mirth, I felt a serious inquietude; for some leagues past I had perceived that I had forgotten at Paris the image which my sister had given me, and without being more devout than other people, this loss tormented me much, and gave me more pain than the loss of my cane and snuff-box."

On arriving at Soissons, they find a band of one of the left wheels broken, and, after some debate, determine to get on as they could to the next post, whither Peronnet should ride on before, to have the smith and his work ready. They also had a narrow escape from the Jacobins, the servant of M. Tourzelle having denounced his master, who was passing out of France, and was resting a day or two in the neighbourhood. But the youth and insignificance of M. Tourzelle saved him, and occasioned counter orders to be issued by the Jacobin clubs, against stopping all travellers.

"The post of Vaurains, which is between Soissons and Laon, is a single isolated house, where there is absolutely no one but those occupied and connected with the post. This seemed to me so good an opportunity for stretching my legs, that I instantly began to descend; but D'Avaray opposed me so firmly, that I was obliged to yield. Then I proposed to breakfast; we had a *pâté* and some Bordeaux, but had forgotten to procure bread.—So that in eating the crust, we thought on the Empress Maria Theresa, who, when some complained to her that the poor had no bread, replied, 'My God, why don't they eat pye-crust then?' Sayer pleas-

ed us much by the information, that all the world took us for real English. D'Avaray seeing him inclined to talk, led the conversation on the affairs of the day, upon which the Englishman talked quite freely, and made many observations that have often struck me since—one was, that they began to treat the King as if he were a fool—('on commençait à traiter le Roi de fou'); and that it is to be observed, that Sayer spoke bad French, and the English word *fool*, which he had certainly in view, signifies a meaning quite different from *fou*. He made another reflection, the justice of which struck me, which was, that no one could say that there were either aristocrats or democrats, since the man who possessed but *sixpences*, which was his expression, treated as an aristocrat him who had got a *schelling*," &c.

They arrive at La Capelle.

"I soon heard a dispute arise between the mistress of the post and Peyronnet, who always descended to pay: the cause of it was this. We travelled with three horses, and paid thirty sous a-horse. She pretended, and with reason, that as we were three, we ought to pay for four horses. Peyronnet sustained the contrary, while she threatened to give us four horses and two postilions. This appeared comical to us, to play our lives against ten sous, for there was but so much difference between three horses at thirty, and four at twenty-five sous. D'Avaray told her, that it was because we were strangers that she imposed on us so. 'No,' said she, 'and I have a right to give you six horses, if I have a mind.' 'Very well,' said I, certain by the laughing of all the postilions at my accent, that I should pass for a genuine Englishman, 'put six horses, I pay but five.' So she began to laugh. Then addressing myself to Peyronnet, 'Mr. Perron,' said I, 'pay what madam demands, it sha'n't be said that Michel Foster had a dispute with a lady for interest.' The tone which I took, the seriousness, the gestures, the accent, made this the most comical scene in the world; but we took care not to laugh. We inquired what regiment was in garrison at Avesnes. They

told us, it was that of Vintemille. This displeased D'Avaray, who had given a dinner two years since to the officers of this very regiment. It was agreed, that he should sit still and backward in the carriage as much as possible, and we set off. The sun, which had not

made its appearance all day, now shone so as to oblige me to draw the *jalousie* to screen myself.—This circumstance appears but of little importance; but we shall soon see the consequences."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS, &c.

A remarkable female is noticed by the German newspapers, for the extent of her learning, particularly in acquiring languages. She was a native of Cologne, by name Maria Schuzman, understood twelve languages extremely well, and wrote five classically. Excess of genius, and perhaps the multiplicity of acquirements, made her at length melancholy mad; and she died, it is said, from a debauch in eating spiders.

Captain LAYMAN, R. N. in answer to a question, "Where subjects for dissection are to come from?" suggests, that it may be done by gratuitous testament, in which the medical profession should rise above prejudice, and set *the example*. "My body (says he) individually, might not be of much use; but my head (if not knocked off by a shot) might be bespoken for Professor Blumenbach's collection, it would be one of the greatest pleasures to me while living, to reflect that my remains might be useful after death."

DR. JOHNSON AND MR. WILKES.

It is well known that neither the political nor moral principles of John Wilkes were, according to the vulgar adage, "over and above tight-laced." The story of an extraordinary fraud, said to have been practised by this gentleman on a celebrated Jew, certainly, under every consideration, bore hard against him, and occasioned the following ready mode of reconciling contradictory points. When Dr. Johnson was inveigled, by an artifice of friends, into Mr. Wilkes's company, at a large dinner, (as stated by his contemporary historians, although many particulars on record relative to this meeting are

extremely incorrect,) it was contrived so that the parties should sit beside each other at the table. Johnson, evidently disconcerted at the arrangement, continued sulky and silent, except now and then expressing some short term of evident disapprobation; turning his brawny shoulders so completely squared against his neighbour, that Wilkes could not direct his optics askance, only to one end of the table. However, the witty democrat was happy in the uncommon display of his talent for humour, and at last something like a smile, now and then, seemed to affect Johnson's risible features,—seldom moved, and muscular in their movement; till, on hearing an uncommon brilliant repartee from Wilkes, he suddenly turned round his unwieldy figure, and, without a word of previous circumlocution, by way of prelude to his address, he looked him full in the face, emphatically saying, in no soft cadence, "Sir, I like your humour; but will you be pleased to explain to me the story relative to the Jew whom you cheated out of ten thousand pounds!" "Doctor, (replied Wilkes, with the most unblushing front,) it is all a d——'d lie."—"Indeed, (said the doctor,) then, sir, that being *explained* to me, I shall enjoy your company with pleasure the remainder of the evening." Johnson's easy simplicity on this occasion, extracted a smile from all the company; which was not corrected when, on Wilkes happening to retire from the room for a few minutes, Johnson, addressing the party, expressed a peculiar gratification at being introduced into his company, now that he was assured, from *his own mouth*, that all that malicious story reported of him was a d——d' lie!

BORNHOLM.

The island of Bornholm may be esteemed, since the loss of Norway, the most valuable possession of the crown of Denmark, in a mineral point of view. There are many causes combine to prevent an active and thorough investigation of its treasures : amongst the foremost of which may be reckoned the financial embarrassments of Denmark, and the jealousies attending an undefined idea of manorial rights, inseparable from absolute governments. The attempts made by private individuals, not natives, have been too limited in point of abilities and resources to produce any beneficial effects to themselves or to the country. Not long since, two scientific gentlemen, Professor Oersted and M. Esmark. were sent by the government to examine into the mineral productions of the island ; but the superficial examination of the best theoretical philosophers must always fall greatly short of those discoveries which could be made by practical men, furnished with the proper powers for actual research. Its mineral products are coal, excellent iron-stone, copper-ore, lead-ore, fire-clay, fire-stone, sand-stone, pebbles, and cement. The coal hitherto worked is an inferior kind of the coal called *kennel* or canal coal, similar to the Derbyshire hard coal, which burns to a white ash ; it appears, however, that an unlimited quantity might be raised, and the deeper strata are not yet explored. This, in conjunction with the other products, might render this island the richest spot in or near the Baltic ; in fact, England in miniature. The island is fertile, and the inhabitants industrious. They bring various articles of provision to the supply of Copenhagen, and likewise to the ships passing near the island by day-time.

FEROCITY IN A CAT.

M. Mariette, a French protestant clergyman, who had settled in England on account of the persecution which had been raised against his religion in his native country, lived in very comfortable circumstances at Canterbury, as minister of a parish, to which he had been appointed by the archbishop. Al-

most his whole amusement consisted in playing with a large cat, whom he had kept ten or twelve years, and constantly treated with the utmost kindness. He had an uncommon attachment to this animal, and when he had no strangers at the table with him, he always gave her upon a separate plate her share of the dishes of which he ate himself.

M. Mariette once gave a grand dinner to a number of his friends and neighbours, chiefly in compliment of his brother, who was then upon a visit to him. The above mentioned cat had contemplated the preparations for the entertainment with secret delight, and no doubt expected that she should as usual have a plate set before her filled with all the delicacies of which the company partook. But her master, being either too much engaged with his company to attend to his favourite ; or, which is the more probable supposition, wishing to conceal his foible, contented himself at dinner with calling his cat to him, and throwing her a piece of meat over his shoulder. But the jealous animal disdained to touch it, and did not come near him again while he sat at the table. About four o'clock the company rose from the table. Two of the guests, who wished to take their afternoon's nap, were conducted by M. Mariette's brother into his bed-chamber, where they laid themselves down on the bed, and slept for 2 full hours.

M. Mariette was now left alone with his offended favourite in the room where he dined, and soon fell asleep upon a sofa. His brother in the mean time took a turn in the garden. During this silent interval, a servant of the Archbishop of Canterbury brought a letter from his master for the clergyman. His brother hastened to wake him, but it was too late ; the cat had already strangled him. At first the brother believed he must have died of an apoplectic fit, but having called the other two guests, who had been sleeping, into the room, they shewed him the marks of the cat's claws upon his brother's neck, which left no doubt respecting the cause of his death.

The murderous animal meanwhile

was cunning enough to remain in the room, and pretend to be asleep. The brother of the deceased now thought of an ingenious expedient to ascertain with still stronger evidence whether she had really been his murderer. Having desired his two friends to conceal themselves, he tied a string round the leg of the murdered person, and placing himself in the corner of the room, drew the string in such a manner as to make the limb move as if alive, upon which the cat, imagining that she still perceived some remains of life in her master, and that she had not completely effected her purpose, flew again at him, and endeavoured to strangle him outright as before. M. Mariette, who now required no further evidence, drew his sword and pursued the treacherous beast, which, however, unfortunately escaped.

HUDSON.

To give the reader some idea of the state of the arts in 1750, Hudson was then the greatest painter in England; and the qualification that enabled him to hold this decided pre-eminence, was the ability of producing a likeness with that kind of address, which, by the vulgar, is considered as flattering to the person. But after having painted the head, Hudson's genius failed him, and he was obliged to apply to one Vanhaaken to put it on the shoulders, and to finish the drapery, of both which he himself was entirely incapable. Unluckily, Vanhaaken died, and for a time Hudson was driven almost to despair, and feared he must have quitted his lucrative employment: he was, however, fortunate enough to meet with another drapery painter, named Roth, who, though not so expert as the former, was yet sufficiently qualified to carry on the manufactory.

HENRY VII.

Some person giving an account to Henry VII. of certain bold proceedings that had passed in Parliament, with many expressions of concern, the king, whose heart was callous to the feelings of honesty and virtue, replied that the most profitable way of weakening the factious patriots was by preferring the chief of them. This principle he had resolved to adhere to, and it became a well known rule with him.

He also taught, that "when the most sober and wise part of them draweth off, the residue are but a rude multitude and rope of sand."

LEMAN'S BISCUITS.

If, for the satisfaction of an ignorant foreigner, or some uninitiated stranger, one were desired to give a good instance of the means by which in London notoriety may be attained, and specify one of the numberless little things that give a general name, and make a man sought after,—it were hard to mention a better or clearer subject for the purpose than Leman's biscuits. For many years this notable man's narrow shop in Threadneedle-street has almost exclusively supplied the numerous population of London with his crisped manufacture; and still the article is unrivalled. No bread (the women will have it) eats so short. Such is the demand, that, in a few minutes after the drawing of his oven, the whole batch is sold! Yet he holds no patent, and the metropolitan bakers have long pined in despair to arrive at the discovery by which Leman gives to the labour of his hands such winning taste.

QUIN'S ACCOUNT OF THE SCOTCH.

Quin being asked if he had ever been in Scotland, and how he liked the people, replied,—“If you mean the lower order of them, I shall be at a loss to answer you; for I had no further acquaintance with them than by the smell. As for the nobility, they are numerous; and, for the most part, proud and beggarly. I remember, when I crossed from the north of Ireland, into their country, I came to a little wretched village, consisting of a dozen huts, in the style of the Hottentots, the principal of which was an inn, and kept by an earl. I was mounted on a shrivelled quadruped, for there was no certainty of calling it a horse, mare, or gelding; much like a North Wales goat, but larger, and without horns. The whole village was up in an instant to salute me; supposing, from the elegance of my appearance, that I must be some person of a large fortune, and great family. The earl ran and took hold of my stirrup while I dismounted: then turning to his eldest son, who stood by

us without breeches, said, 'My lord, do you take the gentleman's horse to the stable, and desire your sister, lady Betty, to draw him a pint of two-penny; for I suppose so great a mon will lia' the best liquor in the *whol hous*.' I was obliged, (continued Quin,) to stay here a whole night, and to make a supper of rotten potatoes and stinking eggs. The old nobleman was indeed very complaisant, and made me accept of his own bed. I cannot say that the dormitory was the best in the world, for there was nothing but an old box to sit upon in the room, and there were neither sheets nor curtains to the bed. Lady Betty was kind enough to apologize for the apartment, assuring me, many persons of great *deegnaty* had frequently slept in it; and that tho' the *blonkets look'd sae block*, it was *not quite four years sin* they had been washed by the countess her mother, and lady Matilda Carolina Amelia Eleonora Sophia, one of her younger sisters. She then wished me a good night, and said the viscount, her brother, would take particular care to *grease my boots*.

ATHENIAN SAYING.

It passed into a sort of proverb among the Athenians, who seldom said any thing without a good reason, that health is strengthened, and life preserved, by the external use of oil, and internal use of honey.

It is a remarkable fact, that the Jews in Denmark have received into their religious rites one of the ceremonies and sacraments of the church of Rome viz. *confirmation*, which all Jewish children of both sexes must now conform to.—It is equally remarkable, that a son of the bishop of Copenhagen is at this moment soliciting for the situation of teacher in a Jewish Seminary: the salary about 38l. per annum.

NEW WORKS.

A large volume of *Sermons delivered at Salters' Hall*, by the late Rev. HUGH WORTHINGTON, has appeared. Of such works, it is seldom that a reviewer can point out any peculiar characteristic; and we are happy in the present instance to find an exception from the general rule. These sermons, 39 in number, were taken from memory; and they evince, at the same time, the benevolent piety of the preacher,

and the good taste of the lady from whose pen they were committed to the press. The sentiments are liberal, and the language always correct, often elegant. Whoever will read the first Sermon (on Religious Prejudices,) will be convinced of the truth of our remarks:—

"With respect to opinions or sentiments (says Mr. W.) if they happen to differ essentially from those in which we have been educated, but which perhaps, we have little studied, we are too apt immediately to pronounce them erroneous, and we shun such persons as dangerous companions; whereas, we should ever bring opinions to the test of argument, and defend our sentiments with temper and moderation. I once heard a sermon on the subject of *prejudice* from a man I am proud to call my friend—the late Dr. Price. It was delivered in *this house*, and the impression it made upon my mind will cease but with life. Prejudice (said this truly excellent man,) may be compared to a misty morning in October; a man goes forth to an eminence, and he sees, at the summit of a neighbouring hill, a figure, apparently of gigantic stature, for such the imperfect medium through which he is viewed would make him appear; he goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances towards him; his size lessens as they approach; they draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually, but sensibly, diminishing; at last they meet; and, perhaps, (said Dr. Price,) the man I had taken for a *monster*, proves to be *my own brother*. Never was prejudice more forcibly delineated."

We wish we had room for other extracts.

We have seldom spent a few hours more delightfully than in the perusal of *Integrity*, a tale, by Mrs. HOFLAND. There is a charm about this writer's tales, the cause of which we will not attempt to explain, for we are not among those who are

"Still flying from Nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause."

Our author is, if we may so speak of a female, a very masterly writer. Her delineations of character have a real Shaksperian truth and beauty about them, which we seek in vain in the pages of many whose "names are more bruited in men's mouths." In the volume before us we have a vast variety of characters depicted. The sweet still-life of Mrs. Shelburne and Emily; the busy, sanctimonious, yet not over-scrupulous, Hastings; the yet more darkly shaded picture of his son; the generous enthusiastic Tracy; and the unthinking and dissipated, yet kind and benevolent, Julia Hornby; are all delineated with a powerful and practised pencil. The story is cleverly and artfully constructed, without being involved in needless perplexities; and the interest is of the most intense nature throughout. The style is chaste and elegant, and the effect of the whole volume is delightful and interesting in a high degree.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, AUGUST 1, 1823.

(Blackwood's Mag. May.)

MY EVENING.

FAREWELL, bright Sun! mine eyes have
 watch'd
 Thine hour of tender light;
 And tender twilight! fare thee well,
 And welcome star-crown'd night!

Pale! serious! silent! with deep spell
 Lulling the heart to rest—
 As lulls the mother's low sweet song
 The infant on her breast.

Mine own beloved hour! mine own!
 Sacred to quiet thought,
 To pensive musings, to calm joys,
 With no false lustre fraught!

Mine own beloved hour! for now,
 Methinks, with garish day
 I shut the world out, and with those
 Long lost, or far away,

The dead, the absent, once again,
 My soul holds converse free—
 To such illusions, Life! how dull
 Thy best reality!

The vernal nights are chilly yet,
 And cheerily and bright
 The hearth still blazes, flashing round
 Its ruddy flick'ring light.

Bring in the lamp—so—set it there,
 Just where its veiled ray
 (Leaving all else in shadowy tone)
 Falls on my book—and—stay,

"Leave my work by me"—Well I love
 The needle's useful art!
 'Tis unambitious, womanly—
 And mine's a woman's heart.

Not that I ply, with sempstress rage,
 As if for life or bread—
 No—sooth to say—unconsciously
 Slack'ning the half drawn thread

From fingers poised, as if spell-bound,
 That point the needle wrong,
 Mine eyes toward the open book
 Stray oft, and tarry long—

42 ATHENEUM VOL. 13.

"Stop! stop! leave open the glass door
 Into that winter bower,"
 For soon therein th' uprisen moon
 Will pour her silv'ry shower;
 Will sparkle on those dark-green leaves,
 On that white pavement shine,
 And dally with her eastern love,
 That wreathing jessamine.

"Thanks, Lizzy!—no—there's nothing
 more
 Thy loving zeal can do—
 Only—Oh yes!—that gipsy* flower,
 Set *that* beside me too."

(That Ethiop, in its China vase)
 "Ay—set it here—that's right—
 Shut the door after you."—"Tis done,
 I'm settled for the night—

Settled and snug—and first, as if
 The fact to ascertain,
 I glance around, and stir the fire,
 And trim the lamp again.

Thou dusky flower! I stoop t' inhale
 Thy fragrance—Thou art one
 That wooeth not the vulgar eye,
 Nor the broad-staring Sun—

Therefore I love thee! (selfish love
 Such preference may be)
 That thou reservest all thy sweets,
 Coy thing! for night and me.

What noise was that! Ah, madam puss!
 I know that tender mew—
 That meek white face—those sea-green
 eyes—
 Those whiskers wet with dew,

To the cold glas (the green-house glass)
 Press'd closely from without—
 Well! thou art heard—I'll let thee in,
 Though skulking home no doubt

From lawless prowl—Ah, ruthless cat!
 What murder hast thou done?
 What deeds of rapine, the broad eye
 Of open day that shun?

* The night-smelling stock.

What! not a feather pluck'd to-night!
Is *that* what thou would'st tell,
With that soft purr, those winking eyes,
And waving tail? Well! well!

I *know thee, friend!* but get thee in,
With Ranger stretch and doze—
Nay, never growl, old man! her tail
Just whisk'd across thy nose;

But 'twas no act premeditate,
Thy greatness to molest;
There, with that long luxurious sigh,
Sink down again to rest;

But not before one loving look
T'wards me, with that long sigh,
Says, "Mistress mine! all's right! all's
well!
Thou'rt there, and here am I."

That point agreed, we're still again—
I on my work intent,
At least, with poring eyes thereon,
In *seeming* earnest bent;

And fingers, nimble at their task,
Mechanically true;
But heav'n knows where, what scenes the
while,
My thoughts are trav'ling to.

Now far from earth—now over earth,
Traversing lands and seas—
Now stringing in a sing-song mood,
Such idle rhymes as these—

Now dwelling on departed days;
Ah! *that's* no lightsome mood—
On those to come—no longer now
Through hope's bright focus view'd—

On that which is—ay—*there* I pause
No more in young delight;
But patient, grateful—well assured
"Whatever is, is right."

And all to be is in *His* hands—
Oh! who would take it thence?
Give me not up to mine own will,
Merciful Providence!

Such thoughts—when other thoughts may—
be

And dark'ning into gloom—
Comes to me, like the angel shape,
That, standing by the tomb,

Cheer'd those who came to sorrow there—
And then I see, and bless
His love in all that He withholds,
And all I still possess.

So varied—now with book or work,
Or *pensive* reverie;
Or waking dreams, or fancy flights,
Or scribbling vein maybe;

And eke the pencil's cunning craft,
Or lowly murmur'd lay,
To the according Viola,
Galm evening slips away.

The felt-shod hours move swiftly on,
Until the stroke of ten
(Th' *accustom'd* signal) summons round
My little household—then,

The door unclosing, enters first
That aged, faithful friend,
Whose prayer is with her master's child,
Her blameless days to end.

The younger pair comes close behind,
But *her* dear hand alone,
(Her dear old hand! now tremulous
With palsyng weakness grown,)

Must rev'rently before me place
The sacred Book—'tis there;
And all our voices, all our hearts,
Unite in solemn prayer—

In praise and thanksgiving for all
The blessings of the light—
In prayer, that he would keep us through
The watches of the night.

A simple rite! and soon perform'd—
Leaving in every breast
A heart more fittingly prepared
For sweet untroubled rest.

And so we part; but not before,
Dear nurse! a kiss from thee
Imprints my brow—thy fond "Good
night!"
To God commending me.

Amen! and may His angels keep
Their watch around thy bed,
And guard from ev'ry hurtful thing,
That venerable head.

C.

ORIGIN OF VULGAR PROVERBS.—THE SADDLER OF BAWTRY.

There is a saying applied to a man who will not stay to finish his bottle or his pot, "that he will be hanged for leaving his liquor, like the saddler of Bawtry." The case was this: there was formerly, and indeed it has not been long suppressed, an ale-house, to this day called "the Gallows House," situate between the city of York and its Tyburn; at which house the cart always used to stop, and there the convict and the other parties were

refreshed with liquors; but the rash and precipitate saddler, under sentence, and on his road to the fatal tree, refused this little regale, and hastened on to the place of execution; when, very soon after he was turned off, a reprieve arrived; inasmuch that, had he stopped, as was usual, at the Gallows-house, the time consumed there would have been the means of saving his life; so that he was hanged, as truly as unhappily, "for leaving his liquor."

(Europ. Mag.)

THE MISFORTUNES OF MONTAGUE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

IT was in the delightful season of summer, when all nature was clad in her gayest attire, that I was spending a week at the residence of an intimate friend, who lived near one of the largest mercantile towns of this vast trading empire. Among the many diversions which his good nature devised for me, our passion for variety often extended to a ride in the beautiful park, which is but a few miles distant from the town. On one of these occasions, under the auspices of a cloudless sun, and the buoyancy derived from the western breeze, I was particularly charmed with the appearance of a handsome and superior looking house at the distance of about an ordinary field from us, where neatness and gentility seemed the ruling deities. The windows, of which some were open to invite the restorative fragrance of the summer's gale, were ornamented with choice trees and green-house plants, tastefully selected and nicely arranged, while light folds of elegant drapery just appeared on each side, and were seen waving in the wind. A number of shrubs and climbing plants grew in the soil at the bottom, and extended their matted tendrils part of the way up the wall in front. The house was environed by extensive pleasure-grounds, and by gardens laid out by the finger of taste, the intricacies of which were rendered for the most part impervious to the view of a distant beholder by the thick embowering shades of trees and shrubs that were interspersed in them. Among these umbrageous arcades there wound, in circles occasionally visible to the eye, broad gravel walks, whose sinuosities deceived the stranger with a double distance, and extended to the bottom of the garden, where the broad river that joins the sea rolled its purifying waters. Opulence seemed here to riot in exuberance, which was only controlled and corrected by the hand of taste, and which, combined with this, formed a delicate charm which was irresistible to the polished mind. Seve-

ral airy figures in feminine attire were seen playing near the windows, and at times indulged, at times eluded with tantalizing uncertainty, the gaze of the beholder.

I pulled the reins of our horse, and stopped the gig in a position that allowed of my better contemplating the fascinating scene. "And whose house is that," I inquired, after a pause, of my entertainer, "which seems already to pronounce so favourably of its inhabitant?" "It is the house," said he, "of Mr. Montague, a ship-merchant, a gentleman of honourable extraction, whose dealings are as extensive as they are creditable. He is a man of exalted reputation in the public esteem, a person of highly cultivated mind, of great generosity of heart, and of a delicate urbanity of manners. He carries on, with a partner, the most comprehensive speculations on the basis of a well-founded credit; and the public streets, every day, present the appearance of numbers of his drays, conveying timber to and fro to the places for which they are destined. He has a family as amiable as himself; and for his serenity of disposition and domestic enjoyments, is at once the love and envy of all his neighbours." I paused after my friend's brief narrative, but it was only to dwell at ease upon the fairy scene before me, and to imagine more nearly the gesture and manners of the man who was reported to be the happy possessor of the retreat. I thought I could never feast my eyes enough on so inviting a prospect, and felt an immoderate curiosity to become acquainted with the inmates of the mansion. As I reluctantly turned away my head, and slowly put the horse in motion, I mentioned to my friend, whose name was Herbert, the wish that was uppermost in my breast. He almost anticipated it, and proffered his services to introduce me personally to the family, with which, he said, he was well acquainted. Our ride that morning was soon at an end, and in the short space of a few days Herbert

fulfilled his promise, and I was admitted to the intimacy of the venerated Montague and his amiable consort and family. I found a man strong in his integrity, solid in his information, clear in his conclusions, liberal in his views, frank in his communications, and gentlemanly in his address. His wife was all that sweetness of temper and delicacy of thought can picture to the imagination of a lovely woman, wedded to the affections of her husband. The family then consisted of three daughters, of whom two were nearly of the same age, being about fifteen, and nearly equal in beauty and accomplishments; and if a preference of the creature to the Creator could ever be pardonable, one might find in them an excuse for youthful idolatry. His style of entertainment was liberal, yet decorous and prudent; his furniture was handsome but plain; his demeanour open but venerable.

Among those who had a place at his table at this time was a young gentleman named Henry Charleton, a frequent but welcome visitor, whose parents lived in a distant part of the country. He was at that period of life when the green bloom of boyhood begins to be embrowned with the sun of opening youth; when the body revels in elasticity, and the mind feels with trembling consciousness the expansion of its faculties on a new and interesting scene. His temper was naturally cheerful, and his spirits displayed themselves in incessant sallies of mirth, not less pleasing to the old than to the younger members of the family. They were generally, indeed, addressed to the latter, and principally to the two young ladies I particularised, whose years and ideas alike corresponded with his own. But his good nature was dispensed with so impartial an equality to both of these, that it was scarcely possible to tell to which his young heart preponderated; nor is the reader likely to derive any assistance in his conjectures from a more particular description of them. Evelina was the eldest, and, of the two, in manner, more gentle and tender; but still her cheek glowed with a rather brighter tint than that which enlivened her sister's. She had dark black hair,

and a jet black eye, whose brilliant orb swam in circles of liquid crystal, and pierced the hearts of all she looked on with a keen and sudden pleasure. Her figure was not tall but elegant, and her person in general was small but symmetrical. Grace had stamped her signet on every limb and every gesture. Marietta was much of the same size, and only appeared so far different in constitution as her complexion was rather more delicate; but in all things besides she seemed no other than a twin sister of Evelina. Her cheek showed more of the lily than the rose, and her hair was of a bright shining glossy brown. She was less frank in her manner, and had a little more dignity in her demeanour. Her temper was not less sweet, but her disposition was more energetic and resolute. Each was formed to be the favourite of one of two men, between whom a slight diversity of inclination prevailed. The lover, fondest of softness and diffidence, would attach himself to Evelina; while he, who preferred spirit with virtue, would bow to the influence of Marietta. Expanding youth had already smoothed their cheeks with the down of his wing, and new-inspired emotions lent a shade of blushing fervour to their skin. Both possessed ears delicately attuned to the sounds of music, both touched with magic softness the piano-forte, and accompanied its liquid notes with the richer melody of their enchanting voices. Evelina, indeed, exceeded her sister in the one accomplishment of fingering the harp with an air and manner, that pictured to the mind the vision of some angelic minstrel. In all other perfections they appeared to be equally distinguished: in the art of embroidery, in all the niceties of the needle, in drawing, in writing, they advanced step by step to the climax of excellence.

I could perceive that the parents doated on these two blooming scions with a fondness that prudence could scarcely control. The mother embarked in them all her hopes of happiness, the father looked to them for the solace and blessing of his declining years. All that ingenuity could devise, and kindness execute, was done to increase the satisfaction and facilitate

the improvement of the two sisters. In affection to their parents they were mutually emulous, nor was any inequality of interest observable in the good offices with which they rewarded the attentions of their playful visitor. I was one who soon contracted a friendship with the young aspirant, in which disparity of years was entirely overlooked. As I had the good fortune to effect a favourable impression on the various members of the family, I received an invitation, with my friend Herbert, to continue my visits while I staid; so that I was several times again under Mr. Montague's roof, and in truth was much influenced by this circumstance in prolonging my stay in the neighbourhood. Our time generally passed in innocent diversions within the house when the weather was unfavourable, and in the open air when the season tempted us to enjoy the freshness of the breeze. At the bottom of the garden, and on the edge of the river, there stood a summer-house built with every view to convenience, in which the young ladies often came to sit, bringing with them their sewing or the materials for writing, or practising together the melodious inflexions of their fine voices. Hither young Charleton and myself attended them, fond of being satellites within their radiation, and amused them with reading alternately from some favourite book, or dwelt with them on the rich empurpled beauties of the country, or the still and glowing effulgence of the summer's sky. On one of these occasions, when we were collected in the summer-house, among other subjects upon which the conversation turned, a suggestion was started by my young friend Henry in the innocent ebullition of his gallantry, that myself and he should each make some present to the two young ladies, to be retained by them as a remembrance of the happy meetings with which accident had embellished the morning of our lives. I hailed the suggestion with enthusiasm, and waited not a moment after the termination of our conversation ere I accompanied my young friend to the different shops of ornamental articles in the town. Our choice, after long examination and scrutiny, was at

the cabinet-makers, by our purchasing two handsome red morocco work-boxes, mounted on small embossed feet, and richly ornamented with gold. A neat plate of silver-gilt on the top of each work-box bore, in tasteful characters, the respective names of *Evelina* and *Marietta Montague*. We presented one of these to each of the two young ladies, and received more than a proportionate reward in the delicate thanks and chaste blushes which they produced.

But the time for my departure arrived. With heart dejected I paid a last visit to take leave of my new acquaintances, and parted from them at length with mingled admiration and regret. I already felt a congeniality of soul with the worthy Mr. Montague, a sincere respect for his lady, and a kind of paternal affection for the daughters; and I even anticipated a future period, when I might see the sprightly Charleton claiming the hand of one of these as the reward of his long and well-tried attachment.

Several years elapsed, and I was whirled with the rest of men in the vicissitudes of human affairs, which introduced me to many new friends, and separated from many old ones. I did not within that time re-visit my friend Herbert, nor did I see any thing more of Mr. Montague or his family. The business I had engaged in led me to perform frequent voyages to and from my native country, and in returning on the last of these, after encountering the perils of a tremendous storm, we were thrown much out of our course homeward, and compelled to put in at another sea-port, higher on the coast than the one we intended. This proved to be the same town where I had before formed my delightful acquaintance, and which I beheld at present on that account with stronger emotions of pleasure. It was now the month of October, when, after coming into the docks, and repairing the injury done to my dress, I had my horse landed that I might ride into the town to find an inn agreeable to my wishes. The evening was advancing with its blue autumnal mists, and as my thoughts were a little dejected by what had past, and the

shades of parting day inclined to melancholy, I rode but slowly on, since I was conscious of no cause to excite my diligence. The town, though really populous, appeared comparatively desolate; and I seemed to have the undisputed enjoyment of the public way, when on proceeding through one of the largest streets, I observed before me a collection of people, who were anxiously pressing for admittance into one house. Importance or concern was depicted on the visages of all, and I made haste to inquire the cause of the assemblage from a respectable old man who stood on the edge of the causeway, only deterred from joining the throng by the violence of the pressure. "In that house," said he, "they are proceeding to sell by auction the goods of a respectable but unfortunate man, which have been removed hither from his family residence. All the town sympathize in his misfortunes, and would gladly alleviate them. Many are now pressing into the room from a better motive than curiosity, and wish by their numbers and emulation to raise the prices of the articles, and improve the sale." I was unconsciously interested in his humane narration, and, feeling myself at liberty to follow the bent of my inclination, I put my horse at a neighbouring inn, and joining the crowd on foot gained access into the sale-room. I gazed about for some time with the listlessness and dull surprise of a stranger, nor was my attention much arrested by several articles of furniture which I saw sold. At length the auctioneer's assistant handed to him something which drew forth a general buzz of commendation, and appeared to bear promise of greater value. Immediately a faint voice, tremulous with age and indicative of rustic artlessness, exclaimed with emotion, "those are not to be sold, sir," and I beheld the two morocco work-boxes which young Charleton and myself had presented to the Miss Montagues. Imagination can scarce grasp the extent of misery that shot through my bosom, at thus seeing the certain signs of the ruin of my ancient friend. A trembling dizziness came over my

eyes, and with difficulty I gained the door to escape the astonished gaze of the bye-standers. I then ran with the speed of lightning to the residence of my friend Herbert, impetuously rang the bell, and, on meeting him at the door, poured out my full griefs into his bosom. I found young Charleton already in his house, where he was staying; they were conscious of the whole calamity, and, the moment they saw the cause of my emotion, acknowledged the empire of sympathy, and mixed their sorrows with my own. Tears indeed were denied me, but sighs and regrets depicted the agitation of my soul. When I regained a degree of composure I took my seat beside them, while Herbert briefly recapitulated the events that led to the lamented crisis.

"About two years," said he, "after your departure, while Mr. Montague was basking in the sun of opulence, rich in the tribute of every man's esteem, and richer still in the smiles and affection of his family, the bolt of destruction was levelled at his house, and his eldest daughter, Evelina fell a sacrifice to consumption. This was indeed a heavy blow, and almost bowed Mr. Montague to the earth, while his wife gave herself up to the tyranny of desperation, and remained a whole day under a total alienation of mind. But the cup of their misery was not yet full, and they were doomed again to stoop beneath the rod of afflicting providence. Among those who waited most on the dying Evelina, and who felt more or less the ill effects of their attention, Marietta had been foremost in all the assiduities of love, and it was perceived that the viper had fixed his rapacious fangs on her heart. The long confinement to Evelina's room also injured the health of the delicate Mrs. Montague, but her frame appeared by degrees to rise superior to the attack. It was not so with Marietta. A slight, short cough first attracted the notice of her friends, and presented the earliest symptoms of approaching danger, and she was now gnawed with the worm of imparted consumption, and betrayed all the signs of declension which foreran the dissolution of her sister. The dis-

ease gained strength, the difficulty of her breathing increased, the hectic pageant of counterfeited health seized on her cheek, and all the assembled powers of medicine proved unavailing to save her from the tomb. Within one year the grave numbered among its victims two of the sweetest flowers that ever bloomed on English ground. I attended by permission the funeral of Marietta, the destitute mother standing over the grave with the leaden calmness of despair, seemed to expect, and even wish for, the blow that should consummate her own destruction. The father in silent agony cast his eyes to heaven, and tears were the only evidence of his suffering; but I saw that his heart was broken, and his spirit forever subdued. I was not mistaken in my forebodings; his accumulation of sorrows struck deeply to his heart, and he languished several weeks in utter impotency of soul. This torpor, in a business so extensive as his, could not long exist without prejudice to it; and his wealth and commerce soon began to waste away under his fingers. What could be done? Exertion was the only refuge from ruin, yet of this he was incapable, and with mute and apathetic horror he saw all his worldly prospects, in two years, lessen entirely from his view. Enterprises stood still, demands increased, resources diminished, creditors grew clamorous, and at length one was persuaded to put the statutes of bankruptcy in force against him. This is the concise history of his woes: he still lives in the beautiful house you so much admired, but it is only by permission, and he will soon be compelled to remove and seek out a smaller." "Gracious Heaven!" I exclaimed, "thy dispensations are doubtless merciful, yet how inscrutable are thy ways. Is human felicity a good so essentially opposed to duration that, when it bears the promise of too settled a continuance, thy mercy to man calls upon thee to remove the tempting object out of his sphere? Lend us a portion of thine own spirit to bear thy chastisements with resignation, and in thy severest dispensations to discover a parental hand." "Your reflections are

just," rejoined Herbert: "either the goodness of these two young creatures was too dazzlingly pure to remain longer with safety in the world, or the attachment of their parents to them had grown to such a height that it threatened to divert and estrange their affections entirely from heavenly objects: in either of these events Providence was wise in interposing its hand. But come, the moon is risen and lends us a mournful light; let us all three go and take a melancholy look at his once happy mansion. I know it is an occupation that will harmonize with your feelings, and I cannot offer you at present one more suitable." "You read my very soul," said I, "that is the utmost of my wishes: I would fain indulge with you and Mr. Charleton in one more placid contemplation of the blissful scene ere the house becomes the property of another." We walked accordingly by the nearest way to the park: our steps were slow, and our conversation sparing. In a short time we drew near the chief aspect of the house, and here we made a pause, while my two friends left me for a few moments to learn of some of the domestics at the back whether our observations were likely to be noticed in front. While they were gone on the errand I was hurried by the recklessness of my feelings to walk rapidly across the ground before the house, with my eyes fast rivetted on the windows. By the changing light of the moon I saw the form of some object in the drawing-room window; it stood motionless, and I stopped also. I recognized the wasted features of the venerable Montague, and, tremulous as was the light, I perceived that he too was struck with the remembrance of mine. I saw, at the moment of his observing me, the sigh that laboured in his breast; I beheld his quivering lip, his eye upturned to heaven, and the distressed contortion of his features. I saw him turn with agonized precipitation from the window; I felt a sympathetic dimness swim over my eyes; and covering my face with my hands, I burst into tears.

CRAYONIDES.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO THE SHORES OF THE POLAR SEA.

BY CAPT. FRANKLIN.

WERE an Echo susceptible of pleasure, we might feel some gratification in the thanks and commendations we have received for the manner in which we introduced Capt. Franklin's delightful work to the public in our last Number. But we feel too entirely that we were only the echo of attractive sounds, to appropriate any part of the praise to ourselves.

We do not know that we can, for the present, do better for our distant readers, who cannot yet have seen the work itself, than take it up where we left off, and select the leading features for their perusal. The wreck of the Expedition was re-assembled at Fort Enterprise, cruelly deceived in their expectations of finding succour there, after their dreadful struggles to reach the promised land. The picture continues to be most affecting :

November 1.—This day was fine and mild. Hepburn was hunting, but was as usual unsuccessful. As his strength was rapidly declining, we advised him to desist from the pursuit of deer ; and only go out for a short time, and endeavour to kill a few partridges for Peltier and Semandrè. The Doctor obtained a little *tripe de roche*, but Peltier could not eat any of it, and Semandrè only a few spoonfuls, owing to the soreness of their throats. In the afternoon Peltier was so much exhausted, that he sat up with difficulty ;—he died in the course of the night. Semandrè sat up the greater part of the day, and even assisted at pounding some bones ; but on witnessing the melancholy state of Peltier, he became very low, and began to complain of cold and stiffness of the joints. Being unable to keep up a sufficient fire to warm him, we laid him down and covered him with several blankets. He did not, however, appear to get better, and deeply I lament to add died before day-light. We removed the bodies of the deceased to the opposite part of the house, but our united strength was inadequate to the task of interring them. It may

be worthy of remark that poor Peltier, from the time of Benoit's departure, fixed on the first of November as the time when he should cease to expect any relief from the Indians, and had repeatedly said that if they did not arrive by that day he should not survive. He had endeared himself to each of us by his cheerfulness, his unceasing activity, and affectionate care and attentions, ever since our arrival at this place. He had nursed Adam with the tenderest solicitude the whole time. Poor Samandrè was willing to have taken his share in the labours of the party, had he not been wholly incapacitated by his weakness and low spirits. The severe shock occasioned by the sudden dissolution of our two companions rendered us very melancholy. I was particularly distressed by the thought that the labour of collecting wood must now devolve upon Dr. Richardson and Hepburn, and that my debility would disable me from affording them any material assistance ; indeed both of them urged me not to make the attempt.—I found it necessary in their absence, to remain constantly near Adam, and to converse with him, in order to prevent his reflecting on our condition and to keep up his spirits as far as possible.

"On the 3d the weather was very cold, tho' the atmosphere was cloudy. This morning Hepburn was affected with swelling in his limbs ; his strength, as well as that of the Doctor, was rapidly declining ; they continued, however, to be full of hope. Their utmost exertions could only supply wood to renew the fires thrice, and on making it up the last time we went to bed. Adam was in rather better spirits, but he could not bear to be left alone. Our stock of bones was exhausted by a small quantity of soup we made this evening. The toil of separating the hair from the skins, which in fact were our chief support, had now become so wearisome as to prevent us from eating as much as we should otherwise have done."

It is hardly possible to read this unaffected and truly pathetic tale without being moved to tears. What is the poetical distress of tragedy to its melancholy details ! In 4 days more we are told—"The swelling in Adam's limbs having subsided, he was free from pain, and spoke of cleaning his gun for shooting partridges, or any animals that might appear near the house, but his tone entirely changed before the day was half over ; he became again dejected, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to eat. The Doctor and Hepburn were almost exhausted ;—it was evident that, in a day or two, if their strength should continue to decline at the same rate, I should be the strongest of the party.

"I may here remark that, owing to our loss of flesh, the hardness of the floor, from which we were only protected by a blanket, produced soreness over the body, and especially on those parts on which the weight rested in lying, yet to turn ourselves for relief was a matter of toil and difficulty. However, during this period, and indeed all along after the acute pains of hunger, which lasted but three or four days, had subsided, we generally enjoyed the comfort of a few hours' sleep. The dreams which for the most part, but not always accompanied it, were usually (tho' not invariably,) of a pleasant character, being very often about the enjoyments of feasting. In the daytime we fell into the practice of conversing on common and light subjects, altho' we sometimes discussed with seriousness and earnestness, topics connected with religion. We generally avoided speaking directly of our present sufferings, or even of the prospect of relief. I observed that in proportion as our strength decayed, our minds exhibited symptoms of weakness, evinced by a kind of unreasonable pettishness with each other. Each of us thought the other weaker in intellect than himself, and more in need of advice and assistance. So trifling a circumstance as a change of place, recommended by one as being warmer and more comfortable, and refused by the other from a dread of motion, frequently called forth fretful

expressions which were no sooner uttered than atoned for, to be repeated perhaps in the course of a few minutes. The same thing often occurred when we endeavoured to assist each other in carrying wood to the fire ; none of us were willing to receive assistance, altho' the task was disproportioned to our strength. On one of these occasions Hepburn was so convinced of this waywardness that he exclaimed, ' Dear me, if we are spared to return to England, I wonder if we shall recover our understandings.' "

On the 7th the Indians sent by Mr. Back happily arrived with relief, and so dreadfully seasonably, that

"Poor Adam was in so low a state that he could scarcely comprehend the information. When the Indians entered, he attempted to rise, but sunk down again. But for this seasonable interposition of Providence, his existence must have terminated in a few hours, and that of the rest probably in not many days.

"The Indians had left Akitcho's encampment on the 5th November, having been sent by Mr. Back with all possible expedition after he had arrived at their tents. They brought but a small supply of provision, that they might travel quickly. It consisted of dried deer's meat, some fat, and a few tongues. Dr. Richardson, Hepburn, and I, eagerly devoured the food, which they imprudently presented to us, in too great abundance, and in consequence we suffered dreadfully from indigestion, and had no rest the whole night. Adam being unable to feed himself, was more judiciously treated by them, and suffered less ; his spirits revived hourly. The circumstance of our eating more food than was proper in our present condition, was another striking proof of the debility of our minds. We were perfectly aware of the danger, and Dr. Richardson repeatedly cautioned us to be moderate ; but he was himself unable to practise the caution he so judiciously recommended.

On the 16th, the party were enabled to quit Fort Enterprise ; and on the 26th reached the abode of the Chief (their companion) Akaitcho.

Mr. Back's narrative, corresponding with that of Capt. Franklin, and that of Dr. Richardson (he having left them, accompanied by St. Germain, Belanger, and Beuparlant, to seek relief for the party at Fort Enterprise.) is nearly of equal interest. We give a few extracts :

October 6. "My increasing debility had for some time obliged me to use a stick for the purpose of extending my arms ; the pain in my shoulders being so acute, that I could not bear them to remain in the usual position for two minutes together. We halted at 5 among some small brushwood, and made a sorry meal of an old pair of leather trowsers, and some swamp tea."

7th.—"From there being no *tripe de roche*, we were compelled to satisfy, or rather allay, the cravings of hunger, by eating a gun cover and a pair of old shoes : at that time I had scarcely strength to get on my legs."

Their disappointment on arriving at Fort Enterprise is feelingly painted—

"We passed the Slave Rock, and making frequent halts, arrived within a short distance of Fort Enterprise ; but as we perceived neither any marks of Indians, nor even of animals, the men began absolutely to despair : on a nearer approach, however, the tracks of large herds of deer, which had only passed a few hours, tended a little to revive their spirits, and shortly after we crossed the threshold of the long-sought-for spot ; but what was our surprise at beholding every thing in the most desolate and neglected state : the doors and windows of that room where we had expected to find provisions, had been thrown down, and the wild animals of the wood had resorted there as a place of shelter and retreat.—Without the assistance of the Indians, bereft of every resource, we felt ourselves reduced to the most miserable state ; which was rendered still worse, from the recollection that our friends in the rear were as miserable as ourselves. For the moment, however, hunger prevailed, and each began to gnaw the scraps of putrid and frozen meat that were lying about, without waiting to prepare them.

"I determined to remain a day here

to repose ourselves, and then to go in search of the Indians, and in the event of missing them to proceed to the first trading establishment, which was about 130 miles distant, and from thence to send succour to my companions."

In executing this generous purpose, one time Belanger had been despatched a distance of 4 miles, but, so reduced were the miserable travellers,

"October 16.—We waited till 2 in the afternoon for Belanger ; but seeing nothing of him on the lake, we set out purposing to encamp on the Narrows, the place which was said to be good for fishing.—We had not proceeded far before Beuparlant began to complain of increasing weakness. This was so usual with us that no particular notice was taken of it, for in fact there was little difference, all being alike feeble. I endeavoured to encourage him by explaining the mercy of the Supreme Being, who ever beholds with an eye of pity those that seek his aid. This passed as common discourse, when he inquired where we put up : St. Germain pointed to a small clump of pines near us, as the only place indeed that offered fuel. 'Well,' replied the poor man, 'take your axe, Mr. Back, and I will follow at my leisure, I shall join you by the time the encampment is made.' This is a usual practice of the country, and St. Germain and myself went towards the spot, when, on leaving the ice, we saw a number of crows perched on the top of some high pines near us. St. Germain immediately said there must be some dead animal thereabouts, and proceeded to search, when we saw several heads of deer half buried in the snow and ice without eyes or tongues ; the previous severity of the weather only having obliged the wolves and other animals to abandon them. An exclamation of 'Oh merciful God ! we are saved,' broke from us both : and with feelings more easily imagined than described, we shook hands, not knowing what to say for joy. It was twilight, and a fog was rapidly darkening the surface of the lake, when St. Germain commenced making the encampment ; the task was too laborious for me to render him any assistance, and had we not thus providentially found

provision, I feel convinced that the next 24 hours would have terminated my existence. But this good fortune, in some measure, renovated me for the moment, and, putting out my whole strength, I contrived to collect a few heads, and with difficulty carried them singly about 30 paces to the fire.

"Darkness stole on us apace, and I became extremely anxious about Beuparlant; several guns were fired, to each of which he answered, when I told St. Germain to go and look for him, as I had not strength myself, being quite exhausted. He said, that he had already placed a pine branch on the ice, and he could then scarcely find his way back, but if he went now he should certainly be lost. In this situation I could only hope that as Beuparlant had my blanket, and every thing requisite to light a fire, he might have encamped at a little distance.

"Oct. 17. The night was cold and clear, but we could not sleep at all, from the pains of having eaten. We suffered the most excruciating torments, tho' I in particular did not eat a quarter of what would have satisfied me. In the morning, being much agitated for the safety of Beuparlant, I desired St. Germain to go in search of him, and to return with him as quick as possible, when I would have something prepared for them to eat.

"It was, however, late when he arrived, with a small bundle which Beuparlant was accustomed to carry, and with tears in his eyes, told me that he had found our poor companion dead; his bundle behind him, as if it had rolled away when he fell, and the blanket which he wore around his neck and

shoulders thrown on one side." St. Germain covered him with the blanket and placed his snow-shoes on the top of it.

Belanger rejoined the two remaining wanderers:—"We had set fishing-lines, but without any success; and we often saw large herds of deer crossing the lake at full speed, and wolves pursuing them. On the 27th we discovered the remains of a deer, on which we feasted. The night was unusually cold, and ice formed in a pint-pot within 2 feet of the fire. The coruscations of the Aurora were beautifully brilliant; they served to shew us eight wolves, which we had some trouble to frighten away from our collection of deer's bones."

"Having collected by great care, and by self denial, two small packets of dried meat or sinews, sufficient (for men who knew what it was to fast) to last for 8 days, at the rate of one indifferent meal per day, we prepared to set out on the 30th. I calculated that we should be about 14 days in reaching Fort Providence; and, allowing that we neither killed deer nor found Indians, we could but be unprovided with food 6 days, and this we heeded not whilst the prospect of obtaining full relief was before us. Accordingly we set out against a keen north-east wind, in order to gain the known route to Fort Providence. We saw a number of wolves and some crows on the middle of the lake, and supposing such an assembly were not met idly, we made for them, and came in for a share of a deer, which they had killed a short time before, and thus added a couple of meals to our stock."

In a few days more they were relieved by the Indians.

(Europ. Mag.)

SUMMER MORNING.—A FRAGMENT.

It is the glowing hour of morn:
The chilly moon with crescent horn,
The stars that lighted vonder spheres,
And planets fade as Sol appears.
The hill that bounds the distant view
Is gilded with his golden hue;
And bath'd in dew is ev'ry leaf,
Like some lone maid in tears of grief.
The feather'd songsters on the sprays
Attune their notes to nature's praise.
The turtles coo in every grove,
Through which the whisp'ring breezes rove;

The tuneful lark is warbling now,
The lover breathes a tenderer vow;
The brooks in gentle murmurings flow,
And flowers with sweeter odours blow
There's music in each bush and tree;
All nature's fill'd with harmony.
And ere this fleeting scene is gone,
And purer, brighter glories dawn,
Full many a day
Shall shew, like this,
A transient ray
Of earthly bliss.

FACETIÆ OF HIEROCLES.

(Lit. Gaz.)

SIR,
WHEN so much is done for the general information and amusement as is done in your publication, and at such short periods, an offer of any assistance is a tribute of gratitude, and I hope will not be deemed presumptuous. I was delighted with your Gotham stories, and could not but wish they had brought to your recollection the Facetiæ of the Hierocles. I confess I know no more of them than those which added to my pleasures in learning the language of them, and which are printed in the "Analecta Minora;" but as it is intimated there that few are omitted, I hope I know the best. If you have not leisure to adapt them to your purpose, will you accept my small labour?

It is remarkable, that whereas *we*, in giving instances of absurdity or false reasoning, bestow them on *countrymen*, or the often ill-understood natives of Ireland, Hierocles attaches every one of his to a character that seems the least prone to mistakes. "Scholasticus" is always the object of laughter and derision; and though the Lexicons furnish a sense which may be rendered "an idle man," yet as this idleness was only understood as exemption from the business of *war*, it may be fairly concluded that a *scholar*, or perhaps a *pedant*, was the butt of this wit.

To be as brief as possible, we will suppose one of these *scholars*, or *pedants*, entitled to the credit of these deeds and sayings, and substituting a general *He* for Σχολαστικος, recount his rash vow when narrowly escaped from drowning in swimming, that he would never touch water again till he had learnt to swim; and his polite reply to a friend who said, "I dreamed last night that I saw you and spoke to you."—"I am very sorry I did not attend to you." Visiting a sick friend who was unable to answer his inquiries, he replies angrily, "I hope I shall be ill myself, and then I will not speak to you." Meeting the physician, who probably was his own, he made an apology for

the length of time elapsed since he needed him.

To this same personage is ascribed the experiment of teaching his horse to live without food, and the consequent lamentation over him for his untimely death just as he was perfect.

Johnson quotes Hierocles for the story of the man, who, having a house to sell, carried a brick about with him as a specimen of it.

His looking at himself in a glass with his eyes shut, to judge of his appearance when asleep, has been, I believe, rivalled by many a child.

Having a cask of wine on which he had put his seal, and which nevertheless wanted much of being full, he was extremely puzzled to find out how the wine could have escaped. "Perhaps (said his servant) a hole has been bored in the bottom."—"How can that be, (said he) when it is the wine at top that is wanting?"

Seeing some sparrows, on a tree, he opened his bosom, and shook the tree in hopes the sparrows would fall down and he might catch them.

Meeting a friend, he said to him, "I heard that you were dead."—"But you see (said his friend) that I am alive."—"I should much sooner credit the person who told me so than *you*," said he.

Asking if the water in a well was good, and being answered that his parents had always drank out of that well, he expressed his astonishment at the length of their necks.

Hearing that a raven will live about two hundred years, he purchased one to make the experiment.

Being shipwrecked, and seeing that every one caught hold of something in hopes of saving himself, he laid fast hold on an anchor.

"Is it you or your brother who is dead?" said he to a friend who had lost a twin brother.

When in danger at sea, he called for his tablets to write his will. Seeing his servant much alarmed at the danger, and crying, *he* thought through interest

for him, he comforted him, saying, "Do not be concerned: I give you your freedom."

He got on horseback to cross a river in a boat, to save time.

Selling his library for want, he wrote to his father, that he was living upon his books.

Losing a child, and seeing a great concourse of people round the house on the occasion, he said he was quite ashamed that the death of such a child should make so many persons take the trouble of coming out.

A grown up son, serving in the army, promised to bring him the head of an enemy. "I hope (said he) I shall see you return in good health and spirits, even without a head."

A friend wrote to him when in Greece, desiring him to procure him some books. He neglected to do so; but when he next met his friend, he volunteered an excuse, by telling him his letter never arrived.

These are the Facetiæ of Hierocles.

I have heard that many are to be picked up near London, for that the people in Coggeshall, in Essex, are famous for this species of wit. I heard of a man who bound his trees with haybands, and set them on fire to clear them of moss. And in Suffolk, a servant lad, wishing to come to London, gave the waggoner half-a-crown for permission to walk by his waggon.—I am, Sir, yours,* II.

* This amusing letter (of which the only part we print unwillingly is the too complimentary exordium) will show many of our readers how true it is that there is *little* new under the sun. Perhaps the following is so; at any rate it happened recently, and is quite original. A young gentleman on a visit to Edinburgh, complained much of the answers given by the natives there to his inquiries in seeking out places. "They would tell me to turn first to the *East*, and then the second street on the *North*, (said he,) and the d—! a weathercock could I see to point out the direction; and even if there had, (after a pause,) all the while I was in Edinburgh, a breath of wind to turn it right!"—*Ed.*

(Blackwood's Mag.)

A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS.

IN a journey from New York to Upper Canada, I visited the establishment of Shakers near Lebanon.

I arrived at Hudson, a city upon the North River, on the evening of the 5th September, 1820; and hearing that strangers were received by Shakers without any introduction, determined to make my way to them, across the country, by any conveyance which might offer. I found, in the morning, a farmer going within seven miles of the place, and took a seat in his "*waggon*." For ten or twelve miles, the country through which we passed was rich, and the general appearance of the farms flourishing; but further on, the road went through a wilderness, where the immense pines and hemlock trees marked our entrance upon that dreary forest, which blackens so large a portion of North America. I was left, at sun-set, at a small inn, about eighteen miles from Hudson, and, there being no other way of proceeding, walked on alone, till I was overtaken by a man

who was returning home from the wood. He spoke of the people I was going to visit, as excellent neighbours, extremely just in all their dealings, and quite guiltless of many bad actions, of which they had been accused. The road soon left the forest, and we went about three miles through an open country, to my companion's farm, where, with great kindness, he asked me to stay for the night, but I preferred going on to the village; and about nine o'clock, came to a large house, in which I heard a number of people singing; and on asking a young man I met on the road, if this were the residence of the Shakers? was answered, "Yea," and directed to a neighbouring building for lodging. Here I knocked, and brought out a tall, grave-looking man, who questioned me very closely about the occasion of my visit; this I told him was merely a traveller's curiosity; he then shewed me into a small chamber, and said, that as soon as their evening worship, which I had disturbed, was

over, he would return. In about half an hour, accordingly, he came, bringing with him a few plain dishes for my supper, and observed, that this was their usual fare, but that something else might be procured, if I chose; on my declining this, he left me for the night, which, after the evening's work, was soon slept away.

In the morning I was visited by the same man, who told me that all strangers wishing for information relative to the opinions and regulations of the society, were referred to appointed persons, and that, after breakfast, he would conduct me to one of their preachers. We then went into another building, and passed through several rooms, and were all, I observed, neatly painted on the roof and floor, as well as the sides, and very plainly furnished, with a bed in each room, as is common in American houses. Here two of the Sisters laid a table for me, and remained in the room, but did not sit down; they were dressed with as much neatness and precision as the female Friends, and conversed in the same mild subdued tone. The breakfast consisted of the usual variety of dishes which appear at this meal among the country people, but all were particularly clean and well cooked.

I was now desired to walk to the house where the preacher lived, and, on going out, had the first view of the whole establishment. I stood upon high ground, which sloped gradually down to a valley of considerable extent, bounded by wooden hills; large masses of building, in the style of the farm-houses of the Upper Rhine, or of Switzerland, and standing at some distance from each other, were surrounded by cultivated fields; there was nothing that could be called a village, (the name usually given to the Shakers' settlement,) but each large dwelling-house, in which a family of fifty persons is accommodated, had its barns, workshops, and other conveniences attached. The clear, rich valley was finely contrasted with the surrounding heights, while the extraordinary neatness of the roads and inclosures made the *detail* of the landscape more pleasing than is common on this side of the Atlantic. Several of the men were going to work; their

dress was generally drab-coloured, and of an antiquated cut, with large flaps to the waistcoat, and broad-brimmed hats; they seemed healthy, and had a quiet, demure look. On coming to the preacher's house, I repeated my wish of gaining some information about the sect, and was desired to wait in a small room, where he soon joined me. He was a man about thirty, with sufficiently pleasing manners, and with a thoughtful, mild countenance. We conversed for three or four hours, in which time I heard a very detailed account of the progress of the Society, from the forlorn circumstances in which they first struggled, to their present prosperous state. I need not dwell upon the history of signs and wonders, which, they say, preceded the pouring out of the spirit, an event which took place about the middle of the last century. It will be sufficient to mention, that they consider most of those wild sects, which sprung up in the reign of the first Stuarts, and particularly the "French Prophets," who signalized themselves more lately to have been fore-runners of their second Messiah, Anne Lee; a woman who moved in very humble life, but laid claim to the power of working miracles, and the gift of prophecy; and who, after preaching in the manufacturing districts of the north of England, to which she belonged, and enduring much persecution, left her native country for New York, in 1774, accompanied by a few disciples, and with little to trust to but an ardent enthusiasm. Here they did not long remain, but were driven, by new difficulties, to the woods of Nyskiana, (now called Watervliet,) about twelve miles from Albany. Their situation, at this time, was described to me as wretched in the extreme; the country was marshy and unhealthy; the church was composed of a few outcasts, who were regarded with a suspicious, un pitying eye, by their neighbours. Their grotesque dancing and other ceremonies, which were thought to outrage decency, and their opinions, which set at nought the social duties, attracted the idle and curious.

The manners of the Shakers, towards strangers, were then marked by

an austerity and reserve bordering upon ferocity ; while in the bosom of their society were found union and good-will, a fortitude superior to all trials, and an intoxication of hope and joy, which roused the affections, and soon became contagious. While they proclaimed a new revelation, many, who had come to laugh, remained charmed by an emotion which raised the fancy above the trivial concerns of life ; men and women forsook their worldly connections, to join this new brotherhood ; young people left their parents, according to the flesh, and clung to the ‘ Mother Elect ;’ all felt interested, (said my informer), in the call of preachers, who promised, not only future bliss, but the present enjoyment of the millennium ; who professed to be the first reapers in that great harvest of souls, which is to end the works of Time. They were seized with trembling and great amazement, became proselytes, and were drilled into the mysterious dance of these *Faquirs of the West*. The principal conditions insisted upon with disciples were, celibacy, or, in the case of married people, the renunciation of all carnal connections ; the most unreserved confession ; and the surrender of private interests. All about the means of subsistence was removed from individuals to the whole, who, by their combined exertions, were soon raised above the most pressing wants : Nor was this all ; the possessions of the church were daily increased, by the contributions of land and money, belonging to new members. After a while, they began to divide labours, and to employ the brethren and sisters according to their gifts ; and soon acquired an excellence in some of the rude manufactures of the country, and in the management of their fields and stock. Being soon more than supplied with what goods they considered necessary for the simple life which they prescribed to themselves, they established new societies in different places, and the Shaking Quakers became gradually a respectable people.

During the lifetime of the founder, it appears that the Shakers were directed principally by her will, to which a great regard was paid. She was assisted by

two men, who, after her death, were successfully chosen to govern, but with very limited authority. At present their affairs are managed by elders, and I could not learn that any one person was considered the chief of the sect. They have stedfastly refused to bear arms, or to take part in political disputes ; inveighing continually against the present constitution of society, and proclaiming the commencement of the reign of peace. Mankind, say they, in their present imperfect state, are to become extinct by the universal spread of Shakerism ; and of this they speak with the greatest confidence : All other sects are regarded as more or less blinded, and they seem not a little proud of their own superior light : bestowing commendation upon the different classes of the religious world, in proportion as these last approximate to their own favourite practices ; thus the Harmonists and Moravians rank high in their esteem. However, with the Universalists, they consider their own people as merely the first-born, who are to enjoy, in advance, an inheritance, which will be shared by all others, after a little purgatorial preparation. The Bible is much read among them, and their language is quite scriptural ; but, as is not unusual, they seek those passages which incline to their own opinions, and give a mystical explanation of more stubborn texts ; referring to the late oracles of Anne Lee for authority in new and doubtful cases. I was told that many works of general information were admitted, and certainly the conversation of the person with whom I talked, and who had been brought up in the church, gave evidence of this ; however, for the education of the children, (who are received from any one that chooses to send them, or are brought into the community by their parents), a very plain course of study is adopted. The Society has published, with its sanction, a book, entitled “ Christ’s Second coming ;” and another volume, the title of which I have forgotten. In these may be seen an account of its opinions and proceedings, and also of several *miraculous cures* performed by the founder ; but they all protest against some statements con-

tained in a history written by a *renewal*, which is commonly met with in the libraries of New York, but will never be much read from its excessive dulness.

The preacher was more disposed to talk of the Society as a church, than to inform me of their domestic economy or political situation; so that, remaining unconvinced by a long catalogue of dreams, prophecies, and miracles, testifying the authority of the new mission, I left him, to visit other parts of the Establishment. I saw a large garden, well kept, and stocked with many fruit-trees quite unknown among the farmers; here they raise large quantities of seed, which are in much repute about the country. A man being sent to call me to dinner, conducted me through a room in which one of the families, consisting of twenty men and as many women, were standing round two tables; on a word or some sign being given, they all dropt on their knees, clasped their hands, and remained a short time in silent prayer, when they rose and sat down. My new companion, who was an Englishman, dined with me in a small adjoining room; two of the females waited. I remarked a spirituous liquor distilled from cider, and good beer of their own making.

In the afternoon, I called next upon the 'physician,' and found him a well-informed young man. He shewed me the garden for medicinal plants, with the manner of making extracts and putting up herbs, some of which are pressed into cakes, and sold to many public institutions. He told me that the members of the community were in general very healthy; the females and sedentary people were occasionally indisposed, but they had none of the consequences of intemperance, and were subject to few accidents. In the course of the evening I saw a manufactory for cut nails, some of the buildings for stock, and the public store, where their goods are exposed to sale at fixed prices. The waggons were such as are in common use, but in good order; the horses well kept, and the cattle remarkably fine. I went into one of the buildings inhabited by the ladies, and was shewn the

sleeping-rooms for the men; throughout was apparent the greatest attention to neatness and convenience, without any ornament. A large disposable body of labourers, under skilful direction, and cultivation upon a large scale, give them many advantages in a thinly peopled country. At Lebanon there are about 500 persons, of which number 60 are children. They have establishments in many different parts of the United States, and amount in all to between two and three thousand. Besides the produce of their fields and gardens, they send to market brooms and many articles in wicker-work, made very neatly by the women; common nails, combs, and other coarse manufactures; and buy very little except the raw materials for their work-shops, with some haberdashery and groceries.

Great importance is attached to cleanliness; this luxury they appear to enjoy in a truly enviable degree. I could not help being also struck with the suavity and benevolence of their manner, and with the cheerfulness and frankness of their conversation, and their first address. I spoke to as many as came in my way, and was assured that they experienced the highest satisfaction in the repose and regularity of their monastic life but it is confessed that occasionally a young couple leave them, unable to struggle with the flesh.

To strangers they are hospitable and kind, never receiving money for any entertainment, and, while they do not court acquaintance, are charitable in all cases of public or private distress. An instance of this occurred at the late fire of Troy, when they sent provisions in considerable quantities, and relief in the most liberal manner, to the sufferers.

After tea, I took leave of my kind hosts, and walked over to Lebanon Springs, a fashionable watering-place, most frequented in summer by families from the Southern States. I put up at a very large tavern, where the company were *sprawling* upon the chairs and window-seats, smoking and drinking. All travellers seem agreed in describing the orgies of the evening crowd at an American inn as disgusting; to me, the noise of the place, and the coarse

style of conversation in which the men indulged, were so strongly contrasted with the serenity and decency of the scene I had just left, that I felt as if awaking from a dream, and could scarcely persuade myself that I was but half an hour's walk from the "Society of Union." I retreated to the card-room, and for an hour or two amused myself by comparing the wives and daughters of the Virginia chieftains with the vestal sisters of New Lebanon.

Next day I went to Albany, and on the following morning (Sunday) rode out to Watervliet, the original settlement of the Shakers, in order to be a spectator of their far-famed ceremonies. About twelve miles from the town, I came to some plain buildings, a little off the road, forming three sides of a square, where several horses, and some carriages, belonging to visitors, were waiting. I made my way to the Meeting-house, in which were assembled about eighty of the brethren, and a good number of strangers, listening to a discourse from a young preacher. The men were in their waistcoats, having their coats and hats hung up: The females were dressed in close caps covering great part of their face, and long-waisted gowns, and appeared, I thought, rather ungraceful, though several of them were young and pretty. There was one negress among them. The preacher stood out in the middle of the room, held his arms close to his sides, and spoke in a disagreeable tone. I had arrived too late to profit by the whole of his discourse, but soon found that it turned upon the necessity of separating the sexes, in order to *mend matters*. In tracing to their origin the evils of society, he went as far up as the Garden of Eden, where our improvident parents (because they would not become Shakers, or, at least, go through a prolonged courtship, which he thought intended as a state of probation) involved themselves and their posterity in difficulties, to be now removed only by the annihilation of the whole race. Many passages in the New Testament were referred to as authority for his doctrine. After the sermon the people rose, the men and the women forming bodies three deep, on

the opposite sides of the room; a person then stepped in front of each company, and they joined in singing a hymn to a lively tune, swinging from side to side, and beating their feet alternately, with perfect regularity. This was all I saw of the ceremony, but have been informed, that, upon some occasions, the dance is more active, and so much at variance with your accustomed notions—so ill suited to the composed look of the performer—that your own gravity is put to the test. What I witnessed was certainly odd enough, but so was the whole scene; at the same time, the extreme neatness of the people, and the earnestness of their demeanour, occupied my attention as much as their ridiculous behaviour. While the visitors were retiring, and the brethren were resuming their coats, I mentioned to one of the old men that I had been to Lebanon, and desired to make some further inquiries about the Society, and was told to follow a detachment of the people which was proceeding to a dwelling-house at some distance from the meeting. I overtook about a dozen men, who were walking, by couples, before about as many women, and was asked to follow them without talking. On getting to their house, they invited me to take dinner, and placed with me an Englishman, who had come to visit his uncle, an inmate of the place. Two young women, who seemed acquainted with this visitor, remained in the room, and conversed freely with us, but would not sit at our table. After dinner, I had a long talk with the elder, and some of the brethren. I recollect particularly that one young man, who had been with them only a few months, complained much of the struggles he had to make with his former habits, and told me that nothing but the hope set before him, and a confident faith in the doctrines of their church, could support him under his difficulties. I notice this, because all the others, with whom I had spoken, declared that they had never known peace until their entrance into the Society, and that their temporal advantages alone were sufficient to compensate for a renunciation of the

world. Finding the conversation nearly unintelligible to me when they talked of the mystical and miraculous parts of their faith, I endeavoured to turn it upon the worldly fortunes and prospects of the association, but was checked by the young man before alluded to, who said to me,—"You talk of us as political bodies, and quite forget the peculiar grace by which we are supported as churches of God." After this, I did not continue my questions; I had, however, learnt that Watervliet was the original residence of the Society, and their numbers at present were 200; the situation rather unhealthy, but much improved by cultivation. Their occupations are in some respects different from those at Lebanon, being suited to the soil; but their general management and customs are similar.

Being asked if I wished to be present at the evening singing-meeting, I accompanied them into the room where twenty or thirty people were assembled. The men and women were seated on different sides of the room in rows; they sang very lively tunes, (one of them was a corruption of a popular English song) and kept time with the feet and head. After two or three hymns, they joined in singing, or rather humming, *without words*, a quick march, as it appeared to me, when the meeting broke up. I now begged to take my leave, having to get back to town, and after a cordial farewell, was shewn on my way, for a couple of miles, by a very cheerful old man, who told me that he had felt great difficulties at first, particularly at his confession: but that, since he had disburthened himself of all secrets and individual cares, he was as happy as possible, and felt no desire to return to the strife and contention of his former life.

It would be a curious speculation to trace what share design has had in giving birth to the rites, and forming the singular character of the Shakers. Beginning with two principles, the separation of the sexes, and the community of goods, some regulations must have sprung up naturally from this state; and as the society increased in numbers, and received additions of experienced and sagacious men, certain plans

would be selected as most proper to preserve their constitution and discipline. But how shall we account for the pains taken to perpetuate some of their follies, and to foster and encourage extravagancies, which have originated in the first burst of enthusiasm, except by supposing, that these, however trifling in appearance, have excited notice as useful means to a proposed end, and are not merely the work of chance? Let us consider, with this view, their separation from the world, making the Society a true church, or *ecclesia*; their division into small bodies, for the purposes of discipline; their being mustered at meals and prayers several times in the course of the day, and the constant check to which this must subject them; the confession at entrance, and the encouragement given to frankness and sincerity, for which qualities they are remarkable; their peculiarities of dress, speech, and behaviour, which at once make them a distinct people, and require a contempt of ridicule, and a sacrifice of what is considered decorous in society; and the repeated exercises in singing and dancing, (or, if you will, shaking,) which are well known to excite the sympathy, calm the passions, and exhaust the spirits of all people, but must have a tenfold effect when made a part of religious duty, and aided by a refined and speculative attachment, which, it is probable, exists between the sexes, when so strangely intermixed without being united. What means they employ more privately to restrain rebellious emotions, and encourage that state of Platonism, so much in repute among them, it would be unfair to imagine. Common report has attributed to them many of the malpractices charged upon the heretics of the middle ages; but, perhaps, a better acquaintance with mankind, and a more charitable view of these societies, would lead us to conclude, since there is no *evidence* to the contrary, that a constant system of *espionage*, strict discipline, example, sobriety, industry, and regularity, added to a free scope in the unbounded regions of faith and hope, are sufficient to mortify the flesh, and mould men into true Shakers.

We might be induced to inquire

likewise, whether the advantages which the 'Societies of Union' unquestionably enjoy, are only to be had at the price of fanaticism and folly, (or what will commonly be esteemed such;) and this question becomes interesting in an age quite wanting in enthusiasm, but abounding in discontent. Would it be absurd to imagine the restraints partially employed, and a self-denial of shorter duration? May we not suppose, without making too light of the religious feelings of these worthy people, that some of their associates see sufficient in the quiet content of these villages to induce them to become members? and that, to one who has quarrelled

with the world, a fraternity, where a man's sins are forgiven him, his labour properly directed, his anxiety about a maintenance removed, and his sociable dispositions encouraged, *upon one condition*, may present an agreeable refuge from the cares and bitter mortifications inseparable from common life? In the moral world, as in medicine, the bold experiments of empirics often give us the most valuable lessons; to borrow the words of our great historian, "they suggest hints, at least, and start difficulties, which they want, perhaps, skill to pursue, but which may produce finer discoveries, when handled by men who have a more just way of thinking."

(Literary Gazette.)

STANZAS.

Twine not those red roses for me,—
Darker and sadder my wreath must be;
Mine is of flowers unknissed by the sun,
Flowers which died as the Spring begun.
The blighted leaf and the cankered stem
Are what should form my diadem.

Take that rose—it is nipt by the blast;
That lily—the blight has over it past:
That peach-bud—a worm has gnawed it away;
Those violets—they were culled yesterday:
Bind them with leaves from the dark yew tree,
Then come and offer the wreath to me.

Let every flower be a flower of Spring,
But on each be a sign of withering;
Suited to me is the drooping wreath,
With colourless hues and scentless breath:
Seek ye not buds of brighter bloom,
Why should their beauty waste on the tomb?

I am too young for death, you say:
Fall not and fade not the green leaves in May?
Does not the rose in its life depart?
Needs there long life to break the heart?
I have felt the breath of the deadly power,—
My summons is come, and I know mine hour!

There came a voice to my sleeping ear,
With words of sorrow and words of fear,
Its sound was the roll of the mountain wave,
Its breath was damp as an opening grave;

My heart grew colder at every word,
For I knew it was the voice of Death I heard!

It summoned me, and I wept to die,—
Oh, fair is life to the youthful eye!
Time may come with his shadowy wing,
But who can think on Autumn in Spring?
With so much of hope, and of light, and of bloom,
Marvel ye that I shrink from my doom?

My tears are past,—the grave will be
Like a home and a haven, welcome to me!
I have marked the fairest of hopes decay,
Have seen love pass like a cloud away,
Seen bloom and sweet feelings waste to a sigh,
Till my heart has sickened and wished to die.

Falling to earth like a shower of light,
Yon ash tree is losing its blossoms of white;
Ere its green berries are coloured with red,
I shall be numbered amid the dead.
The buds that are falling in dust will lie
A prey for the worms and soon so shall I!

Be my tomb in the green grass made,
There let no white tombstone be laid;
All my monument shall be
A lonely and bending cypress tree,
Drooping—just such as should lean above
One who lived and who died for love! L. E. L.
May 31, 1823.

SUMMER.

The *Sun*, the early morn doth greet,
The *dew* begems the ground,
The *flowers* with fragrant odours meet,
And perfume all around.

So enters *Man* life's giddy maze,
Fearless of future harms;
Pleasure her wily path displays,
And lures him by her charms.

The sun pursues his eager flight,
The dew-drops soon are fled,
Each flower, obedient to the light,
Bends low its drooping head.

So thoughtless man, his hopes to win,
In Pleasure's labyrinth strays,
Till disappointment rushes in,
And blights his future days.

THE ROAD TO PREFERMENT IN PERSIA.*

(Lond. Mag.)

THE sun had already set, when Allaverdi retraced his steps into the city: he entered the gate, and pursued his way through the narrow intricate lanes till he reached the mosque; with a beating heart, but determined resolution, he approached the door; it was open; he hesitated a moment, cast a keen eye of observation around, to ascertain that he was unseen, and *disappeared* in the gloom of the tortuous passage. He would willingly have secured the door; but no fastenings presented themselves to his touch, as he carefully passed his hands over every part where bolt or bar was likely to be found. Unable to secure himself from surprise, he determined to trust to fortune for safety. He once more stood, rapt in deep meditation, on the terrace of the mosque, anxiously recalling to his mind every word of the loquacious old Mullah, and endeavouring to retrace, by his description, the exact spot where the steps descended leading to Fetmah's apartments; till the sudden recollection, that the clear bright light of the moon, now riding high in the sky, which enabled him so distinctly to pursue his researches, might also render him an object of observation to others; he immediately laid flat down, to await the descent of the unfriendly planet. The reviving freshness and soothing influence of a Persian evening failed that night to cool the fevered brain, or tranquillize the contending passions which agitated the bosom of the adventurer: the soft breeze from the mountains, fragrant with the odours of their aromatic spring productions, swept unheeded by. In vain the nightingale poured forth her sweetest notes; rendered still softer by the distance from whence the little warbler ventured to offer his melodious tributes; whilst the clear rich blue of the cloudless sky, spangled with myriads of glowing stars, shed over the whole scene, distinctly visible as in day, the rich solemn tint peculiar to an eastern night: all was indifferent to him, all unnoticed, as he impatiently turned

from side to side, or steadfastly gazed with vacant intensity on the descending moon; she was now fast approaching the undulating line of mountains which bounded the horizon; now she stood for a moment poised, upon the loftiest summit; then, throwing around her parting glance in a strong flood of silvery splendour, she majestically disappeared, leaving the whole scene enveloped in comparative darkness. Allaverdi raised himself from his reclining attitude; then cautiously advancing towards the edge of the terrace, he firmly grasped the parapet, and lowered himself down upon the adjoining wall, and hastily resumed his recumbent position. In this manner, passing from wall to wall, and from roof to roof, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending, watching from behind the shelter of a projecting corner the retiring light of some late reveller, springing forward, pausing, gliding with the utmost speed over the most exposed spots, he reached in safety the roof of the youthful Fetmah. He sat down for an instant to recover his strength, exhausted by exertion and agitation; he listened to catch the faintest sound, but none met his ear; the stillest silence announced that the inmates of the dwelling (fatigued probably by the preparations of the preceding day) lay buried in sleep. Suddenly he started on his feet, appalled by a near noise, his heart throbbed, he sought his pistols, when he perceived that his alarm was occasioned by one of them having, in the confusion of the moment, escaped from his girdle, and now hung suspended by its cord to his side; almost ashamed of his fears, he replaced it. "If the approach of danger thus unnerves my hands," he reflected, "how execute my errand in her presence?—Allaverdi, thou hast seen fire flash and steel glitter without wincing; thou hast heard the bullets whistle around thee with indifference; what spell now chills thy blood, and shakes thy changing heart? Arouse thee, man, the wager is unequal; the richest joys this

world and wealth bestow reward success; what canst thou lose? A doubtful worthless life. Arouse thee, man." Somewhat re-assured by these specious arguments, he advanced towards the door, indicated by the Mullah as the entrance of the descent; it yielded to his touch; with one foot across the threshold, he stood leaning over the dark abyss, his eye and ear intent on the still obscurity below. A horrid phantasm there presented itself to his disordered imagination; the bloody, mangled form of Simoon, the Armenian, whom lately he had seen suffer death for an alleged robbery, seemed to cross his path, and, with an imploring look of sad entreaty and compassion, pointed to the gash across his throat, and signed absence with his death-like hand. The very soul of Allaverdi sickened as the phantom passed; recollection instantly retraced the trembling limbs, the distorted pallid features, the haggard bloodshot eye, and frantic shriek of mortal agony gradually subsiding in gasping interrupted groans, as the life of the wretched victim ebbed in crimson torrents through the yawning wound. Involuntarily covering his eyes with his hands, he turned aside, nor dared, for some time, encounter the risk of again beholding this faithful portrait of what might soon be his own fate. "It is but fancy," he exclaimed aloud, pacing the terrace with incautious steps; "unsubstantial, visionary. O! sickly offsprings of a coward, drivelling mind, I spurn ye from me! firm in my purpose, I will steadily pursue it; but may it not be ominous?" Suddenly pausing, he continued, "It appeared even as I crossed the threshold." Scarcely had the idea occurred, when the likeness of Marie, smiling welcome from the court below, and beckoning his approach as on the first day of their meeting, silenced his doubts, and re-assured his courage. "Genius of good or evil," he muttered, "thou shalt rule my destiny as hitherto thou hast. I will follow thy guidance as hitherto I have followed it; lead me to wealth, prosperity, and joy, or death and gulphs of liquid fire, thou art my destiny." Impelled by the courage of desperation, he rushed with heedless

precipitancy down the dark stairs; all remained tranquil, undisturbed by his steps; he grasped his dagger firm, and advanced towards a light which gleamed through the crevices of an unclosed door; he hesitated a moment, then gently withdrawing the *pardab* sufficiently to disclose a view of the interior chamber, by the assistance of a lamp which burnt in the chimney, he discovered a small room gaily painted and gilded; the richest carpets clothed the floor, wreaths of roses decorated the walls, and formed a kind of bower over a bed, decked with the choicest produce of the looms of Cashmeer; light draperies of the most transparent gauze waved in airy folds before the niches in the walls, without concealing their recesses, glittering with silver vases, intermixed with packets of clothes, carefully enveloped in embroidered handkerchiefs, and pieces of gold and silver tissue. The general air of luxury, and the splendour of the surrounding objects, encouraged the intruder to hope that he stood in the chamber of the favourite, which hope was nearly confirmed to a certainty by the shawl turban, and various costly articles of female attire, that lay negligently dispersed upon the floor. Desirous of fully ascertaining by whom the bed was occupied, he cautiously ventured forward, till, assured by the regular breathing of the sleeper that his entrance was unnoticed, he approached near. The extreme beauty of the youthful countenance which there met his eye, announced decidedly the presence of the favoured *Fetmah*; the boasted jewels then must also be near. The silver vessels allured him to inspect the niches, he examined them all; each vase, ewer and basin, containing essences and perfumes for burning, were separately inspected and replaced with disgust; each bundle was unfolded but to increase the disappointment. "At any other moment," he thought, "how I should have esteemed these baubles as a prize, and counted them a treasure; but the glory of the moon, sole empress of the night, sinks into nothingness at the approach of day.—Forward then, Allaverdi, thy day now dawns." He snatched up the lamp from the ground.

and advanced towards a door opposite to that by which he had entered. "This curtain must conceal the treasure," he mentally exclaimed, as he raised the purdah. "Now to behold my prize!" He passed the door without fear; the fixed determination to persevere in a desperate deed stunned recollection, and benumbed every other feeling; the certainty of danger, and the impossibility of escape, diffused over his senses that hopeless contempt of death, and mingled with the frightful gaiety of wavering intellect that intense sensation of condensed horror which has enabled some weak minds to mount the scaffold with sullen indifference, and caused others to sport in unseemingly levity with their approaching fate. He now found himself in a large room arranged for a banquet; silver vessels on all sides again presented themselves to his touch to be again rejected. "Shall the eagle stoop to the carrion of the vulture?" he exclaimed, casting a second glance on the plate before him. "No! he flies at nobler game, and will reject all other."

His research proving vain, he turned to quit the hall, when, stopping short, he continued: "Hold, friend Allaverdi, though thou wearest not the jewels of the Prince, thou mayest feed at his board; the proudest noble cannot say so much:" thus speaking, he approached the niches where the dishes were deposited, and selecting the choicest morsels, devoured them with unconscious voracity; he then quitted the hall; all remained in the first chamber as he had left it. Replacing the lamp on the floor, he stood for an instant irresolute, half tempted to desert the lofty flight of the eagle, for the humbler course of the vulture, and accept what fortune offered. A low murmur from the bed shot like an icy arrow through his frame; he listened in breathless eagerness; the soft voice of Fetmah was again heard in inarticulate whisperings; he unsheathed his dagger, and rushed towards her; "One of us must die," he muttered; "perhaps both may: she must not awake." A smile played over the lovely features of the sleeping girl; her lips still moved as if yet speaking, but no audible sound escaped

them. Allaverdi gazed on her, his heart swelling with the bitter certainty that similar repose could never again be his. The motion of her lips increased, whilst a glow of brighter animation lighted up her countenance. "Nay, hold," she softly exclaimed; "hold, good Rose, remove that bowl; thou forgettest 'tis the sherbet of pomegranates which is grateful to the son of the King." At the first word she uttered the hand of Allaverdi dropped lifeless by his side; and, as he unconsciously averted his eyes from her a glittering object arrested them; he seized it, and rudely dragged from beneath the pillow a small bunch of keys and a seal, attached together by cords of plaited silk and gold. The movement passed unnoticed by Fetmah, whose slumbers continued calm and undisturbed. These keys evidently secured the jewels; for it was the Prince's seal that hung suspended among them. Allaverdi, trembling with anxiety and hope, once more looked around the chamber, in search of the corresponding lock. The altered situation of the lamp now disclosed to his view two coffers of considerable size; he applied a key to the lock of one of them, it turned, he raised the lid, and the magnificent armlets of the prince lay before him. With incredible haste he collected the contents of the coffer into a large handkerchief, and without daring to cast a look behind, or even thinking of the remainder of the treasure, fled from the spot with all the terrors of conscious guilt. How he again reached the mosque he knew not; so great was his agitation at quitting it, that he could proceed no further; his head turned round, a deadly sickness overcame him; in vain he attempted to move, his legs refused their office, he stumbled and fell. The sound of running water first recalled him, in some measure, to himself; he found himself lying before the mosque, by the side of a water conduit, through which the water now flowed; he drank greedily of the cooling stream, for a burning fever parched his throat; in a few minutes his strength returned, and a clear recollection of the occurrences of this eventful night rushed on his mind; he immediately continued his flight with

all possible speed, and, without further accident, arrived at his mother's dwelling. Once within the court-yard his fears, in some measure, subsided; that no one had seen him from his going out till his return, he felt assured; his mother even believed him now asleep in his chamber; apprehension yielded to hope that all must end well. He dug a deep hole in the little garden before his own window, deposited his prize in it, and resolved to commence digging over the whole space, the following day, to conceal the partial operation of the preceding night. He then retired to his bed, till the first rays of dawn should call him to his work in the garden. At an early hour in the morning the whole town was in alarm from the report of the robbery. The women of the Harem were questioned, some imprisoned, and severely punished as confederates in the inexplicable deed. The favourite Fetmah herself escaped not suspicion, and even received severe chastisement for negligence, if not for guilt. As usual, in all doubtful cases, the Christians were accused; without the slightest grounds for suspicion, many were arrested, bastinadoed, and tortured to extort confession of an action of which they were innocent; some suffered death in consequence of self-accusations. It was remarked, however, that, notwithstanding the numerous asserted confessions, and the increased odium thrown upon the sect of the sufferers, none of the jewels were recovered. Allaverdi dared not trust himself in public for several days, lest the agitation, which, in spite of himself, occasionally shook him, might betray his secret. He dug his garden, walked abroad in the most retired spots, and complained of indisposition to those who remarked his absence from the Defra; finally he resumed his place as usual in society. Aware of the danger of confidence, he carefully guarded his secret, and confided it to no one. By this means he insured his own safety, but he foresaw that he had also lost the opportunity of enjoying his acquisitions; he resolved, therefore, as soon as all curiosity, relative to the late events, had subsided, to pack up his saddle bags and bid adieu to his native

city, till he should have found convenient occasion safely to convert his diamonds into gold. Some months subsequent to this adventure he announced his determination to commence merchant, and busily prepared for his journey to foreign parts. Unwilling to risk the whole of his treasure at once, he selected only a few jewels of considerable value, and secreted the remainder in a deep excavation, under the floor of his own chamber, which he had prepared for that purpose; he then departed, recommending to his mother the care of their affairs during his absence, and, above all things, exhorted her never to exchange their poor old house for another.

Years passed away, yet Allaverdi returned not; at an advanced age his mother had quitted this world; her house had been sold by her surviving relatives, and the existence of her son (seldom referred to by those who must inherit his property, in case of his never again appearing) was almost forgotten in the city, when a stranger, of poor appearance, pompously announced himself as the discoverer of that long sought secret, the philosopher's stone. He voluntarily offered to effect the transmutation in the presence of witnesses, and actually did perform his promise, changing a small crucible of quicksilver into a smaller portion of gold.

The fame of this wonderful alchymist spread through the whole city, and occupied every tongue, till it at length reached the ears of the Prince. The professor was ordered to attend, and to exhibit his powers before the Prince himself on a certain day and hour. Proposals were continually offered for the purchase of this invaluable discovery by all classes of people, from the highest to the lowest: all publicly received one general answer, "That it was worthily reserved for the Prince alone;" but, privately, the communication of the secret accommodated itself to the price of every bidder, and each one returned home, believing himself possessed of an imperial treasure. The day fixed for the grand experiment arrived; the apparatus was conveyed to the chamber appointed.

and the operation commenced with every precaution to prevent fraud. The Prince, attended by the chiefs of the silver and coppersmiths, and a few favoured courtiers, was present. The quicksilver was first examined, then placed on the furnace; as soon as it boiled, the operator threw in several ingredients separately, submitting the whole to the careful inspection of the Prince and his followers; lastly, he poured in a few drops of a small phial, which he produced from a curious case; a thick white vapour arose, diffusing through the chamber an odour so strong and pungent as to oblige the surrounding spectators to withdraw to some distance. The operator then approached the furnace, declaring the transmutation to be now completed, and removed the crucible, originally containing the quicksilver, from the fire; a light spongy black cinder apparently filled it, but on removing the exterior surface, a button of gold was found below, weighing more than one-third of the mercury employed. No doubt remained on the minds of all present as to the accuracy of the experiment, and the entire success attending the result. The Prince impatiently demanded the price of this inexhaustible mine of wealth. The professor humbly remarked that any sum that could be given was but as the dust under the feet of him who already possessed the secret; he required no recompense, except the glory of standing in the presence of the King's son, and enjoying the smiles of his favour: he only asked a house wherein to conduct his operations, and unfold the mysteries of the golden science to the pupils appointed for initiation. He had already discovered a small empty house, he said, which pleased him, and would suit his purpose, if the Prince would condescend to grant an order for his occupying it. The order was immediately written, and sealed with the royal signet. The Prince, after the warmest assurances of his gratitude and protection for ever, dismissed the assembly, and commanded some of his servants to accompany the professor, and put him in possession of the house designated in the order, which was pre-

cisely the old dwelling of the long unheard-of Allaverdi; his baggage soon followed him, and he was left for the remainder of the day to make the necessary arrangements previous to commencing his operations on a larger scale. How did the heart of Allaverdi (for it was he) beat as he closed the door of the court-yard, and found himself once more alone in his own little chamber, which had not undergone the slightest alteration during his absence. Time and sufferings, with the growth of his beard, and change of dress, had so completely altered his appearance, that he felt sure of passing his oldest and most intimate friends unknown. "Now then," he exultingly exclaimed, "I shall see the end of all my wanderings, slavery, escapes, and poverty; all will now be amply repaid, and an old age of ease and affluence will terminate a life wasted with toil and anxieties. Fools! avaricious, greedy, insatuated idiots!" he continued, regarding the heavy purse containing the produce of his flattering communications; "to credit for a moment that the possessor of incalculable treasures would barter them for a few pieces of that dross of which he could at pleasure create millions." He determined that night to dig up his jewels, and to leave the town with them on the morrow, under pretence of collecting the herbs and simples requisite, as it was believed, for the composition of the elixir of transmutation. He was eating his solitary evening meal, when a violent clamour at the door of the house alarmed him; loud cries and imprecations on the impostor confirmed the worst fears that some of his plans had miscarried. In an instant, the chamber was filled with armed men, who, in the name of the governor, seized and bound the deluding adventurer. The accusations against him were numerous and well-founded; some of his private disciples, neglecting his strict injunctions of four days' delay, and impatient to prove by their own experience the efficacy of their dearly acquired knowledge, had repeated the experiment without success. Enraged at their actual loss, and the disappointment of their golden hopes, they hastened to carry their

complaints to the governor, where they met many of their acquaintances engaged in a similar errand; mutual explanations ensued, and the outcry against the impudent impostor became general; an order for his arrest was, in consequence, soon obtained. When led before the governor he refused to answer his accusers, declaring that through envy only they sought to ruin him, a stranger, in the eyes of the Prince; that he never had communicated the secret to any of them for money, and insisted upon being taken before the Prince, when he would again prove, by ocular demonstration, that he was not the impostor which they would represent him. As none of the complainants could produce a second witness to any of the alleged facts, the governor, finding ten pieces of gold in his lap, during the examination and short explanation of the accused, complied with his request; he was confined for the night, and the next day was conducted to the same chamber where he had performed his first essay. The Prince, curious to behold a second time the promising miracle, soon arrived, and commanded the proof experiment to proceed. The professor boldly advanced, approached the furnace with all confidence, but suddenly stopping felt anxiously in his pockets, faltered, and became confused and agitated; in fact the paper containing the powder mixed with gold dust, which formed the only essential ingredient in the composition, was no where to be found; ruin, inevitable ruin, he saw awaited him; in an agony of shame and vexation, he confessed that he was not at the moment prepared for the experiment, having by some misfortune lost the elixir; but that on any future day he would lose his head if he made not his words good. All believed this a poor excuse only to gain time; his accusers recommenced their exclamations against him, and demanded justice for the fraud practised upon them; many even asserted, that his life would not compensate for the insult offered to the person of the King's son, who seemed fast inclining to the same opinion. The indignant Prince called for the fer-

ashes, and the rods for the bastinado. All hope seemed lost. The miserable culprit was already thrown upon his back, with his ancles in the noose, attached to a long pole supported by two ferashes, in such a manner as to expose the soles of his feet to the blows of his two executioners, who stood on each side of him armed with heavy sticks; when, making a sudden effort, he turned his face towards the Prince, and cried out, "O, son of the King, hearken to the voice of truth, and let the beauty of mercy rest on thy countenance; say, hast not thou lost the richest of thy jewels? what is the recompense of him who restores them?" The Prince replied, "He who again binds the armlets on my arm, and replaces the dagger in my girdle, shall have his face made fair, although it were blackened with many crimes." "But swear," cried the criminal, "swear by thy own head, by the beard of the King thy father, and by the sacred Koran." "I swear," repeated the Prince. "Go to the house of Allaverdi," he continued, "of him who now lies before thee, dig in the chamber to the left on entering, and ye shall find what ye seek." All stood amazed at this unexpected discovery; the Prince ordered some of his ministers and servants to go and examine the house, and others to unbind the prisoner. "If," he said, "thy words are true, mine shall be the same, and thou shalt rise high in my favour; but if thou art false, thou diest." "I ask no other," submissively answered Allaverdi: he then related his adventures to the great astonishment of the whole court, and the delight of the Prince, which was much increased by the messengers returning loaded with nearly all the long lost jewels. All the faults of the accused vanished in the joy of that moment; in vain his poor deluded dupes claimed restitution of their money; they themselves only became subjects of ridicule; royal favours showered upon him, which his intriguing spirit knew well how to turn to the best advantage.—Allaverdi yet lives in the enjoyment of high honours, and the possession of so much wealth, that at his death his son may reasona-

bly expect the honour of a severe bastinadoing, either to induce him to relinquish the whole, or, at least, to re-

fund a large portion of his father's ill-gotten treasure into the treasures of his most equitable protector and sovereign.

(Sel. Mag. April.)

THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

THE remains of Pompeii afford a truly interesting spectacle. It is like a resurrection from the dead;—the progress of time and decay is arrested; and you are admitted to the temples, the theatres, and the domestic privacy of a people who have ceased to exist for seventeen centuries. Nothing is wanted but the inhabitants; still, a morning's walk through the solemn, silent streets of Pompeii, will give you a livelier idea of their modes of life than all the books in the world.

They seem, like the French of the present day, to have existed only *in public*. Their theatres, temples, basilicas, and forums, are on the most splendid scale, but in their private dwellings we discovered little or no attention to *comfort*. The houses, in general, have a small court, round which the rooms are built, which are rather cells than rooms; the greater part are without windows, receiving light only from the door. There are no chimneys; the smoke of the kitchen, which is usually low and dark, must have found its way through a hole in the ceiling. The doors are so low that you are obliged to stoop to pass through them. There are some traces of Mosaic flooring, and the stucco paintings, with which all the walls are covered, are but little injured; and upon being wetted they appear as fresh as ever. Brown, red, yellow, and blue, are the prevailing colours. It is a pity that the contents of the houses could not have been allowed to remain in the state in which they were found; but this would have been impossible. Travellers are the greatest thieves in the world. As it is, they will tear down, without scruple, the whole of the inside of a room, to cut out a favourable specimen of the stucco painting. If it were not for this pilfering propensity, we might have seen every thing as it really was left at the time of this great

calamity: even to the skeleton, which was found with a purse of gold in its hand, trying to run away from the impending destruction, and exhibiting "The ruling passion, strong in death," in the last object of its anxiety. In the stocks of the guard-room, which were used as a military punishment, the skeletons of four soldiers were found sitting; but these poor fellows have now been released from their ignominious situation, and the stocks, with every thing else that was moveable, have been placed in the Museum; the bones being consigned to their parent clay.

Pompeii, therefore, exhibits nothing but bare walls, and the walls are without roofs; for these have been broken in by the weight of the shower of ashes and pumice stones that caused the destruction of the town.

The paintings on the walls of the amphitheatre represent the combats of gladiators and wild beasts; the dens of which remain just as they were seven hundred years ago.

The Temple of Isis has suffered little injury. The statues, indeed, have been taken away, but you see the very altar on which the victims were offered; and you may now ascend without ceremony the private stairs which led to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the goddess, where those mysterious rites were celebrated, the nature of which may be painfully inferred from the curiosities discovered there, which are now to be seen in the *Museo Borbonico*. In a niche on the outside of the temple was a statue of *Harpocrates*, the god of silence, who was most appropriately placed there: but—

"Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to
men's eyes."

The streets are very narrow; the marks of wheels on the pavement shew that carriages were in use, but there must have been some regulation to prevent

their meeting each other, for one carriage would have occupied the whole of the street, except the narrow *trottoir*, raised on each side for foot-passengers—for whose accommodation there are also raised stepping-stones, in order to cross from one side to the other. The distance between the wheel-tracks is four feet three inches.

Many of the paintings on the walls are very elegant in the taste and design, and often assist us in ascertaining the uses for which the different rooms were intended. For example: in the baths, we find Tritons and Naiads; in the bed-chambers, Morpheus scatters his poppies; and in the eating-room, a sacrifice to Æsculapius teaches us that we should eat to live, and not live to eat. In one of these rooms are the remains of a *triclinium*. A baker's shop is as plainly indicated as if the loaves were now at his window. There is a mill for the grinding of corn, and the oven for baking; and the surgeon and the druggist have also been traced by the quality of the articles found in their respective dwellings. But the most complete specimen that we have of an ancient residence, is the villa which has been discovered at a small distance without the gate. It is on a more splendid scale than any of the houses in the town itself, and it has been preserved with scarcely any injury. Some have imagined that this was the *Pompeianum*—the Pompeian villa of Cicero. Be this as it may, it must have belonged to a man of taste. The walls and the ceilings of this villa are ornamented with paintings, of very elegant design, all which have a relation to the uses of the apartments in which they are placed. The host was fond of conviviality, if we may judge from the dimensions of the cellar, which extends under the whole of the house and the arcades also; and many of the amphoræ remain in which the wine was stowed. It was here that the skeletons of seven-and-twenty poor wretches were found, who took refuge in this place from the fiery shower that would have killed them at once, to suffer the lingering torments of being starved to death. It was in one of these porticoes, leading to the outward entrance, that the skeleton, sup-

posed to be that of the master of the house, was found, with a key in one hand and a purse of gold in the other.

So much for Pompeii. I lingered among its ruins till the close of the evening; and have seldom passed a day with feelings so strongly excited, or with impressions of the transient nature of all human possessions so strongly enforced, as by the solemn solitudes of this resuscitated town.

In the *Museo Borbonico* are deposited the greater part of the curiosities found at Herculaneum and Pompeii, which were formerly at Portici.

Here you see “the ancient most domestic ornaments”—the furniture—the kitchen utensils—the surgical instruments—the trinkets, &c. &c. of the old Romans.

This collection illustrates Solomon's apophthegm, that *there is nothing new under the sun*.—There is much that, with a little scouring, would scarcely appear old-fashioned at the present day. This is not surprising in many of the articles, considering that our makers of pottery and tea-urns, have been long busied in copying from these ancient models. But it is the same with other things: the bits of the bridle, and the steelyards and scales for weighing, the lamps, the dice, the surgeon's probe, are all very much like our own. We seem to have improved principally upon the Romans in hardware and cutlery. Their locks and keys, scissors and needles, are very clumsy articles; and their seals, rings, and necklaces, look as if they had been made at the blacksmith's forge. The toilettes of the ladies, too, were not so elegantly furnished with knick-knacks in those days: we have specimens of the whole arrangement of their dressing-tables, even to their little crystal boxes of essences and cosmetics. Their combs would scarcely compare with those which we use in our stables; and there is nothing which would be fit for a modern lady's dressing-case. We find nothing like knives and forks. The weight of the steelyards is generally the head of an Emperor. There is a sundial the gnomon of which is the hinder part of a pig, with the tail sticking up to cast the shadow. The *tesserae*, or

tickets of admission to the theatres, are of ivory; and I remarked one with the name of the poet *Æschylus* written on it in Greek characters. The apparatus of the kitchen may be studied in all its details, through every variety of urn, kettle, and saucepan.

The armoury presents to us the very helmets, and breast-plates, and swords, with which the Romans gained the empire of the world. In a word, every thing here excites the liveliest interest, even to the tops, and play-things, which prove the antiquity of our own school-boy amusements: but in these, as in other matters, the poverty of human invention is strikingly displayed; for whether we ride upon sticks, or play

at odd and even, we find that we are only copying the pastimes of children two thousand years ago.

Many articles even of food, are to be seen, preserved in a charcoal state. There is a loaf of bread on which the baker's name is still visible.

It is easy to recognize the different fruits and vegetables, corn, rice, figs, almonds, walnuts, beans, lentils, &c. They shew you also the necklace and bracelets of gold, belonging to the female, whose remains, together with the incrustation of ashes which overwhelmed her, and which, hardened by time, still retain the impression of her bosom, are still preserved at Portici.

(Asiatic Journal.)

HUMAN VICTIMS.

THE tribe of Brahmins called Carradee, formerly had a horrid custom of yearly sacrificing a young Brahmin of a different sect to their household god Sukhtee, who delights in human blood, and is represented with three fiery eyes covered with red flowers, in one hand holding a sword, and in the other a bottle. The prayers of his votaries are directed to him only during the first nine days of the Dusserah feast, and on the evening of the tenth day a feast is prepared to which the whole family are invited, and an intoxicating drug is contrived to be mixed with the victuals of the unsuspecting stranger, whom the master of the house has for several months or perhaps years treated with the greatest attention and kindness, and even, to lull him into a fatal security, given him his daughter in marriage. As soon as the effects of the intoxicating drug appear, the master of the house unattended takes the death-devoted victim into the temple, leads him three times round the idol, and when he prostrates himself, takes the opportunity of cutting his throat, and with the greatest care collects the flowing blood in a small bowl, which he first applies to the lips of his ferocious god, and then sprinkles it over the dead body, which is put into a hole dug for its reception at the foot of the idol.

After the perpetration of this cruel action, the innocent Brahmin returns to his family, and spends the night in mirth and revelry: his mind perfectly satisfied, that for this praiseworthy action, the favour of his blood-delighting deity will remain upon him for the space of twelve years. On the morning of the following day the corpse is taken from the hole into which it had been thrown, and then the idol is deposited until the next Dusserah, or until the sacrifice of another victim.

This horrible custom, however, has been greatly discontinued of late years, from the following circumstance, which happened at Poonah during the time of the Paishwah Ballagee Bogee Row.

A young and handsome Carnatick Brahmin, fatigued with travel, and oppressed with the scorching heat of the sun, sat himself down in the verandah of a rich Brahmin, (of the Carradee sect), who in a short time passing that way, and perceiving that the young man was a stranger, kindly invited him into his house, to remain until he perfectly recovered from the effects of his journey. The young and unsuspecting Brahmin readily accepted the kind invitation, and was for several days treated with so much attention and kindness that he showed no inclination to depart, especially since he had seen the Brah-

min's beautiful daughter, for whom he conceived a violent attachment, and before a month he asked and obtained her in marriage; they lived happily together until the time of the Dusserah, when the deceitful old Brahmin, as he had all along intended, determined to sacrifice his son-in-law to the household god of his caste; accordingly, on the tenth day of the feast, he succeeded in mixing a poisonous and intoxicating drug in his victuals, not however without being perceived by his daughter, who was passionately fond of her husband. She contrived, without being observed, to exchange his dish with that of her brother, who in a short time became intoxicated and senseless. The unhappy father seeing the helpless state of his son, and despairing of his recovery, carried him to the temple, put him to death with his own hands, and made an offering of his blood to the idol Sukhtee. This being perceived by the young Brahmin, he asked his wife the reason of an action so shocking and unnatu-

ral, and was informed by her of the particulars of the whole affair, and of his recent danger. He, alarmed for his own safety, and desirous that justice should be inflicted on the cruel Brahmin, contrived to make his escape, and immediately repairing to the Paishwah, fell at his feet and related the whole affair. Orders were instantly given to seize every Carradee Brahmin in the city of Poonah, and particularly the infamous perpetrator of the horrid deed, who was immediately put to death, together with several hundred Brahmins, who were convicted of similar practices. All of the same sect were expelled the city, and strict injunctions laid upon the inhabitants to have with them as little connexion as possible for the future.

By this well-timed severity the Paishwah effectually prevented the repetition of similar crimes; and the Carradee Brahmins are now contented with sacrificing a buffalo or a sheep, instead of a human victim.—*Cal. Jour.*

(Mon. Mag. May.)

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

NO. 75.

THE title of this northern periodical publication is a misnomer: it is not a *Review*, but a collection of "Essays on various subjects," to which the names of different new books are, often very inappropriately, prefixed as mottoes. In numerous instances, the work, thus chosen as a text, is never once alluded to in the discourse which follows; but this discourse, proceeding from an association of philosophers, infallible in wisdom, incapable of prejudice, and inaccessible of party or of power, is put forth to the world as containing all the information that can be acquired on the subject of which it condescends to treat. Exceptions may be produced to the description here given; but, we believe, few will deny that this is the characteristic feature of the work.

The preceding observations have, doubtless, long ago suggested themselves to many of the readers of the *Edinburgh Review*; but the manner in which the first article of the Number before us is introduced, most forcibly recalled the idea to our memory. The text-book is entitled, *Reflections on the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century, the progressive Causes which have produced it, and the measures best calculated to remove some and mitigate others of them*. But the essay-writer, as if there was no cause

of grievance in Ireland except tithes, and no country in the world whose example should be followed but his own, proceeds to give us twenty-six prosing pages concerning the "History and settlement of Tithes in Scotland," and finishes without saying a single word of the book, for the review of which he is alone entitled to his hire. An account of the final settlement of the tithes in Scotland, and the principle on which the present clergy are paid, is by no means uninteresting; and this might have been dispatched in a single page: but the history of the causes which led to this settlement can be of no value; because, it is to be hoped, they furnish no example: for they arose necessarily out of the disputes between the crown and some powerful barons, relative to the spoliation of the church revenues, during the stormy periods of the Reformation, and the subsequent contending rivalships of Episcopacy and Presbyterianism. In the scramble for possession of the tithes between the lay-impropriators and the crown, the church,—who claimed all, and possessed none,—was neglected. In the time of Charles the First a general adjustment was made, and rendered more effectual by subsequent enactments. The tithes were all valued at a fifth part of the rental of the estate, and sold to the proprietors of

the land at nine (afterwards six) years' purchase. If not purchased, a fifth part of the rent was the commutation. In addition to this, the landholders still remained liable to the maintenance of the parochial clergy, in such sum as should be modified by the Commissioners of Funds appointed for that purpose. The stipends of the clergy, at first small, are augmented from time to time, according to the will of these commissioners, never to exceed a fifth of the rent; and these "processes of augmentation," as they are called, produce continual heart-burnings between the minister and the heritors of his parish, with which the farmer, always holding at rack-rent, has nothing to do. The chief objection to tithes is the vexatious mode of exaction when levied in kind, and the uncertain duration of any commutation, in consequence of the livings not being hereditary. On the Scotch system the stipend of the clergyman is no grievance to the lessee; because, if he pays it in the first instance, it is always deducted from his rent.

Moore's *Loves of the Angels*, and Byron's *Heaven and Earth*, form the subject of the second article; which, we acknowledge, is a *bona fide* review. The contrasted comparison and distinctive description of the *mannerism* of these favourite poets, will be read with pleasure by every admirer of sound criticism and fine writing; notwithstanding a few dashing metaphors, that remind us of faults which the critic himself condemns. To say that Mr. Moore may "shine on, and fear no envious eclipse, unless it be from an excess of his own light," is an *inconceivable* conceit worthy of an Irish poet; but the following paragraph, extracted from several pages, possessing in an equal degree the same rare combination of felicitous and florid discrimination, demonstrates that the criticism has been drawn up by the hand of a master.

"We do not believe Mr. Moore ever writes a line, that in itself would not pass for poetry, that is not at least a vivid or harmonious common-place. Lord Byron writes whole pages of sullen, crabbed prose, like a long dreary road, that, however, leads to doleful shades, or palaces of the blest. In short, Mr. Moore's Parnassus is a blooming Eden; Lord Byron's is a rugged wilderness of shame and sorrow. On the tree of knowledge of the first, you can see nothing but perpetual flowers and verdure; in the last, you see the naked stem and rough bark; but it heaves at intervals with inarticulate throes, and you hear the shrieks of a human voice within.

The publication of the *Speeches of the Right Honourable Henry Grattan*, has brought forth nearly forty pages of fulsome panegyric upon the public conduct and the eloquence of that gentleman.

The fourth is a well-written article upon Botany Bay, consisting, chiefly, of Remarks on the "Report of the Commissioner of Inquiry into the State of the Colony of New

South Wales." Mr. Bigge, the author of that Report, was sent to that colony, for the purpose of enquiring into the conduct of Governor Macquarrie, who, it would seem, was more foolish than wicked. One of the strongest charges against the governor, was that of advancing convicts to the dignity of magistrates; and, on the probable necessity, and even utility, if doing so, in such a colony, the Reviewer makes many very sensible remarks. "Men," says he, "are governed by words; and, under the infamous term *convict*, are comprehended crimes of the most different degrees and species of guilt: therefore, to say that a man must be placed in no situation of trust or elevation, as a magistrate, merely because he is a *convict*, is to govern mankind with a dictionary, and to surrender sense and usefulness to sound." The Code Napoleon contains a chapter, the humanity of which is often boasted of by the French. When a criminal has expiated his crime by undergoing the punishment awarded by the law, (for that of death is far less usual with us,) however infamous it be, he may, after five years' residence in one commune, and on receiving a certificate of his good conduct from the municipality, procure his *Rehabilitation*, which reinstates him into all his former rights of citizenship.

At a public dinner in Edinburgh, in January last, Mr. Jeffrey made his *Recantation* of the casuistical doctrine of Virtual Representation, by which he had been so long deluded, and declared his determination to join the standard of parliamentary reform. This is the first number of his Review which has appeared since that memorable declaration; and, accordingly, the editor, to evince his sincerity and his readiness to coalesce with the radicals, has devoted his fifth article, consisting of above twenty pages, to a laudatory notice of Cobbett's *Cottage Economy*. It is not our present duty to enter into the merits or defects of this little work. We are not animadverting on Mr. Cobbett, but reviewing his reviewer. The mild and conciliating spirit of the latter gentleman is glaringly apparent, and we trust the former will appreciate this condescension as he ought. In the same manner, however, as in cases of ordinary warfare, the yielding party has proposed terms of capitulation. Mr. Cobbett is requested to increase the usefulness of his books, by *leaving out his flings at Methodists*; and, more particularly, "his invectives against Mr. Malthus, founded entirely upon the misunderstanding of that *virtuous and enlightened* man's principles." We must here enter our serious protest against this Jesuitical attempt to conjoin *virtue and knowledge* as necessarily connected; for, in the ordinary acceptance of the terms, a man may be honourable in his conduct, and benevolent in his intentions, without possessing the genius of a Newton, or the wisdom of a Socrates.

An Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture, by George, Earl

of Aberdeen, is the text of the sixth article, and furnishes an opportunity of publishing the reasons which have induced the committee of subscribers to the national monument of Scotland, to recommend the "Restoration of the Parthenon of Athens" on the Calton Hill of Edinburgh. It is well known that this still existing temple of Minerva is simply a roof supported on pillars; and, it seems, there is a party of the subscribers, among whom is the Earl of Aberdeen, who recommend a building in the Gothic style, with convenient halls and apartments for shelter; and therefore, apparently more congenial to the climate of Caledonia. It is acknowledged, in reply, that the Grecian temple admits of no habitable interior; but this, they say, is not its destination. "It is a monument which we are to contemplate from without, and which appears in its pride when considered as part of the surrounding landscape. The following observation is curious, and would provoke a smile, if read to an inhabitant of the south of Europe.

The belief that a Grecian temple cannot look beautiful, but in the climate and under the heat of Attica, is a total mistake. The clear atmosphere which prevails during the frosts of winter, or in the autumnal months, in Scotland, is as favourable to the display of architectural splendour, as the warm atmosphere of Greece. The Melville monument, in St. Andrew's-square, appears no ways inferior to the original in the Roman capital."

The materials, too, are objected to; but, it is here asserted, that "the freestone, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, is equal, in texture and durability, to the marble of Pentelicus, of which the Parthenon was formed." *Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.*

We have next a Dissertation on Church Establishments, which seems to be a continuation of that on Tithes already mentioned. The Essay had probably been too long for a single article; and was, therefore, split into two. The pamphlets to which this latter half is attached, are the well-known *Remarks on the Consumption of Public Wealth by the Clergy of every Christian Nation*, and *The Rights of the English Clergy asserted*, being an answer to the preceding. The few remarks upon these pamphlets appear to be just and pertinent; but the principal object of the Review, is to give a History and Application of the "First Fruits" and "Tenths in the Churches of England and Ireland, since they were appropriated by the crown. This history is by no means uninteresting, and presents us with a picture of the rapacity of the higher orders of the clergy in the means by which they contrived to frustrate the bounty of Queen Anne. When our church was Roman Catholic, the first year's revenue of every spiritual preferment was claimed by the pope, under the denomination of "First Fruits;" and, besides these, this head of the church had a right to a tenth of all ecclesiastical emolu-

ments whatever, payable every year at Christmas, and called "Tenths." At the period of the reformation, the first fruits and tenths were given to the king. These were valued, and the valuation became in time very disproportionate to the real revenues. The whole of these first fruits and tenths were given, in 1704, to a corporation which was to be erected for the purpose of augmenting small livings; and this is what is called Queen Anne's Bounty. There is much curious information relative to the distribution of this bounty, and the quirks and quibbles by which the higher dignitaries have succeeded in shaking off from their own shoulders the burden of providing for the poor clergy; but, for this, we must refer to the Review itself, which is well worthy of perusal.

We now come to a short treatise on *Negro Slavery*, which is written in a spirit of serious philanthropy. The pamphlet on which the reviewer builds his remarks, is entitled *Negro Slavery, or a Creed of some of the many prominent features of that State of Society, as it exists in the United States and the West Indies*; and the extracts given, demonstrate that the abolition of the trade has done little to ameliorate the hardships of the slaves. The reviewer, as well as the pamphlet, pleads for emancipation; and this upon a principle of so broad a basis, that there was a time when such language would not have been admitted into the Edinburgh Review.

"We hold it altogether impossible," says the reviewer, "for any rational being to maintain the abstract right of one class of men to keep another in the state of slavery. Upon this point, it is most material to state, that no doubt whatever can exist. If one man, or a class of men, pretend to absolute dominion over the mass of their fellow-creatures, although what is called political power alone be in question, and no attempt made to exercise a mastery over the persons of individuals, it is quite manifest that the people are fully justified in rising up and overthrowing their oppressors; and, if it be needful, in utterly destroying them."

The ninth article, on *English Tragedy*, is very long; but, notwithstanding, does not, in our opinion, claim much of our attention. The history of our Drama, from the earliest times, to those of Moore and Southern, occupies twenty-seven pages, with matter which, perhaps from our want of taste for such disquisitions, is to us very uninteresting. From the judgment of the critic we are, in many places, inclined to differ; and even when we agree, we find little of amusement, and less of instruction. After this long tirade on the merits of our early dramatists, four or five pages are bestowed upon Knowles's *Virginus*, and Beddoes's *Bride's Tragedy*; "the two pieces which stand at the head of the article." These pages are chiefly extracts; and the authors need neither be thankful for praise, nor indignant at censure.

The next article, on *East and West India Sugar*, is obviously written by a thoroughbred political economist, who talks of the profit on capital, of abandoning the cultivation of poor soils, and of adjusting the supply to the effective demand, &c. as if all these things could be done in an evening, as he writes his pages. The writer is obviously a partizan. The duties on East and West India sugar must be equalized, otherwise we are sacrificing the commerce of Hindostan for the sake of Jamaica, and encouraging the trade of slaves. Such sweeping assertions savour of something different from sober reason. Although the duty on East-India sugar were continued, it is doubtful whether the commerce of Hindostan would be sacrificed; and, though the extra-duty were abandoned, it is not very certain that the slave-trade would cease to exist. We neither believe, nor wish, that this contest of rival interests should be hastily and heedlessly settled. The matter requires consideration; and the readers of the Edinburgh Review, who feel an interest in the dispute, might better understand both sides of the question if they would read what Mr. Cobbett has lately written on the subject.

The *Nomination of Scottish Juries* is a short, but well-written, article. Its text is *A Letter to Mr. Peele, on the Courts of the Law in Scotland*; which, we are simply told, is a smart pamphlet. It will probably gratify some of our English readers, to learn the present mode of choosing a Scotch jury in criminal cases:—In trials at Edinburgh, where the high court of Judiciary resides, the sheriff of the county summons forty-five jurymen, chosen by him from his list of those liable to serve. At the circuit courts, which usually include three or four counties, the sheriffs of the several counties in the district send fifteen jurymen each. From the whole number in either case, (forty-five or sixty, as the case may happen,) the judges select fifteen for the petty-jury; and, of these, the prosecutor and the prisoner may each challenge five *peremptorily*, that is, without assigning any

cause, and the panel must then be filled up from the other jurors. Now the improvements proposed by the reviewer, are, in the first place, that the sheriff shall be *obliged* to return his jurymen from his list by *rotation*, which he is now only *recommended* to do; and, secondly, that the fifteen jurors, presented to the court, shall not be *picked* from the forty-five at the discretion of the judge, but *drawn by lot*. When the fifteen jurymen are impanelled, they decide by majority; and eight to seven is sufficient to condemn or acquit the prisoner. It may seem hard to an Englishman that a man should be hanged when seven of the jury wish to save his life; but a Scotchman is still more astonished to hear, (as is generally believed,) that our law produces unanimity by the threat of starvation!

The *Builder's Guide*, on which not a single word is bestowed, gives occasion for remarks on the *Duty on Slate and Stone carried Coastwise*. These duties in the average of seven years, from 1815 to 1821 inclusive, have not amounted to 50,000*l.* per annum, because, in most cases, 26 per cent. of the value amounts to a prohibition. In the mode of exaction, too, there are absurdities of a glaring kind; such as, if carried by hand, they pay no duty, so that a bridge saves the whole; and such are the Custom-house regulations, that, although shipped, they may at some places be sent forty or fifty miles without paying any thing; while, in others, a single mile makes them liable in the duty: and all this may occur at the same quarry.

The 13th and last article is entitled, *The Holy Alliance versus Spain*; and purports to be "a statement of such facts and arguments as may enable us to estimate the justness of the war *now threatened* by the ultra-royalists of France against Spain." Since this article was written, *threatened war* has actually begun; and this, together with the documents laid before the House, have so changed the view of the question, that any observations upon the reviewer's statement would be perfectly nugatory.

THE AGE OF BRONZE.*

(Mon. May.)

IT is under this title that the indefatigable muse of Lord Byron has, since the publication of our last Number, presented us with a powerful and highly-interesting political satire. His lordship's genius is as eminently prolific as it is singularly versatile; and his effusions furnish an almost uninterrupted subject-matter for criticism: for the feelings excited by one of them have hardly time to subside, before another appears, and makes an appeal to our judgment. Fortunately, too, he seems, with a very few exceptions, to have been exempted from the danger, too frequently incurred by writers whose productions are remarkable for rapidity of succession, of los-

ing the reputation which their early attempts have procured them; and we hail the poem before us as an additional evidence, that no reasonable apprehensions need be entertained for the illustrious author of *Childe Harold*, "*ne peccet ad extremum ridendus*."

The "*Age of Bronze*," as the title-page indeed leads us to infer, is a satirical notice of the principal characters and events that at present attract attention in the political horizon; and the author has certainly made the piece, to which he has given this title, the vehicle of some of the most masterly strokes of keen sarcasm that have ever pre-

* Or *Carmen Seculare*, et *Annus laud mirabilis*.

ceeded even from his pen. Little, indeed, can be charged upon him in the way of sins of omission; for he has most impartially touched upon all as he proceeds, from the Holy Alliance and the Duke of Wellington upwards, to Sir William Curtis and his tartans downwards. The motto of the poem, "*Impar Congressus Achilli*,"—is happily chosen to prepare us for the opening of the poem, no inconsiderable portion of which is devoted to a review of the actions, and an analysis of the character, of Napoleon, with reflections on the melancholy and unworthy destiny to which that extraordinary man was ultimately reserved. These passages are conceived and executed in Lord Byron's very best manner; and we regret that our extracts from them must necessarily be extremely limited. After speaking of Alexander, he proceeds to enquire—

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his ear?
Yes, where is he, the champion and the child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were
thrones,—
Whose table, earth,—whose dice were human bones?

In an ironical allusion to the fallacious assertions made by the persecutors of the imperial captive, respecting the pretended salubrity of his unhealthy prison, a handsome and justly-merited compliment is paid to the integrity of Mr. O'Meara; which, proceeding from such a quarter, may, we think, *almost* console that gentleman for the abuse of the Quarterly reviewer:—

Vain was his sickness,—never was a clime
So free from homicide,—to doubt's a crime:
And the stiff surgeon, who maintained his cause,
Hath lost his place, and gain'd the world's applause

The author in his retrospect of Bonaparte's conquests, has introduced the following magnificent description of the conflagration of Moscow:—

Moscow! thou limit of his long career,
For which rude Charles had wept his frozen tear
To see in vain,—he saw thee,—how? with spire
And palace, fuel to one common fire.
To this the soldier lent his kindling match,
To this the peasant gave his cottage-thatch,
To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,
The prince his hall,—and Moscow was no more!
Sublimest of volcanoes! *Etna's* flame
Pales before thine, and quenchless *Hecle's* tame;
Thou stand'st alone unrivall'd, till the fire.
To come, in which all empires shall expire!

To the subject of Napoleon succeeds a rapid and spirited glance at the gratifying progress of freedom, manifested in the vigorous and successful struggle against despotism in so many parts of the globe; and this topic naturally leads to the Holy Alliance, on which odious league of vice and folly Lord Byron has poured down the phials of his poetic wrath in a strain of bitter irony.

Who now assemble at the holy call?
The blest Alliance, which says three, are all?
An earthly Trinity, which wears the shape
Of heavens, as man is mimic'd by the ape.
A pious unity! in purpose one,—
To melt three fools to a Napoleon.

The master mover of this Satanic confederacy against the happiness and freedom of nations, has, at all events, no reason to complain that the writer of the "Age of Bronze" has neglected to pay him a tribute. Most of our readers will concur with us in thinking, that the following sketch of the Emperor Alexander is executed with equal spirit and fidelity:—

Resplendent sight! behold the coxcomb Czar,
The autocrat of waltzes and of war!
As eager for a plaudit as a realm,
And just as fit for flirting as the helm;
A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,
And gen'rous spirit, *when 'tis not frost-bit*.
Now half-dissolving to a liberal thaw,
But harden'd back when'er the morning's raw;
With no objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the nations free,
How well the imperial dandy prates of peace,
How fain, *if Greeks would be his slaves*, free Greece!

The French chambers next come in for their due share of the poet's animadversions; and we are presented with a ludicrous and lively picture of their indecent and undignified debates, their premeditated harangues, and their tumultuous loquacity. In his allusion to the French monarch, *Louis le Desiré*, Lord Byron breathes forth sentiments of compassion, which we entertain with no less cordiality, in adverting to the wayward destiny which has removed that, in some respects amiable man, from the enjoyments of an epicurean board, and pure Latinity, in the grove of Hartwell, to a regal station, where he is surrounded by no advisers but those whose advice it is pernicious to follow, and can conciliate no attachments but such as are degrading and destructive to the ostensible object of them. The bard then glances at the actual situation of his own country; and, after touching slightly upon various circumstances connected with it, he devotes a lengthened strain of satirical severity, almost bordering on invective, to the clamorous distresses of our country, or, as his lordship terms them, our "*now uncountr'y* gentlemen," who after having, in a long career of unredeemed selfishness, sanctioned and supported all those pernicious measures of misgovernment, which, from their temporary advancement of the landed interest, their short-sighted and narrow policy led them to regard as conducive to their permanent advantage; now, in a late and ungracious repentance, perceiving their error, would seek that sympathy in their misfortunes, to which their previous conduct can afford them no just claim, and, with a consistent love of self, would be indemnified for the consequences of their past folly and avarice, at the expense of other branches of the community.

See these inglorious Cineinnati swarm,
 Farmers of war, dictators of the farm!
 Their ploughshare was the sword in hireling hands,
 Their fields manur'd by gore of other lands.
 Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
 Their brethren out to battle,—why? for rent!
 Year after year they voted cent. per cent,
 Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions,—why? for rent!
 They roan'd, they din'd, they drank,—they swore
 they meant
 To die for England: why then live? for rent!
 The peace has made one general discontent
 Of these high market patriots! war was rent;
 Their love of country, millions all misspent,
 How reconcile? by reconciling rent.
 And will they not repay the treasures lent?
 No! down with every thing, and up with rent!
 Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy or discontent,
 Being, end, aim, religion,—rent, rent, rent!
 Thou sold'st thy birthright, Esau! for a mess;
 Thou should'st have gotten more or eaten less;
 Now thou hast swill'd thy pottage, thy demands
 Are idle, *Israel says the bargain stands.*

We fear we have already extended our extracts too great a length, but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of presenting our readers with the following Passage relative to Maria Louisa, which we consider as not excelled in pathos by any thing which has proceeded from his lordship's pen.

Enough of this,—a sight more mournful woos
 The averted eye of the reluctant Muse.
 The imperial daughter, the imperial bride,
 The imperial victim, sacrifice to pride;
 The mother of the hero's hope, the boy,
 The young Astyanax of modern Troy;
 The still pale shadow of the loftiest queen,
 That earth has yet to see, or e'er has seen;
 She sits amidst the phantoms of the hour,
 The theme of pity, and the wreck of power.
 Oh, cruel mockery! could not Austria spare
 A daughter? What did France's widow there?
 Her fitter place was by St. Helen's wave,
 Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.
 But she appears! Verona sees her shorn
 Of all her beams,—while nations gaze and mourn:
 Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time
 To chill in their inhospitable clime,
 (If e'er those awful ashes can grow cold;
 But no,—their embers soon will burst the mould,)
 She comes! the Andromache. (but not Racine's,
 Nor Homer's,) lo! on Pyrrhus' arm she leans.
 Yes! the right arm—yet red from Waterloo,
 Which cut her lord's half-shatter'd sceptre through,—
 Is offer'd, and accepted! Could a slave
 Do more? or less?—and he in his new grave!
 Her cheek, her eye, betray no inward strife,
 And the *Ex-Empress* grows as *Ex* a wife!
 So much for human ties in royal breasts!
 Why spare men's feelings, when their own are jests!

From what we have said, a pretty just idea may be formed of the merits of this poem. It abounds in liberal sentiments, powerful conception, and energetic language. Without the appearance of design, the author has found means to give every subject he introduces, its most appropriate and effective situation in the piece; and the leading personages in the political drama are bit off with admirable felicity.

Our taste is not fastidious enough, nor our perceptions sufficiently acute, to enable us to spy that palpable falling-off, which, in the opinion of some Aristarchs, render the poem before us unworthy of his lordship's muse. Some years since, the northern critics, in speaking of gardening, inserted among the *permanent* beauties of horticulture, the grace of *unexpectedness*, to the no small astonishment of many of their less metaphysical readers. In the same manner, it would seem that some of Lord Byron's readers expect all his productions to retain that charm of novelty which belonged to his earlier poetical efforts: and we cannot greatly wonder that such an expectation should be disappointed. But to us the "Age of Bronze" appears to be in every respect characteristic of the noble author, and to abound in the beauties, and, we regret to say, in the faults of style likewise, by which his former writings have been distinguished. A harshness of construction, an abruptness of language, loose and digressive parentheses, and the frequent employment of unusual epithets, are conspicuous in many parts of it. The versification, too, is often feeble and inaccurate. Take for an example the following two couplets:

Lutzen, where fell the Swede of victory,
 Beholds him conquer,—but, alas! not die:
 Dresden surveys three despots fly once more
 Before their sovereign,—sovereign as before.

We are the more concerned at this incorrectness in his lordship's writing, because, after his manly and brilliant eulogium on Pope, (to whose school, we have certainly the weakness to be much attached,) we had hoped that he would not, by his example, sanction that negligence,—any thing but graceful,—so prevalent among many of his contemporaries, who, unable to attain to exactness, attempt to dignify their faults, by representing them as the inseparable companions of genius. Lord Byron can urge no such plea of inability; we appeal to the passage, in the present poem, beginning, "Behold the grand result," which, to the end of the stanza where it is found, exhibits a specimen of delineation of character, and faultlessness of expression that involuntarily brings to our recollection the happiest efforts of Pope in the same line. And we are persuaded that his lordship will regard this as a more enviable praise than the fulsome adulation or vitiated taste that would assign to him an immeasurable superiority to our great ethic bard.

From a poet possessing such capabilities, and so highly gifted, as Lord Byron, we would fain hope that we may yet experience a delight unalloyed by the occasional effects of visible carelessness; and the more so, as nothing could be more easy, with a very slight effort on his part, than to free himself from the reproach to which we have alluded, and to remove altogether from his writings—

———"The spot or two,
 Which so much beauty would do well to lose."

VARIETIES.

(English Magazines, &c. June.)

JASMINE.

If we may believe a Tuscan tale, we owe our thanks to Cupid for the distribution of this pretty shrub. We are told that a Duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of it in Europe, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, not so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful, had not the god of love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry and his poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birth-day of his mistress, the gardener presented her with a nosegay; and to render the bouquet more acceptable, he ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The *Povera Figlia* wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into fresh earth; and the branch remained green all the year, and in the following spring it grew and was covered with flowers; and it flourished and multiplied so much under the hand of the fair nymph's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her; when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her hand and her wealth on the happy gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls, to this day, preserve the remembrance of this adventure, by invariably wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding-day; and they have a proverb, which says, that a young girl, worthy of wearing this nosegay, is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.*

TITLES OF BOOKS.

Gaspar Taliacotius wrote a treatise, in Latin, called, *Chirurgia Nota*, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c. with the proper instruments and bandages. Honest

* [As this story is told of a Grand Duke of Tuscany, in 1699, we conclude it was the Goa jasmine, and not the common sort.]

Gaspar was born at Bononia, and was professor of physic and surgery there. His statue stands in the anatomical theatre, holding a nose in his hand!

THE LIEUTENANT'S COMPLAINT.

[Tune—*The Last Shilling.*]

As pensive this night on my sea-chest I lay,
Which serves me for bed, chest, and table,
I mourn'd the sad hour, I was plac'd on half-pay,
Without tow-line, or anchor, or cable.

My money is gone, and my credit not good,
My heart swells with anguish and sorrow:
No messmate is near to supply me with food,
And honour forbids me to borrow.

Now I think on the time when all snugly aboard,
In the ward-room assembled together,
With plenty of wine, and a table well stored,
We laugh'd at dull care and foul weather.

Round, round went the song, and the jest, and the
glass,
While we drank good success to the Ocean,
And secretly toasted a favourite lass,
Or talk'd about future promotion.

Then happiness smil'd,—I'd a plentiful purse,
And slept sweetly when laid on my pillow,
My cradle the ship, and the sea-boy my nurse,
While rock'd on Old Neptune's prond billow.

And when safe in port, with my much ador'd maid,
Who look'd like a goddess or fairy,
How bless'd was my heart as we joyously stray'd,
And I breath'd forth my love to my Mary.

How chang'd is my fate! all my messmates are gone,
And perhaps are like me doom'd to perish;
By my Mary—oh horror! now treated with scorn,
Though she swore long to love and to cherish.

Now I grasp my last cup,—hard, hard is my lot,
And my mind like the billows of Biscay—
You may think it is poison—indeed it is not;
But a special good jorum of whiskey!

May, 1823.

An Old Sailor.

SONG OF BIRDS.

BIRDS in a wild state, do not commonly sing above ten weeks in the year, and it is the male birds alone which sing. Buffon, and some other naturalists, ascribe their singing to a desire of pleasing their mates during the period of incubation; but however agreeable to the fancy this theory may be, it cannot be reconciled with many known facts. No reason can be suggested why such an instinct, if it exists, should not be common to the whole feathered tribe, and yet by far the greater part of birds do not sing at all. Neither

among those who do sing is the exercise of their vocal powers confined to periods of joy alone. Thus the nightingale oft

“sings

Her sorrows through the night, and on the bough,
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of wending woe; till wide around the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.”

Thomson.

To the human mind it seems as if few things were more calculated to silence the voice of song than the loss of liberty; yet the most vocal of birds appear to be little affected by it. An experienced catcher of nightingales assured Mr. Daines Barrington, that he has known these birds, on the instant they were caught, begin to *jerk* (an expression used to denote the short bursts of singing birds when they contend with each other); and he showed one which had only been a few hours in a cage, and was yet in a full roar of song. Nor has even the prospect of death itself, the power to subdue this vocal propensity. A bird which was on the point of perishing by a fire in the house where it was caged, sung till it was rescued; and another, which was unhappily starved to death, burst into an ecstasy of song just before it expired.

The continuance of the singing power in birds, when confined in a cage, is still more conclusive against the supposition of its arising from attention to their mates. It can be no inducement of this sort which makes them sing nearly the whole year round, even during the inclemency of winter. Mr. Barrington ascribes it, with great appearance of truth, to their having always plenty of food, and to the emulation inspired by the warblings of other birds confined in the same house, or stationed within hearing.

Most people who have not attended to the notes of birds, suppose that those of every species sing exactly the same notes and passages; but although there is certainly a general resemblance, many material variations may be discovered by a skilful ear; thus the London birdcatchers prefer the song of the Kentish goldfinches, and that of the Essex chaffinches; and the Surrey nightingales to those of Middlesex.

These differences in the song of birds of the same species, cannot perhaps be compared to any thing more opposite than the varieties of provincial dialects.

The nightingale seems to have been almost universally fixed upon as the most capital of singing birds. One reason for this preference may be, that it sings in the night; hence Shakspeare says,

‘The nightingale if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.’

But independently of this adventitious recommendation, the nightingale may, on other grounds, boldly challenge a superiority to all other birds. In the first place, it is infinitely more mellow in its tone than any other bird; while it can at the same time, by a proper exertion of its musical powers, be excessively brilliant. Mr. Barrington had one, that, when it sung its whole song round, displayed sixteen different beginnings and closes, while the intermediate notes were commonly altered in their succession with such judgment, as to produce a most pleasing variety. Most other singing birds have not above four or five changes.

The bird which approaches nearest to the excellence of the nightingale in all respects, is the sky lark. It would perhaps be more on an equality with it, did it not partake so much of the nature of the American mocking bird. The sky lark, even after it has become perfect in its parent note, will catch the note of any other bird which hangs near it. For this reason, bird-fanciers often place the sky-lark next one which has not been long caught, in order, as they term it, to keep the caged sky lark *honest*.

Almost all travellers agree that the harmony of the groves of Europe is superior to that of the other parts of the globe. The Poet of the Seasons, in noticing this superiority in the European birds, regards it as a sort of compensation for their great inferiority in point of gaudy plumage. The canary, which ranks so high among our caged singing birds, forms no exception to this remark. Few persons who keep canary birds are perhaps aware that they sing chiefly either the tit lark or nightingale

notes ; their plumage is of a foreign clime, but their music is altogether European. When imported directly from the Canary islands, they have seldom any song at all ; nor until they have the advantage of a Tyrolese education, have they the least chance of rising into estimation as singers. It is not, however, by importation that the breed is now kept up. Most of those Canary birds which are brought over into England from the Continent, have been educated by parents, the progenitors of which were instructed by nightingales. The traffic in these birds makes a small article of commerce ; the chief place for breeding them is Inspruck and its environs, whence they are sent to every part of Europe.

SPANISH PATRIOT'S SONG.

BY T. CAMPEELL.

How rings each sparkling Spanish brand,
There's music in its rattle,
And gay as for a saraband
We gird us for the battle.

Follow, follow,
To the glorious revelry,
Where the sabres bristle,
And the death-shots whistle.

Of rights for which our swords outspring,
Shall Angoulême bereave us?

We've pluck'd a bird of nobler wing—
The eagle could not brave us.

Follow, follow,
Shake the Spanish blade and sing
France shall ne'er enslave us,
Tyrants shall not brave us.

Shall yonder rag, the Bourbon's flag,
White emblem of his liver,

In Spain the proud, be Freedom's shroud?
O never, never, never!

Follow, follow,
Follow to the fight, and sing
Liberty for ever,
Ever, ever, ever.

Thrice welcome hero of the hilt!

We laugh to see his standard:
Here let his miscreant blood be spilt,
Where braver men's was squander'd!

Follow, follow,
If the laurel'd tricolor
Durst not overflaunt us,
Shall yon lily daunt us?

No, ere they quell our valour's veins,

They'll upward to their fountains

Turn back the rivers on our plains,

And trample flat our mountains.

Follow, follow,
Shake the Spanish blade, and sing,
France shall ne'er enslave us,
Tyrants shall not brave us.

[*New Monthly*, June.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Sir John Suckling was a man of great vivacity and spirit. He died about the beginning of the civil war ; and his death was occasioned by a very uncommon accident. He entered warmly into the King's interests ; and was sent over to the continent by him, with some letters to the Queen (Henrietta Maria). He arrived late at Calais ; and in the night his servant ran away with his portmanteau, in which was his money and papers. When he was told of this in the morning, he immediately inquired which way his servant had taken, ordered his horses to be got ready instantly, and, in pulling on his boots, found one of them extremely uneasy to him ; but, as the horses were at the door, he leaped into his saddle, and forgot his pain. He pursued his servant so eagerly that he overtook him two or three posts off ; recovered his portmanteau ; and, soon after, complained of a vast pain in one of his feet, and fainted away with it. When they came to pull off his boots, to fling him into bed, they found one of them full of blood. It seems his servant (who knew his master's temper well, and who was sure he would pursue him as soon as his villany should be discovered,) had driven a nail up into one of his boots, in hopes of disabling him from pursuing him. Sir John's impetuosity made him regard the pain only just at first, and his pursuit turned him from the thoughts of it for some time after : however, the wound was so bad, and so much inflamed, that it threw him into a violent fever, which ended his life in a very few days. This incident, strange as it may seem, might be proved from some original letters in Lord Oxford's collection.—*M. Mag.*

THE BOTTLE CONJUROR.

The Duke of Montague, in company with some other noblemen, proposed a wager, that let a man but advertise in the public papers to do the most impracticable things in the world, he would find gulls enough in London to fill a theatre, and think him in earnest. Surely said the Earl of Chesterfield, "if a man should propose to jump into a quart bottle, no one could believe that." The Duke of Montague hesitated, but at length resolved to try the experiment ; accordingly it was advertis-

ed, that on such a day, which happened January 17, 1769, a person would perform, on a common walking stick, the music of every known instrument, and to surprising perfection; that the same person would moreover, on the stage itself, get into a legal quart bottle without the least equivocation, and while there, sing a variety of songs; any of the spectators at the same time handling the bottle: that if any spectator came masked, he will immediately, if requested, declare his name and rank; that in a private room, at the close of the performance, he would produce the representation of any departed relative or friend, with whom the party might converse as if alive, for a limited time." The result of this advertisement was, that the theatre was at an early hour crowded with company, who waited until seven o'clock, the advertised time of performance. But then, growing impatient and noisy, a person came upon the stage, before the curtain, and declared that if the performer did not appear the money should be returned; on which a person in the pit said, that 'for double prices the conjuror would get into a pint bottle.' An uproar now commenced, and a gentleman threw a lighted candle on the stage: the major part of the spectators hurried out to save themselves, and the mob breaking in, tore down the inside of the house and burnt it in the street. During the *row*, the money which had been secured in a box according to contract with the proprietors of the house, was carried off. Several people of high rank, it is confidently asserted, were there, and among the rest, the Duke of Cumberland, who lost his sword, for which a reward of thirty pounds was advertised, to the great glee of the contrivers of this exhibition. The pick-pockets made a large harvest.

A RAT CLUB.

For some months past, a party of gentlemen, in the parish of Swaffham, have formed themselves into a society for the purpose of destroying rats; keeping dogs, ferrets, &c. at their joint expense. The *hunting* season being over, the members of the Swaffham Rat Club, with a number of visitors, amounting to about 30, dined at the George Inn. It is but justice to the exertions of the Club to state, that during the last four months nearly two thousand rats

have fallen victims to this novel institution; the *sporting* object of which, it must be confessed, is a much more rational one than the indiscriminate war of extermination waged against useful birds.

THE NEWSPAPER.

Cures for chilblains, coins and bunnions, Welsh processions, leaks and onions; Sad Saint Stephen bored by praters, Dale and Co. champagne creators; Spain resolved to spurn endurance, Economic Life Insurance; Young man absent from his own house, Body at Saint Martin's bonchouse; Search for arms in county Kerry, Deals, Honduras, Ponticherry, Treadmill, Haydon, Tom and Jerry.

Pall-Mall, Allen, chairs and tables, Major Cartwright, iron cables; Smithfield, price of veal and mutton, Villa half a mile from Sutton; Yearly meeting, lots of Quakers, Freehold farm of forty acres; Duke of Angoulême, despatches, Thatch'd-house tavern, glees and catches, Coburg, wonderful attraction, Plunket, playhouse, Orange faction, Consols eighty and a fraction.

Sales of sail-cloth, silk and camblet, Kean in Shylock, Young in Hamlet; Sad effects of random shooting, Mermaid tavern, box at Tooting, Water-colour exhibition, Kemble's statue, Hone's petition; Chateaubriand, Cape Madeira, Longwood, Montholon, O'Meara; Jerry Bentham's lucubrations, Hume's critique on army rations, Ex-officio informations.

Wapping Docks choke full of barter, Senna, sponges, cream of Tartar; Willow bonnets, lank and limber, Mops, molasses, tallow, timber; Horse Bazaar, the Life of Hayley, Little Waddington, old Bailey; Gibbs and Howard, Gunter's ices, Thoughts upon the present crisis; Sweeting's Alley, sales by taper, Lamp, Sir Humphrey, noxious vapour, Stocks—Sum total—Morning Paper.

A FALSE ALARM.

A few weeks ago, the inhabitants of one of the principal cities in the West of England were filled with conjecture and consternation at the following notice, printed in large capitals on the front of a house, recently fitted up and repaired, "*Mrs. M—, from London, deals in all sorts of Ladies.*" All was consternation! Inquiry was instantly set on foot as to who this Mrs. M. might be? No one could tell: she was a stranger. Great anxiety prevailed as to this equivocal proclamation of the new establishment. For two whole days all was injustice and consultation. On the third

morning, behold, the mystery was unravelled. The house-painter, who had, it seems, been suddenly attacked by a fit of the gout, returned to finish his work, and in ten minutes concluded it by adding—"and gentlemen's wearing apparel."

FONDNESS OF SERPENTS FOR MUSIC.

Mr. Gross, in his Voyage to India, says, that in the neighbourhood of Madras, and in many other places on the coast of Coromandel, there are strollers who get a livelihood "by charming serpents," which they carry about in baskets, and disarm of their fierceness by singing certain airs, accompanied by the tamborine. After a kind of overture, the serpents glide out of the baskets, and, as the song and music go on, raise themselves on their tails, and keep time by waving their heads! Immediately upon the music ceasing, they again become sullen and malignant, and are instantly forced into their cages. These serpents are of the hooded tribe, the most venomous of the whole kind. The same gentleman also mentions having seen an Alligator decoyed out of a river by one of these musicians, and follow him along the bank as long as he continued playing! Lest the incredulous might suspect him of availing himself of that *licence* which many travellers are accused of, he adds, "I am fully aware of the ridicule which this account will meet from many persons, but I prefer the certainty of incurring it, to the suppression of what I myself disbelieved, until convinced of the fact by the evidence of my senses."—Dr. Shaw, too, whose authority on matters of fact was never, I believe, called in question, affirms in his *Travels*, that he had often seen the Worrall (a species of Lizard,) keep exact time with the Egyptian Dervises in their religious dances, turning when they turned, and stopping when they stopped.

MEDICAL REPORT, MAY 1823.

The peculiarities of the present month have been those of the preceding one; viz. a more than ordinary tendency to death from common disease, and the extreme prevalence of hooping-cough. In driving through the streets of London, the appearance of the houses and shops is that almost of a public mourning; and, enter what family you may, you find the hooping-cough in it, unless to such family the disorder had been a previous visitor.

Which among us of medical men or philosophical speculators, shall divine the cause

of these epidemic peculiarities? or who shall be able to say why a disease apparently resulting from a particular poison, should not be constantly present in equal proportions? Is it the atmosphere that causes these differences? take the most acute endiometer that has yet been constructed, with it analyze the air in several parts of a district, and you will find it chemically or apparently the same when no particular malady is reigning, as it is when death shall be mowing down the inhabitants of the place by the scythe of malignant distemper. Even the *malaria*, that dreadful scourge to the Southern and Eastern parts of Europe, cometh no one knows where; and is composed of no one knows what.

The writer has been asked by a Correspondent whether malt-liquor or wine-and-water be the best beverage for young persons? To this question, it is not easy to give a satisfactory reply in the abstract, since so much depends upon individual peculiarities and constitutional propensities. In the general way, he would say that beer is better than wine for British youth. Indeed, the latter, in any shape, unless as a temporary medicinal, he should ever withhold from young persons; and, even where it would seem to be called for by occasional debility, steel drops administered for the same purpose, would, for the most part, be more advantageous, and in every respect less objectionable. But, at any rate, let youth be kept from the *habitual* use both of wine and tea, if we wish to ensure their physical comfort and moral well-being, London; April 30, 1823. D. UWINS, M.D.

VORACITY OF A PIKE.

As two gentlemen were fly-fishing at South Newton, near Salisbury, on the 10th instant, one of them hooked a grayling, or umber, on the opposite side of the river. In playing it, a pike seized it. In order to land the fish, it was found necessary to draw it over a large spot of weeds in the middle of the river: the pike still kept his hold, and altho' on the weeds, and indeed out of the water, shook his prey as a dog would a rat, for several minutes. At length they were both drawn to the bank and taken out together in a landing net, the pike not quitting his prey till inclosed in the net. The grayling weighed 12oz. and the pike 2lbs. only.

SINGULAR DENTITION.

A female of the name of Mary Thompson, residing at Little Smeaton, near Pontefract, at the advanced age of *ninety-six* years, has within a few months, cut four new teeth. The last tooth perforated the gum about 6 weeks ago.

WITCHCRAFT IN 1823!

At the Somerset assizes, a woman named Elizabeth Bryant, and her two daughters, residents at Wiveliscombe, in this county, were tried for cutting and wounding a poor inoffensive woman, in her sixty-ninth year, named Ann Burge, widow, whom they imagined had exercised the art of witch-craft

upon another daughter, who was subject to fits, and accustomed to exhibit strange inconsistencies of conduct at intervals. The examination excited a lamentable degree of mental weakness and superstition. The perpetrators, it appeared, were influenced by a person named Baker, an inhabitant of Devonshire, who was vulgarly believed to be a conjuror. They seized the unfortunate prosecutrix, and with a sharp instrument inflicted several wounds upon her arm, and, but for the interference of the neighbourhood, whom her cries had collected, loss of her life would have followed. The prisoners were sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

BATHS.

The use of medicated and fumigating baths, and, in many instances, of sulphur baths, is becoming popular, for the purpose of removing various diseases, and of alleviating the pains, and lessening the inconveniences, of other disorders. Among other diseases, it is found to be successfully applicable to the cure of rheumatism, of colds, of diseases of the skin, to the restoration of activity in the powers of the bowels and the stomach, to the relief of debilitated and stiffened joints, of gout, and of bilious and nervous disorders, and to the removal of lumbago, sciatica, incipient dropsy, and of of glandular obstructions, and other swellings. As it has been found to be thus important and beneficial, and of such wide application, and has for a series of years been most successfully practised in many of the hospitals and medical institutions of France and Germany, particularly at Paris and Vienna, it is extraordinary, that the first fumigated and medicated baths, and the first sulphur baths, which have been prepared in the western parts of the metropolis, have been set up only within these few weeks.

— Angel, the Norfolk pedestrian, on the 24th April, performed 72 miles in twelve successive hours, near Chatteris, with five minutes to spare.

Michael Mooney, the celebrated Glasgow pedestrian, lately performed the extraordinary task of walking 105 miles in twenty-three successive hours. He walked on a piece of measured ground.

The Alert Dublin-packet, on her voyage to Liverpool, was wrecked off the coast of Wales. In consequence of a powerful tide, she struck on the West Mouse rock, and filled with water; all efforts to relieve her were unavailable. Seventeen of the crew and passengers reached the shore in a boat; but the remainder, consisting of 130 persons, men, women, and children, went down with the vessel.

Thousands of dead larks have been discovered, thrown ashore by the tide, near Christchurch. They lay so thick at high-water-mark, that, to use the expression of one of the fishermen, a cart-load might have been collected in the space of one hun-

dred yards. It is supposed that many of the vast flocks, which, during the rigour of the season, were observed taking their flight to the southward in search of food, and a milder temperature of air, "found no rest for the soles of their feet," and fell through exhaustion and fatigue into the sea. The last winter, though not more severe than many which have preceded it, yet, from some unknown cause, produced numerous instances of the migration of birds into countries and climates where they were never before discovered.

A wild duck lately made its residence in an old nest in a tree in Hutton-Bonville Park, which nest had for the two years preceding been inhabited by a magpie and a hawk successively: the duck laid ten eggs.

The clergy of Rome consist at present of 19 cardinals, 27 bishops, 1,450 priests, 1,532 monks, 1,461 religious, and 332 seminarists. The population, without including the Jews, amounted in 1821 to 146,000.

NEW WORKS.

Life and Adventures of Lady Anne, the Little Pedlar.—Three Years' Adventures of a Minor, in England, the West Indies, South Carolina, and Georgia; by W. Butterworth.—Memoirs of Francis Barnett, the Lefevre of "No Fiction." 2 vols.—Orme's Life of William Kiffin.—The Bridal of Arnagnac, a Tragedy; by the Rev. T. Streatfield.—Advice to Young Mothers, on the Physical Education of Children; by a Grandmother.—The Geography and History of America and the West Indies, to 1822.—Vol. III. of the History of England during the middle ages; by Sharon Turner.—A Practical Treatise on the most frequent Diseases of the Mouth and Teeth; by T. G. Gerbaux, surgeon-dentist from Paris.—Accredited Ghost Stories; collected and edited by J. M. Jarvis, esq.—Ringan Gilhaze, or the Covenanters, 3 vols.—The King of the Peak, a romance, 3 vols.—Adelaide, or the Intrepid Daughter.—Points of Humour, illustrated by George Cruikshank, 18 plates and wood-cuts, royal 8vo.—Isabel St. Albe, or Vice and Virtue, a novel; by Miss Crumpe. 3 vols.—Martha, a Memorial of an only beloved Sister; by A. Read, 2 vols.—Seventy-six; by the Author of Logan. 3 vols.—Travels through Sweden, Norway, and Finland, to the North Cape, in the Summer of 1820; by A. D. Capell Brooke.

Imaginary Conversations of Eminent Statesmen and Literary Men, ancient and modern, by W. S. Landor, esq. will speedily appear.

A new novel will appear in the course of a few days, entitled Edward Neville, or the Memoirs of an Orphan, in three volumes.

The author of the "Farmer's Boy" is about to re-appear in a small work, entitled Hazlewood Hall, a drama, in three acts, interspersed with songs.

Specimens of the Living Poets, with biographical and critical prefaces, by Alaric A. Watts, will shortly be published in three volumes.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, AUGUST 15, 1823.

(Lond. Mag.)

THE DAISY IN INDIA :—

Supposed to be addressed by the Rev. Dr. Carey, the learned and illustrious Baptist Missionary, at Serampore, to the first plant of this kind, which sprang up unexpectedly in his garden, out of some English earth, in which other seeds had been conveyed to him from this country. The subject was suggested by reading a letter from Dr. Carey to a botanical friend in England, an interesting extract from which is given at the foot of these verses.

1.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
My mother-country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread :
Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

2.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
Whose tribes beneath our natal skies
Shut close their leaves while vapours low'r ;
But when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabash'd but modest eyes
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

3.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant-offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year :
Thou, only Thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended or unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

4.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the bright memorial be :
The fairy-sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee
Are mine in this far clime.

5.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand :
O for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May-dews of that fair land,
Where Daisies, thick as starlight, stand
In every walk !—that here might shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root !

6.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
To me the pledge of Hope unseen :
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
For joys that *were*, or *might have been*,
I'll call to mind, how—fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust,
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Extract a Letter of Dr. Carey, in India, to Mr. J. Cooper, of Wentworth, Yorkshire.

"With great labour I have preserved the common *Field Daisy*, which came up accidentally in some English earth, for these six or seven years ; but my whole stock is now only one plant. I have never been able, even with sheltering them, to preserve a root through the rains, but I get a few seedlings every year. The proportion of *small* plants in this country is very inconsiderable, the greater number of our vegetable productions being either large shrubs, immense climbers, or timber trees. By the kindness of yourself and other gentlemen, who have lately sent me roots or seeds, our number of small shrubs is much increased, and our stock of bulbous plants become very respectable. Still, however, tulips, hyacinths, snow-drops, most of the lilies, &c. are strangers to us. I have a great desire to possess honeysuckles, especially the common woodhine. I mix the seeds which I send you with twice or three their bulk of carb, and ram the whole in a box (a cask would be better), and nail or hoop them up close. I have no doubt but a quantity of most of your wild seeds, and many others, would succeed here, if well packed in earth as I have done with this box. A cask of your peat-earth, thus full of seeds, would be an invaluable treasure, as the earth itself would be of the greatest service in the culture of many plants. We have no peat in India. All our soils are either strong clays, deep loam, or loose, but fertile, sands. I need not say, that the seeds should be packed as soon as possible after they are ripe. Old seeds have scarcely ever succeeded in this country."

TRAVELS THROUGH SWEDEN, NORWAY, &c. TO THE NORTH CAPE.

BY A. DE CAPELL BROOKE, A.M.*

CAPTAIN BROOKE'S name has long been familiar to the ear of every person interested in Northern inquiries; and we, with others, rejoice to see in a tangible shape the result of those travels, of the successful direction of which we have so frequently heard, and the fruits of which, in antiquities, natural history, &c. were not altogether unknown to us. The present volume is handsomely put together, and does credit to the author's pen and pencil. In every respect, indeed, it claims our review at some length—from the talent displayed by the author, the unfrequency of publications on the same subject, and the agreeable nature of the views which are opened to us respecting the scenery and native habits of Europe's farthest point.

Of that grand and picturesque scenery of fathomless fiord and alpine mountain, of sea-like lake and dark pine forest, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea in language; but Captain Brooke's descriptions are very vivid, and his graphic powers have been often advantageously employed where words could only express wonder and admiration. Travelling with the doubted Pontoppidan in his hand, we have been surprised at the corroboration which he very generally bestows upon the assertions of that author, whose very name had become synonymous with credulity and exaggeration. This will appear in the extracts, to which we shall without farther preface address ourselves, only observing, that the volumes before us (of which the first moiety, in Sweden, is the least novel and interesting) stops at the author's reaching the North Cape, and that its pages, occupied with the manners, &c. of Norway and Finmark in summer, are but the prelude to another volume descriptive of Lapland and its winter.

Having said that the early portion of the work is the least attractive, we shall hastily pass from Stockholm to the frontiers of Norway, where the

following traits are given of the inhabitants:

"Two things at Moshuus equally curious attracted my notice. One of these was an organ, perfect in its parts, with a variety of stops, made by a common peasant; who, though self-taught, had displayed great mechanical abilities. A foreigner is greatly surprised at the various talents of the Norwegian peasantry, and the ingenuity which they display in the manufacture of every thing requisite for the common purposes of life. Living remote from towns and villages, in their little farms scattered amid the mountains, and frequently at the distance of many miles from their nearest neighbour, necessity, the fruitful parent of invention, teaches them early the useful arts and trades, and thus renders them independent of that assistance, which it is not in their power to obtain. Hence you will find the same man his own tailor, shoemaker, carpenter, joiner, and often his own clock and watch-maker. Most are very expert at carving; and the beautiful whiteness of the fir renders their talents in this way very ornamental to their cottages. The exquisite specimens of spoons and ladles, which they sometimes execute in the ancient style of carving, would serve as patterns even to our own artists and silversmiths. Without having been brought up to any of the above trades, they are notwithstanding proficient in them. They can also execute a variety of works in silver, brass, and other metals. In short, there are few things, for the purchase of which they are obliged to have recourse to the large towns; so great is their natural ingenuity, thus brought into exercise by their wants, by the scarcity of towns throughout the country, and fostered besides by the instructions and example of their parents during their long winters."

At Brieden, Captain B. says,

"My landlord, I soon found, was a man of wealth, being possessed of seven

* London, 1823.

ral villages, and of a considerable tract of mountain land. The latter kind of property, however, may be purchased in Norway on very reasonable terms. He had seventeen children and nearly double that number of dependents, who lived with him, and by whom he was surrounded, like a patriarch of old. With this numerous family the dirt was inconceivable; and I anxiously looked forward to the next morning, when I should be released from it. My dinner, which simply consisted of a large trout, was quickly prepared, and the fairest of his daughters selected to wait upon me. Fair as she was, with blue eyes kindly beaming, and hungry as I found myself, from having fasted so long, my appetite forsook me, when I saw the filthy deshabelle, or rather state of nudity, of my complaisant attendant: and when, on handing me my dinner, I discerned on her hands the cruel ravages of a certain disorder, extremely prevalent among the lower classes in Norway, I was obliged to entreat her to forbear the unnecessary trouble of waiting upon me: which hint, from not suspecting the motives, she was very backward in taking.

"With the exception of the rats, which promenaded in gay parties over me while in bed, nothing farther disturbed me; and at an early hour of the morning I arose to proceed on my journey. The inmates were yet fast wrapt in the arms of sleep; and not finding my Swede, I entered a large apartment, which the evening before I had seen used as the kitchen, and was now converted into a very capacious bed-chamber. On opening the door, a scene both curious and strange to my eyes presented itself. In five or six large beds, or rather wooden cribs, near twenty persons of both sexes, perfectly naked, were lying together in heaps; and the dark copper-coloured skins of some, contrasting with the whiteness of others, rendered the group still more extraordinary. To complete it, on the ground several large pigs were enjoying the sweets of repose, and responding with drowsy grunts to the snores of, I might almost say, their fellow swine. The singular practice, common to both sexes, of sleeping devoid of any cover-

ing, is very general in Norway. The chief reason, I apprehend, will be found in the degree of heat in which their rooms are kept, during the night as well as day, by their stoves. This, at the same time that it renders any clothing, putting decency entirely out of the question, both unnecessary and inconvenient, enables them to save their linen.

"The extraordinary darkness of the colour of the skin of some of the Norwegians I can account for only by supposing it to be in consequence of the extreme severity of the weather, and their constant exposure to it at all times. It deserves however to be remarked, that while the bodies of these people were literally, as I have said, of the colour of copper, their faces were, as usual, fair." - - - - -

"At an early hour of the morning we reached Jerkin. The place was crowded with peasants and their lasses, who had been dancing the whole of the night to the merry sound of the fiddle, and though the Sun was rising, they were still enjoying their favourite Polsk dance. This is the national dance of Norway, and is performed with a degree of spirit and enthusiasm I never before witnessed. The manner of dancing it is this. Each of the men, taking his partner by the left-hand, runs round the room at a pretty sharp kind of trot, rather than step. The lady, during this, occasionally whirls round by herself, with the same kind of movement as is practised by our own young ladies in the quadrille, and her partner does the same. The Polsk dance then begins, which consists in a very rapid whirl, something similar to the waltz, but the motion far more violent, and the time entirely different. It is excessively difficult to perform, on account of the whirl, and the necessity there is, nevertheless, of keeping the exact time. It is a highly amusing dance, and the eagerness with which the Norwegians hasten to join in it, when the Polsk is played, shows their extreme fondness for it."

At length Capt. B. arrived at Overgaard, where it became necessary to abandon his previous method of journeying in a carriage, often found to be

sufficiently dangerous, and adopt the mode of coasting along the shores and isles of these Northern parts in a boat impelled by six stout rowers. Thus new scenes and new enjoyments were produced for his gratification, and he paints them with the warmth of a man who could taste all the delights which "Nature to her votary yields."

"Nothing can be more surprising and beautiful than the singular clearness of the water of the northern seas. As we passed slowly over the surface, the bottom, which here was in general a white sand, was clearly visible, with its minutest objects, where the depth was from twenty to twenty-five fathom. During the whole course of the tour I made, nothing appeared to me so extraordinary as the inmost recesses of the deep thus unveiled to the eye. The surface of the ocean was unruffled by the slightest breeze, and the gentle splashing of the oars scarcely disturbed it. Hanging over the gunwale of the boat, with wonder and delight I gazed on the slowly moving scene below. Where the bottom was sandy, the different kinds of asteriæ, echini, and even the smallest shells, appeared at that great depth conspicuous to the eye; and the water seemed in some measure to have the effect of a magnifier, by enlarging the objects like a telescope, and bringing them seemingly nearer. Now creeping along, we saw far beneath, the rugged sides of a mountain rising towards our boat, the base of which, perhaps, was hidden some miles in the great deep below. Though moving on a level surface, it seemed almost as if we were ascending the height under us; and when we passed over its summit, which rose in appearance to within a few feet of our boat, and came again to the descent, which on this side was suddenly perpendicular, and overlooking a watery gulf, as we pushed gently over the last point of it, it seemed almost as if we had thrown ourselves down this precipice; the illusion, from the crystal clearness of the deep, actually producing a sudden start. Now we came again to a plain; and passed slowly over the submarine forests and meadows, which appeared in the expanse below; inhabited, doubtless, by

thousands of animals, to which they afford both food and shelter, animals unknown to man: and I could sometimes observe large fishes of singular shape, gliding softly through the watery thickets, unconscious of what was moving above them. As we proceeded, the bottom became no longer visible: its fairy scenes gradually faded to the view, and were lost in the dark green depths of the ocean."

In these profound depths is found the remarkable *gorgonia lepadifera* of Linnæus, "considered rare by the inhabitants of these parts, who, when they accidentally meet with it, hang it up as a curiosity. This extraordinary zoophyte grows in the form of a tree, or branch; and its similarity is such, that few indeed, after even a minute investigation, would suppose it possessed life, or imagine it was any thing but what it has hitherto been considered, a vegetable. The idea, which long prevailed with respect to the class of zoophytes in general, has been gradually exploded, as the attention of naturalists has been directed to marine productions. -

"On a first inspection of this gorgon, we behold nothing but a mere branch, singular indeed in appearance, and covered over with whitish scales, which seem like seeds hanging on every part of it: how extraordinary then does it appear, when we are told, that it is an animal, with not only bone and flesh, but even possessed of minute muscles and tendons! The stem of the branch, which is the inward support or bone of the animal, appears to be formed of different distinct layers or circles of a hard calcareous matter; and in the living state is surrounded by a fleshy substance. This is thickly covered with small whitish tubercles, which appear like barnacles hanging on it, and are the cells, that contain the numberless animals of which the gorgonia consists, protecting their delicate parts from injury. These they have the power of contracting and of opening; and from them the tentacula of the polypus extend themselves to procure nourishment; which is afterwards conducted to the main stem or body.

"In support of the opinion, that the gorgonia is really an animal, it may be

observed, that, if a portion of the bone be burnt, it emits a smell, such as would arise from that of a fish, and unlike the smell of any vegetable substance. Still, however, much remains to be known; and we are yet ignorant of the manner in which it is first produced, or to what operation it owes its subsequent increase, which appears to resemble the growth of a vegetable. As to these points and many other curious particulars relating to zoophytes, we shall probably remain long in the dark; and the more we attempt to draw a distinct line between the two kingdoms, the more we find ourselves perplexed by difficulties, which rise to overthrow the favourite theory each naturalist is eager to form.

“The manner in which the gorgon is accidentally removed from the great depths of the ocean is singular. The *uër*, or red fish, (*perca marina*), is seldom met with but in the *fjords*, and where the depth is from 150 to 300 fathoms. The fishermen generally remark, that this fish is found in the greater plenty in these parts, and more particularly where the sea trees most abound; delighting, as they informed me, in sporting about the branches of the gorgon, or animal tree; but possibly they feed on the heads of the polypi, when they stretch out their tentacula for nourishment. It sometimes happens that the lines, when set at these great depths, are let down between the arms of the gorgon itself, and the red fish, when it takes the bait, on finding itself hooked, runs away with the line, and entangles itself among the branches of the animal. When this is the case, the fishermen endea-

vous to release the line by pulling it; and if the gorgon be of a very large size, the branch round which it is fast resists all their endeavours, and the line is lost. If, however, it happen to have caught hold only of the upper and slighter parts, these give way, and are drawn to the surface along with the line. They are hung up by the fishermen in their huts, who suppose them to be a kind of charm or protection against storms. - - - They arrive at a very extraordinary size, if we may believe the accounts of the fishermen, who have most frequent opportunities of seeing them, attaining dimensions even equal to those of our largest forest trees. This they conclude to be the case from their nets being sometimes entangled on the trunk or stem of the gorgon, when the united strength of several men is unable to free the nets. At other times a large portion of the animal has been pulled up with the net by main force, which they have represented as being of very considerable size; and from their description without doubt a gorgon. They have even assured me, that they grow to the height of fifty and sixty feet.”

Specimens of this animal, or animal congregate, have been brought home by Capt. B. who, with the liberality and politeness of a man of real science and a gentleman, invites the curious to visit his collection, and satisfy their minds as to its characteristic features. This perhaps some will be the more apt to do when they learn that Capt. B. offers very strong proofs of the existence of the marvellous Sea-serpent, and is *only sceptical* on the subject of the monstrous Kraken.

FRENCH OPINION OF ENGLISH RHYMES.

In a conversation the other day on the subject of Epigrams, it was remarked that the jingle of words often gave piquancy to these productions, and many cases in point were quoted such as, “For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is,” &c. &c. A French gentleman who was present, also desir-

ous of adding *his* illustration, observed, that one “always remember *vas dat* fine von on a bad feeddler:

“*Old Orpheus play so vile he move de deevil,
But you move notting but de steek feedle!*”

Meaning,

Old Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd old Nick;
But thou movest nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

THE MOST ENTERTAINING OF BOOKS.

Ten gentlemen of acknowledged taste, when on a visit to a gentleman of

rank, were each desired to write a list of the ten most interesting works they

had ever read. One work found its way into every list, this was *Gil Blas*.

Had Dr. Johnson been present, and been previously heard on the subject, the preference would probably have been given to *Don Quixote*. The Doctor used to say, that there were few books of which one ever could possibly arrive at the last page; and that there was never any thing written by mere man, that was wished longer by its readers, excepting *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim's Prog-*

ress. After Homer's *Iliad*, he said, the work of Cervantes was the greatest in the world as a book of entertainment.

Shakespeare himself has, until within the last half century, been worshipped only at home; while translators and engravers live by the hero of *La Mancha* in every nation; and the walls of the miserable inns and the cottages, all over England, France, and Germany, are adorned with the exploits of *Don Quixote*.

(New Mon. June.)

THE PHYSICIAN---NO. VII.

OF THE TOOTH-ACHE.

ZACUTUS Lusitanus relates, that a soldier, after overheating himself in summer, was afflicted with such violent tooth-ache in three teeth of the upper jaw, that he ran out of the house with hideous cries, in a state resembling raving madness. He adds, that all sorts of drawing remedies were first applied, and afterwards opiates and opium itself, to the teeth; but they had no other effect than that of increasing the pain. At length, he chanced to put into his mouth some of the snow that was used for cooling the water in very hot weather; and having repeated this several times, the aching ceased in about an hour. Several others, according to the same writer, received relief from a similar application.

No instance can prove more decidedly how great and essential a difference there is between the different species of tooth-ache, and how much it behoves a medical man to enquire into the real cause of the complaint and to apply remedies accordingly: for nothing is more certain than that the application which relieved this soldier, so far from giving ease in many other species of tooth-ache, would only serve to aggravate the evil.

In the present case, an inflammation occasioned by overheating was the cause of the tooth-ache; and had the doctor been aware of this circumstance, he would not have attempted a cure by drawing-remedies or opiates. The poor patient, who this time

escaped from his method, should have been treated in the manner that I am about to prescribe for that kind of tooth-ache which arises from inflammation of the nervous parts, or the membrane that envelopes the tooth.

It is first necessary to ascertain the symptoms by which this species of tooth-ache manifests itself. The constitution, age, and way of life of the patient, furnish the first general data. Young persons of a plethoric habit, who overheat themselves, either by bodily exertion, by stimulating food or drink, by late hours, or other irregularities; persons who have been accustomed to lose blood, and have neglected to continue the practice; or who have been disposed to abundant natural hemorrhages, which have ceased,—are most liable to this species of tooth-ache. In such cases the pain usually comes on suddenly, and in general after the patient has been greatly heated. The pulse is hard and full, the face red, and the mouth uncommonly hot. It is accompanied with high fever and violent head-ache; the gums are swollen and inflamed, and biles are sometimes formed in them. The humours are sometimes determined to the external parts, when the cheek swells and the pain abates; hence, in such cases, when the cheek begins to swell, it is generally considered as a sign that the pain will soon subside. It happens, however, sometimes, that, notwithstanding the swelling, the pain continues, and then this may be called

rather an aggravation than an alleviation of the complaint. If it is not the nerve of the tooth that is inflamed, but only the membrane covering that part of the tooth which is fixed in the socket, the tooth may be exposed to heat or cold without any increase of the pain, as the above-quoted example of the soldier demonstrates; and in this case all spirituous remedies are pernicious. This complaint should rather be treated as an inflammatory disorder, and recourse had forthwith to bleeding, which commonly affords immediate relief. This is, indeed, the safest and almost the only resource; but scarifying the gums may also prove beneficial. After losing blood, the patient should observe a cooling diet, with occasional foot-baths and cathartics. Though the pain arising from this cause may not be very violent, yet it lasts a long time, and returns with every fresh occasion, when a person overheats himself either by vehement exercise, or by eating highly seasoned food, or drinking wine, spirits, coffee, &c. On such a recurrence of the complaint, the first remedy to be resorted to is letting blood; for without it all others would be unavailing. Bathing the feet every night in hot water; half a dram of saltpetre, taken in water at going to bed, and wine, especially in the evening, are means by which many people have got rid of the most obstinate tooth-aches.

In this species of tooth-ache all heating medicines are detrimental; and opium, treacle, and the like, instead of alleviating, have frequently been found to increase the pain.

As to external remedies, I have already observed that spirits and essences are not adapted to this case. Cooling and emollient applications alone must be employed. To the first class belonged the snow used by the soldier: but snow and ice are not absolutely necessary. Medical men will know, and I have frequently seen, that in this species of tooth-ache, but in this alone, a bit of saltpetre put to the aching tooth, or a little Epsom salt held in the mouth, drives away the pain as speedily as the snow did in the case quoted above. To the emollients belong warm water,

milk, figs boiled in milk, barley-water, and the like, which many practitioners prefer in this instance to any other remedies. Emollient poultices may also be applied with benefit to the cheek on the ailing side. I have known a dentist make a speedy cure of this kind of tooth-ache, by a poultice of crumbs of bread boiled in water, and applied to the cheek as hot as it could be borne. At first the pain is increased by it, but presently it is completely dispelled.

If the complaint is attended with gum-biles, it is advisable to keep milk, or figs boiled in milk, constantly in the mouth, to bring them to maturity. When ripe, they should be opened—an operation which is not productive of any pain.

Pregnant females and nurses are subject to this species of tooth-ache, because they are plethoric, and liable to overheat themselves. The same mode of cure must be followed in regard to them; and though the patient may at the same time have one or more hollow teeth, I should not recommend extraction during pregnancy.

I now proceed to the catarrhal tooth-ache, the diagnostics of which are as follows:—The pain is commonly occasioned by taking cold and by obstructed perspiration, whether the teeth be decayed or not. It is not a single tooth that aches, but the whole side of the jaw; and when this side swells, the aching in general ceases. The gums are somewhat swollen, and there is a copious secretion of saliva, attended with the usual symptoms of catarrh and cold, cough, stoppage of the head, sore throat, &c. The aching is commonly less violent than in the species already described. The pulse is neither strong, full, nor quick; and the mouth is not particularly hot.

For this complaint I should prescribe a cathartic, composed of a scruple of jalap, senna, and cream of tartar, which operates with sufficient effect, and afterwards a diet-drink to purify and sweeten the blood. By these means alone the most obstinate tooth-ache of this kind is sometimes cured: but should it not be dispelled by them, recourse must be had, after purging, to

sedatives, such as mithridate, styrax pills, and opium, which are admirably adapted to this particular case. All that can be done besides to promote the cure, consists in the administration of such medicines as are either calculated to restore the obstructed perspiration, or to carry off the catarrhal humours by other channels,—for instance, by the saliva, by blisters, and by the topical perspiration of the affected part. For the better information of the reader, I shall take some notice of each of these kinds of remedies.

Mr. Renstrom saw, in Sweden, a violent tooth-ache, proceeding from catarrh, cured in the following manner. —About ten gallons of pure fresh spring-water were boiled in a tinned pot and then poured into a deep pan set on a chair, before which the patient placed himself, opening his mouth, and holding his head down over the pan. Over his head, neck, and the vessel, was thrown a cloth so large and thick as to prevent the escape of the vapour. It was of course received by the mouth of the patient, whose face was immediately dripping with perspiration. The ailing tooth felt quite cold, and from his mouth, which he was required to keep constantly open, ran a great quantity of water. After this operation had lasted about a quarter of an hour, the perspiration was carefully wiped off, and his mouth and chin were muffled up with a cloth for some time to keep out the cold, and the cure was accomplished. The perspiration, the copious secretion of saliva, and the emollient vapour, produce this effect, which has been verified by repeated experiments.

Blisters of Spanish flies are also serviceable for drawing off part of the sharp catarrhal humour. It has been observed that it is astonishing how the abduction of so small a quantity of humour as passes off in this manner, or through the secretion of saliva, can dispel such a severe pain: we know, however, that it does produce this effect, and it is of little consequence whether we comprehend the manner in which it takes place. Possibly the renewal of the perspiration which it effects, and perhaps also the continued pain which it occasions, and which draws away the

humours from the teeth, may be a co-operating cause of the rapid cure accomplished by this remedy. A blister may be placed on the nape of the neck, or any other part: and instead of Spanish flies the other stimulants recommended in my last paper may be used.

To promote the secretion of saliva and thereby procure an outlet for the catarrhal matter, various stimulants are employed with great benefit. The roots of pellitory (*radix pyrethri*) and of master-wort (*rad. imperatoriae*), are serviceable for this purpose; likewise tobacco, pepper, ginger, cloves, cinnamon, chewed and kept in the mouth, the root of wild marjoram (*rad. origani*) boiled in vinegar, and held in the mouth as warm as it can be borne, and a decoction of equal parts of rosemary and ivy in vinegar diluted with water, held lukewarm in the mouth. Tobacco smoke itself has a good effect in these cases, partly because it promotes saliva, and partly because it possesses a narcotic quality.

To promote the transpiration in the neighbouring parts, warm wrappers and bags of herbs applied to the cheeks are exceedingly serviceable in this species of tooth-ache. For this purpose, fumigate flannels with amber, sugar, frankincense, and the like, and wrap them about the face: or apply small bags containing bean-meal, chamomile, and elder-flowers, violet, and iris-root, reduced to powder, and mixed together. Some add camphor and gum animæ. There is a great number of such compositions to choose from. I merely mention some of each sort of remedies, to indicate more precisely in which species of tooth-ache they are respectively beneficial.

Catarrhal tooth-ache is frequently occasioned by weakness of the stomach; and Tissot states, from manifold experience, that the severity of the complaint is often increased by the use of cooling applications. This causes the patient to be more assiduous in the employment of them, and thereby the pain is only rendered more and more acute. In this case he should abstain from all cooling remedies and adhere only to such as strengthen the stomach and tend to strengthen perspiration.

Here the use of bark is very efficacious; and sometimes persons not accustomed to drink wine, obtain relief from their pain by beginning to take it; but nothing eases this species of tooth-ache proceeding from the stomach so speedily as an emetic; nay, spontaneous vomiting has frequently been known to cure it immediately, even when most severe.

Tooth-ache occasioned by the stomach may be known by the following diagnostics. This complaint is commonly catarrhal, and is attended with the symptoms of disorders of that class. With these are associated the signs of a weak stomach and imperfect digestion. In many instances it is accompanied with head-ache, want of appetite, and a feeling of general illness. Patients who pay particular attention to their state, have a disposition to vomit. The surest sign is, that such tooth-ache is periodical, and returns regularly like the paroxysms of the ague. In all such cases, to effect a thorough cure, recourse must first be had to emetics, or digestives and cathartics of a warming nature, and afterwards to tonics and Peruvian bark.

Scorbutic tooth-ache, which proceeds from a peculiar depravation of the juices in general, but perhaps originates more frequently than it is imagined, solely in an obstruction and corruption of the humours in the gums, is painful and of long duration, and requires a peculiar treatment.

In this disorder, the gums become itchy, swell and bleed at the slightest touch, and the breath grows offensive. The gums soon turn livid, soft, spongy, full of blisters, and putrid; and other symptoms of scurvy manifest themselves. The teeth are left bare by the gums, become black, loose, and sometimes drop out without pain. Sometimes the jaw itself is attacked; ulcers appear on the gums, and the intolerable itching is frequently accompanied with violent tooth-ache.

When the great mass of the humours is really scorbutic, the mode of treatment for scurvy must be adopted, in order to effect a radical cure of this species of tooth-ache. This is not the proper place for entering into the de-

tails of that treatment. So much, however, may be observed, that, in regard to diet, the use of horse-radish, cress, purslain, sorrel, scurvy-grass, and acids of all kinds, is strongly recommended. The mouth should be frequently washed in red wine, in which wild pomegranate flowers have been boiled. The gums, when swollen and livid, should be opened with a pair of scissors, or pricked with a tooth pick, and the blood expressed from them; and they should then be rubbed with honey of roses, or warm wine. When the gums are ulcerated, the mouth should be frequently washed with a decoction of hyssop, sage, scurvy-grass, rosemary and the like, in water mixed with wine, to which a little spirit of scurvy-grass may afterwards be added. Sulphuric acid diluted in water, or spirit of salt mixed with honey of roses, is also serviceable for rubbing the gums; but it is better that these applications should not come in contact with the teeth. The juice of limes and pomegranates is considered still more efficacious; and the frequent chewing of scurvy-grass, sorrel, and water-cresses, is also recommended.

Against the aching of the teeth in this disorder, some medical men extol the effects of brandy in which myrrh has been for some hours infused, and which is to be applied to the aching tooth. Some prescribe a decoction of myrrh in wine, mixed with a little sweet oil for rubbing the gums and teeth, to fasten the latter and to preserve them from decay.

Many other remedies are employed to counteract putridity of the gums and looseness of the teeth. I will describe some of them. Two drams of gum-lac, one dram of whiting, and ten grains of red rose leaves, are reduced to a fine powder, which is either applied as a salve to the gums, mixed with a little honey of roses, or as a lotion with a decoction of red rose leaves, tormentil root, &c. in red wine.

To prevent putrefaction of the gums and looseness of the teeth, recourse must be had to such applications as I have specified in my last paper for the preservation of sound teeth. In addi-

tion to them, the chewing of tobacco is recommended as the surest preservative. It must be used, however, with moderation: four grains of the leaf are sufficient at one time, and this must not be taken oftener than once a day. Nor kept in the mouth longer than a quarter of an hour. The betel-nut or wild pepper, which, as every body knows, is chewed all over the East Indies, possesses the peculiar properties of staining the lips red, cleansing the gums, and contributing to the preservation of the teeth, though indeed it turns them black.

Tooth-ache may proceed from a gouty affection, when the gouty humour either retrocedes from the joints, or is flying about the body, before it has fixed in any part. The symptoms of the irregular or misplaced gout characterize this species of tooth-ache, which is more of a raging pain than the ordinary kind of that complaint. I shall give a brief account of the general mode of treatment for this disorder.

After the patient has been bled, he should next morning take a cathartic, A blister must be applied to the nape of the neck, and kept drawing so long as the importance of the case requires it. At the same time all possible means, internal and external, must be used for driving the humour into the members.

To expel as speedily as possible any gouty humour that has already settled in the teeth, the patient should chew and keep in his mouth scraped horse-radish, which occasions a copious flow of saliva. When the excessive pain absolutely requires the extraction of the tooth, the place which it occupied should be washed with water in which honey and salt have been dissolved, and the tooth replaced. The practitioner, however, need not tie himself down to the procedure here described, but may pursue any other that is equally applicable in its stead.

To the Physician.

SIR,—Your papers seem to me to evince a liberality of principle which induces me to propose to you to take some public notice of a communication which I have just received from a friend on the Continent. It relates to a subject of considerable interest—an infalli-

ble cure for a painful disorder, which, if verified by experience, would cut off an important branch of the practice of you medical gentlemen, and relieve your unfortunate patients at the expense of nothing more than a sufficient dose of faith and prayer.

There is not, I should presume, a member of your profession in the United Kingdom, but is acquainted with the history of the wonderful cure of a nun belonging to some Catholic institution or other in Essex, through the interposition of a German prince, Alexander von Hohenlohe, as attested by the learned physician to the establishment. Be it farther known then to you, and to all whom it may concern, that the said prince of Hohenlohe has recently published at Bamberg a religious tract, to which is appended a paper, which serves to let the uninitiated into the secret of his process for the cure of bodily diseases, and incontestably proves that our most notorious nostrum-mongers, our Brodums, our Solomons, our Williamses, and our Whitclaws, are mere fools in comparison with this prince of quacks and miracle-workers.

The paper in question, which bears the title of *An Effective Prayer against Gout* (or *Palsy*, for the German word includes both disorders) is as follows:—

“In the name of God the Father, &c.
&c. &c. Amen.

“I, N. N. conjure thee, gout, by the holy five wounds, and by the innocent blood of my Lord Jesus Christ, which flowed out of his holy five wounds for the salvation of us men on earth + + +. I conjure thee, gout, by the last judgment and by the severe sentence which God will pronounce on all mankind, and on all sinners, male and female, that thou harm not any of the members of my body—neither my brain, nor my eyes, nor my shoulders, nor my back, nor my heart, nor my loins, nor my arms, nor my thighs, nor my legs, nor my toes, nor any of the members of my whole body + + +. I conjure thee, gout, by the three nails which were driven through the blessed hands and feet of Jesus Christ, by the saints who stood on both sides of the cross of our Redeemer Jesus Christ at the time of his crucifixion, namely, the

most Blessed Virgin and Mother of God, Mary, St. John, and all the saints who were present at the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. In this confidence I trust that, through the intercession of St. Barbara, God will, if it be conducive to my salvation, avert the gout from me, and confer on me all good things. Ah! gracious Lord, save me, I pray thee, from this disease, the gout. I pray thee by the cords, bonds, and nails by which our Redeemer was secured, bound and nailed to the holy cross, that +++ for the sake of his sufferings he would bestow his grace upon me and all men +++. I conjure thee, gout, that thou depart, by the divine love in heaven and on earth +++. May every species of this disease depart from me, whether it be—[here follow some of these species, for which I shall not pretend to give you the technical appellations, but merely a literal translation of the original]—the cold gout, the running gout, the burning gout, the raging gout, the flying gout, the gout in the loins, the gout in the side, the seventy-seven gout, that they do no harm to my body. So help me the holy divine power, with which Jesus Christ suffered his cruel death on the cross, in his holy grave in which he himself lay, and whence he gloriously rose, and has redeemed the human race. Dearest Lord and Saviour, make me sound in soul and body! Grant this, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost! Amen.”

“Whoever hath the gout, let him come and turn to the recollection of the sufferings of Jesus, and to the name *Jesus Nazareus Rex Judæorum*. Whoever reads or has read it, whether our friend or foe, brother or sister, and carries this prayer with him, and lives according to its precepts, will be delivered from the gout, and not be attacked by it; for he who suffered the shameful death of the holy cross was

our blessed Lord Jesus Christ: this is the Lord of heaven and earth; he condescends to relieve us and to take away the gout from us, so that we may never have it again, or to preserve us from it altogether.

“Let every one say, as long as he lives, every day in honour of the members of Jesus Christ, five Paternosters and five Ave marias, together with the Creed.”

Such, observes my friend, is the prayer and such the direction appended at Bamberg in the year 1822, to a religious tract destined for the use of the lower classes, and which bears on the face of it the name of the Prince of Hohenlohe. Should it be really by this prince, priest and worker of miracles, gouty believers will at least feel deeply indebted to him for making them acquainted with this remedy, and thus sparing them the trouble and expense of a journey to his reverence—unless, indeed, he may have staggered their faith a little, by directing them in the prayer to hope that the gout will be averted, if it be conducive to their salvation; whereas the subjoined exhortation promises unconditionally to every one, even though a foe (meaning us *heretics*, I suppose), who shall carry this prayer about him, and live agreeably to its precepts (but where, in the name of wonder, are these precepts of a Christian life to be found in it?) that he shall be relieved from the gout, or exempted from it altogether.

You, Sir, may possibly suspect that this precious composition itself must be afflicted with the gout, since there are parts in which it hobbles most lamentably. I have been more solicitous to present you with a faithful transcript of the original than to cure it of any of its constitutional defects, which I leave to your management, being, Sir, your obedient servant, but

No PHYSICIAN.

London, April 25, 1823.

ROMANTIC LOVER.

A romantic story is related of an Englishman, who sought the hand of a very charming lady, with whom he was passionately in love, but who constantly refused him. As he had reason to believe she loved him, he entreated to

know the reason why she refused her consent to their union. The lady, subdued by his constancy, told him that her only motive for refusing him, was, that having by an accident lost a leg, it had been replaced by a wooden one;

and she feared that sooner or later this circumstance would chill his affection for her. This she declared to be her only motive. The lover protested that this would never make him change his love; but she persisted in refusing to marry him. Fired with love, and determined that nothing should obstruct his design, he, under the pretext of going a distant voyage, left his lady

and hastened to Paris, where he had one of his own legs amputated. When he recovered, he returned to London, went to the lady, and told her that there was now no obstacle to their union, for that he was equally mutilated with herself. The lady, conquered by such a proof of affection, at last consented to marry him.

(*Lond. Mag.* May.)

THE LAND'S END OF CORNWALL.

"What tale is this?—an ancient tale—I've heard
Thee tell it an hundred times. Is there not in't
A hoary man whose sage tongue says strange things,—
A reverend dame who deals in golden proverbs,—
A maiden, down whose alabaster neck
Long curling locks come gushing, with an eye,
A meek moist eye much given to love, and black;
With lisping children and a purring cat,
A simmering streamlet and a haunted glen,
And merry maidens who love young men's mirth
And minstrel melody?—You see I know't;
Thy five fair children are less like each other
Than thy mute offspring are."—"I'm very glad on't,
For I do wish them like no wiser man.
My mute and breathing progeny are like
To him who made them, and look like each other;
And who should they be like? Go tell the lark
To change its speckles,—bid the lily's lip
Blush like the ripe red rose—and make the sky,
The morning sky, give less of light and loveliness.
The flower blooms of its kind, and doth not change,
And whate'er comes from mine own heart must take
Its hue from me."—

THERE are seasons for beholding particular scenes in their fullest beauty; and those who have seen the Land's End of Cornwall on a summer day, when the wind is low, the sky blue, and the sun bright, have beheld it stript of its grandeur and most picturesque accompaniments. When the wind is up,—the thunder clouds gathered together,—the big drops descending,—the lightning flashing by fits between sea and cloud,—while a ship with all her sails bent is seen moving amid the waters, seeking for some secure haven,—then is the time to see a scene of deep interest and awful beauty. It seems no longer the Land's End, but the World's End:—beyond the dark tumbling wilderness of waters you can imagine no other land,—the limit of the uttermost earth is before you, and where the thick cloud hangs, and the

fire flashes, may lie the region of infernal romance.

It was at such a time that I first saw the Land's End of Cornwall—and, what is far better, it was at such a time, too, that it was seen by Turner, the most poetic of landscape painters. I have no wish to try to describe the enchantment which his pencil has wrought, and from which the graver of Cooke has taken none of the charms; but I wish he had seen the scene expressly as I saw it. The sea began to feel the influence of the wind,—a thick cloud hung at a distance dark and motionless,—the sun had gone down, and its last glimmering light was dancing on the water, while, half in sea and half in cloud, a ship all on fire came scudding along, throwing a wavering column of flame and smoke far into the air,—and a dog, the only living creature that had

not abandoned her, sat on the prow, and uttered, as the flames approached, a deep and mournful howl.—But to my story.

In a small bay near the Land's End of Cornwall, a colony of fishermen had fixed their abode, and enjoyed undisturbed the produce of their labour for a period beyond the reach of oral remembrance. It was a wild and unfrequented place, chained in by a line of sterile and shaggy hills, through which a path, rather than a road, presented a way into the bosom of the country. This way, too, seemed not to have been in the original contemplation of nature, but the work of after thought;—the hills appeared to have been cleft asunder to allow man to find his way into this rude and barren place. If the approach by land was rugged and difficult, the way by sea was shut up against every thing which went deeper into the water than a boat:—when the tide receded, the rocks might be seen presenting themselves as sharp as the tusks of a wild boar, and nearly as thickly set, against all efforts of navigation; and the wrecks of many vessels were scattered among the crags and quicksands. The sea, however, teemed with the finest fish, and sought to make amends for its rugged bottom by the valuable booty which its tides bore into the nets of the fishermen. But the fishermen sought only to make the day and the way alike long,—they caught and ate, and ate and caught; and if they cured any fish for sale, it was but in the way of exchange with some of the inland store farmers, who once or twice a year penetrated into their region, to barter, according to the custom of the country, some of their superfluous commodities. Their houses, some twenty or more, ran in a zig-zag line along the bosom of the bay, built of dry stone, covered with heath,—the roofs hung with dried salmon, the floors bedded with fishbones; while, from the whole, a close and a fishy steam issued, fit to suffocate a covey of partridges, but which was myrrh and frankincense in the nostrils of fishermen. Nets of all sizes were extended along the shore; many patched and rudely constructed boats lay hauled upon the

beach, or rocked amid the water, as it swelled with the increasing tide, while many men, many women, and a numerous progeny of children, bareheaded and barefooted, sat watching the heaving sea with the eager glance of those who are aware that their supper lies at its bottom. Those who live by the tide must watch with the tide; and it is as common for men to dip their nets in the midnight waters, as in the tide of noonday. The moon had arisen with sharp horns, and with a stormy face, and shed on the moving mass of waters a varying and fitful light. The pointed rocks, and the wrecks of ships, began to disappear,—the bay expanded, and the porpoise went dashing along the foaming line of the tide, feasting, as he went, upon the fattest of the fish.

Before the tide was at its height, and while the fishermen stood, some waist-deep in the water, holding the haave, and others on the shore eyeing their nets moving in the stream with a look of silent hope, the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard among the pebbles on the beach, and a horse and rider suddenly emerged into the moonlight, and went towards the tide. The rider seemed an elderly man, with something of a military air about him; he wore a short cloak, a slouched hat, bearing a feather of the sea-cormorant, and carried a four-pronged and barbed fish spear in his hand, in the manner of one bearing a lance. "It's Ranulph Roole," said an elderly fisherman, "'e knows what 'e wants,—the fattest and the fairest fish that our nets take; but may I be doom'd to hold the haave for devils in the pit of brimstone, if 'e has a fin from me to-night, as sure as my name is Gaffer Gaffhook." To this person the rider addressed himself. "Gaffer, my good friend, I'm in haste,—my master is sick and sore wounded:—you know what day of the week this is, and I must have a fair fish, with a mergh-fin as fat as melting butter,—and all to win the grace of a good priest, who comes many a mile to sooth the spirit of Sir Simon Kinnersey." "Ranulph," said Gaffhook, "look at that tide,—it swept the opposite coast some half hour since, and fills our bay now; it is the free gift of heaven, and all that it contains.

—so put forth thy hand, and freely take what is freely offered: but for no man, nameless or knighted, will I strike or take fish:—I hold the sea from Providence, and not from Simon Kinnersley, —or may I be turned into the bob-cork of an everlasting raise-net;—and ye may say Gaffer Gaffhook said it.” “Gaffer,” said Ranulph, “were not my master sick, and the matter pressing, I should like much to speak to thee in the only language thou canst comprehend:—I would beat thee with my spear-shaft into bait for cod, if I could spare the time,—but I see there is some fine fish running, and I will show thee an art thou wilt never have the spirit to learn.” He balanced his fish-spear, spurred his horse into the tide,—and, eyeing the foamy track in which the fish ran, and waving his weapon like a javelin, he hurled it into the water, and the quivering shaft and the splashing brine told him how true was his aim, and how dexterous his hand. He wheeled his horse round and rode swiftly away, bearing a fine salmon on his spear-point. “There ’e goes,” said old Gaffhook, “with as fair a fish as ever swam in our bay. I might have held a haave in the surge for a summer moon, and got nothing better than a gaping cod, or a thorny-backed skate. Ye see what it is to serve the saints:—here comes a fellow who knows not how many corks are on a raise-net, and, riding into the tide, casts in his spear in the name of St. Somebody, and brings out a fine salmon. An I knew the saint who has most influence among fish, I would worship him too;—I would cease dipping the knotted meash of hemp in the flood, and stick to the barbed steel and the bounteous saint,—else let my king’s hood be made into a shrimp net.” “Ah,” said a young fisherman, “had I known it was Ranulph Roole, he might have picked the best fish I have taken out of the bosom of my haave net;—for have ye not heard his master is at death’s door?—he had a quarrel with some man beyond the bay, and has lost some of his best blood. Many a fair fish has he had of our taking,—but we have ever been rewarded seven-fold.” “Now, Moll,” said old Gaff-

hook to his spouse, “cast on thy hood, and take the salmon I caught this morning, and follow Ranulph, and tell him thy husband calls himself an old fool, and sends him a pretty fish;—Sir Thomas was ever a stern man, but he was just, and he divided ever as fair atween man and man as the back bone divides the herring—so hie thee, dame, and let thy feet scarce feel the grass.”

The way along which the fisherman’s spouse followed Ranulph seemed rather the rough and deserted channel of a brook, than a regular road fashioned by the labour of man. It sought the foot of the hills; and, though the way was short for moor-fowl, it was long for man, for it had to go winding among rocks and stones with many a turn and link. One time it seemed to skirt the edge of a grove of rocks,—at another, it passed through a field so thickly studded with enormous stones, and withal so regular, that they seemed to have been distributed by measurement. A little farther on, and close to the ascent of the hills, rocks and loose stones were heaped up in such confusion as countenanced the supposition that they were the surplus materials left from erecting the steep and rocky hills which hemmed in the bay. Along this way Ranulph spurred his horse till he reached a deep and wooded ravine that seemed nearly to separate the hills, and out of which gushed a small but tumultuous brook. Along the brink of the rivulet the way continued to wind in a gradual ascent, till, passing an old sycamore tree, which, anchoring its roots like network among the enormous stones, threw its stem and branches over the stream, a small square tower, and the ruins of a little chapel, appeared seated, or rather half hung, from the summit of a lofty cliff, like the eyrie of an eagle. A light glimmered along the rocks and the stream from a small wicket, equal in size to the admission of an owl, and crossed with its trembling lines a very narrow and steep way, which ascended to the gate of Kinnersley-Keep.

Ranulph scaled this dizzy way like one to whom the path was familiar, and, throwing the bridle over his horse’s neck, sought the chamber from whence the light proceeded. He stooped at a

narrow door of carved oak, and, listening for a minute's space, or more, lifted the latch, and entered with a light foot and a cautious air. "Alas! Ranulph," said a voice, faint and broken, "all thy care and tenderness are cast away on one unworthy of life, and who could not live were he worthy." "Be of good comfort, Sir," said Ranulph, "you have done only what is noble, and what would have been wickedness to have left undone. A father's dying entreaty is a matter not to be lightly cared for,—and there is a curse for them who neglect a father's command. Be of good cheer, therefore,—a wound in young flesh is soon cured. I remember, in your honoured father's time, when young Lacey of Lanercross jested about the cut of my mantle, and I was run through the thick of the thigh in the vindication of my dress, I had my leg o'er the horse's back in three weeks again:—Cheer up, Sir, young flesh is cannie to cure, as the men say in the north." "Ah! Ranulph, but grief at heart cuts worse than a two-edged sword," said the same voice; "it was a dread command my father laid on me, and dreadfully has it been obeyed. How can I hope that heaven approves, when my own heart disapproves?—I am sore wounded, Ranulph; but my sorest pain is for drawing my sword, and shedding man's blood unjustly." "I have seen much blood spilt in my day, Sir," said Ranulph; "and I have been blamed for spilling some little myself; but shame fall the man that says, when the head is hot and the mind chafed, your sword in your hand, and your best foe with bared steel before you—shame fall him, I say, who thinks that the blood which is spilt then is spilt unjustly. But that was not what I wanted to say. Ye know, Sir, we came home to a cold hearth and an empty larder. Now, Sir, have cheer from what I'm about to tell:—I took my fish-spear in my hand, and rode down to the tide; the boors were churlish, and would not give me a single fin; so in the name of the saints I rode into the flood, and struck with my spear, and a noble stroke struck I,—as fat a salmon as ever swam. Now, Sir, had the saints

thought ye unworthy of favour;—had they designed that the name of Kinnersley should perish from the earth,—would they have given your servant such a gift?—I trow, no, Sir; it's not for nought that the saints are bountiful,—and I would have you let me look at your wound, and I'll warrant we'll mend it. Shall the name of Kinnersley die like a barren tree?—No, no;—when it goes out, it shall go out shining like a shooting star."

The person to whom Ranulph addressed this singular speech was a young man some twenty years old, firmly knit and finely proportioned, with large blue eyes, and sunny hair, inclining to curl, and which was allowed to grow both thick and long. A hat and leather lay by his side; an embroidered mantle was near him, stained with blood, and still moist; and a sword lay underneath, wet with blood, and which had been returned unwiped to the scabbard. He lay extended, or rather agrouse, on an old couch of carved oak, and seemed in a fever, both bodily and mental. The room where he lay was of rich and massy Saxon workmanship, and on the walls were hung many suits of mail, both chain and plate. Above the chimney piece hung an entire suit of strong steel plate mail, with an axe and helmet of the same metal; a silver greyhound was sculptured at full stretch on the top of the helmet, shaded by a silver holly-bough. On this suit of armour the wounded youth fixed his eye, and said, "Ah! Hubert de Kinnersley, often have the heathen Saracens, and hardly less heathen Danes, grown pale at the sight of thy gallant greyhound. Little did my gallant ancestor think, when they spurred their horses against the enemies of old England, that the dreaded hound of their house was so soon to run its race;—that their name and their bearing would sink in a nameless feud, and with a nameless foe." Ranulph wrung his hands, and said, "My dear young master, food you have not tasted for forty hours, and your only drink has been water:—shall I boil some of the tender parts of the salmon the saints sent you, and bring you a cup of wine? I will do it so daintily that you will be

wiled to partake :—often has your noble father said”—“Name him not—name him not, Ranulph,” said the youth ; “he gave me breath, and he gave me bread, and he was my father. But with his dying breath he left me a deed to do,—a deed of revenge,—and the deed has been done. Could I forget a parent’s parting words, and slight an admonition which came from the world of spirits ?”—He turned on his couch, while the blood flowing from his wounded side stained his embroidered vest ; but he uttered not one moan,—he lay and looked on his ancestor’s mail, and on a small silver cross which hung beneath it. “Ranulph,” he said, “the confessor will soon come ; prepare what cheer you have to place before him—he has come far,—and, as this may be the last food made ready to the wish of a Kinnersley, let it be done daintily,—I use thy own kindly word, Ranulph :—and, Ranulph, come hither ;—you have been true, loving, and tender to me ;—come to me when the holy man departs, and you will find that all I have to leave in the world I have left you.” Ranulph dried his eyes, and withdrew for the purpose of dressing the fish he had, in his own estimation, so miraculously caught.

The place into which Ranulph descended had formerly been the hall ; but, like the halls of all these small towers of refuge, it had served for a kitchen,—and the massive staples and links fixed in the solid walls, and the oaken door studded with huge nails, might induce a belief that it had also served for a place of restraint. At one end a huge chimney seemed to devour a faint and glimmering fire which shed only light enough to show the dreariness of the place. He almost started to see, as he entered, two women seated by the scanty fire, mantled from head to foot in coarse woollen netting, which the peasantry knit with pins ; with their heads laid quietly together, and nodding in unison amid the pleasure of mutual communication. They whispered both together, held their forefingers up, gave a suspicious glance into the darksome corners of the room, unwitting that a stray ember—and the fire hardly survived such a diminution—

was rioting at will among the fringes with which time and hard labour had bordered one of their gowns.

“And so it has come to this at last,” said one of them, the wife of Gaffer Gaffhook, interrupting her companion, —“I ever said something fearful would happen to a house which ate fish only on Fridays. Sooner shall a salmon pick the barbed spear out of its back, —or a twelve pound cod swim through the bosom of our best net, than the name of Kinnersley escape from a doom long, long destined. Ah, lass, I said last Friday night, when we threw our nets into the tide, and caught not a fin, that something queer would soon come to pass,—and the sea was full of fish too ;—I knew the fresh warm smell of the shoals of salmon, sitting on my own hearth-stone. But what was more of a marvel, lass, the flounders which we broiled for breakfast, instead of lying quietly on the embers, began to move and turn, and to speak words.—ye need not gaze so, lass,—I say, words,—words, as plain language as the talk of Manx fishermen. I durst not eat them, lass ; but that was nought compared to what happened in the hollow hour of night. It was on the stroke of twelve, and the bay was full of the tide, and the tide was swarming with fish,—and my son Billy,—a lad that would not tell a lie, were he bribed with the miraculous draught of fishes,—went down to the water to look to the nets. And home came he like a creature mad ; he had seen something—something not of this world ;—nought of this earth will make Billy Gaffhook leave his nets ; but what he saw he will not tell—and wise is my son, for nobody lives long who bears tales between this world and the next.”

“That’s a wise word,” said her companion ; “and I would advise no more should be said about the old house of Kinnersley :—it’s more than suspected that some of them walk, when they should be enduring wrath in another world. Old Adam Hawthornden, the northern gardener, always averred that something evil haunted the tower garden,—the spirit, it might be, of one of the old proprietors,—an honest and a tranquil spirit during the winter

months,—but fierce and furious during the seasons of peaches and plums. And I'll warrant ye have heard of the Kinnersley angels,—but for God sake lay your ear near me, for I'm not sure that I am doing wisely in speaking of them. Old Sir Worthiness Kinnersley—whom men knew better by the name of Sir Wickedness Kinnersley—fell sick, and having much to repent of, sent for a priest. And the priest came—a pious man—whom the saints blest so much, that he grew fatter when he fasted. 'And what hopes,' said he, 'have you, Sir Worthiness, of sitting among the saints?' 'Oh, great hopes,' said the dying knight; 'for I'm a favoured sinner, and see sweet visions.' 'Visions? and what manner of visions may they be, my son?' said the good man. 'O! visions of angels, ascending and descending,' said he, with a smile. 'I have high hopes of thy spirit's welfare, my son,' said the priest; 'for surely to none, save the just, and those whom the saints design to honour, are revealed the visions of angels, the bright ones of heaven appear at few death-beds.' 'My hopes would be higher,' said Sir Worthiness, 'if the angels which appear to me were of the radiant kind; they are all of the wrong hue, damn them—black, black:' and with a loud laugh he turned on his side and died. But ye see, neighbour, this last Kinnersley was a fish of the same shoal,—a bitter bad master, and bloody-minded. I would tell ye a tale of him, lass, would set your locks an end, though ye had a lead drop at the bottom of every hair."

Ranulph broke in upon them: "If ye name but the name of Kinnersley, ye two scales, shed from the fiend with the fish's tail that swims in the sea of darkness, I will make ye find the way to a hole five fathom below the foundation stone of this tower,—a haunted hole too, ye devil's shell-fish, where gnawing Hunger sits with skinny Death at his elbow,—two of the prime ministers of my master's house." "Come now, Ranulph," said Mrs. Gaffhook, "don't be such a hard-hearted man; we come here out of kindness, and don't send us away in scorn. We

have brought a brave fish, and a lap-full of dainties, with, may be, a drop of brandy for clearing your sight, Ranulph"—"Dainties," said her companion, "and well he deserves them truly? Talk of tenanting his dungeon holes with the like of us—I'll tell ye what, my merry man, if ye lay an uncivil hand on me, I will slip three inches of this steel skewer between your breast-bones;—and as sure as fish have fins I'll do't—I have served a prettier fellow than you with the same sauce." And, withdrawing a long sharp fish skewer from the gatherings of her mantle, she held it out with a laugh, and said, "The sharp end of that little bodkin once freed me from the grab of a never-do-well tinker, long Rob Gordon. I think I see him yet,—black was he, and unlovesome—hair like a bush of furze, and eyes like scoloped oysters. I met him three miles from a smoking house,—and a firm hand he laid on me. He looked more like a robber than a lover, and so my bit of steel told him; and what it did once it can do again."

What answer Ranulph would have returned to the menace of this maritime virago is unknown; for the shrill sound of approaching tongues—a sound resembling the warning hail with which people direct a strange vessel on a dangerous coast—came up the winding way which led to Kinnersley tower. Ranulph hurried to the gate, and there he saw a straggling line of fishermen's torches, such as are used at spearing salmon, coming shining among the cliffs. "This way, Sir—this way, Sir," exclaimed several voices at once—"take care of the left hand; there's a steep rock, o'er which drunken Lord Soakaway broke his neck." "More need to take care of the right hand," said a plurality of tongues, "where if ye miss a foot, and escape being dashed to pieces, ye're sure to be drowned; only look down, Sir,—seventy feet and odd, and a mist at the bottom." The tongues ceased for a moment—the torches proceeded,—men's faces were seen amid the advancing light; and, in the middle, came a face for the safety of which all the others seemed so solicitous. It was a face, indeed, worthy

of men's care; for much care had it cost the possessor,—round, smooth, and fat,—radiant with the moisture of unusual exertion, and shining like the full moon revolving amid the remnants of the old—for so it seemed, surrounded with the thin and toil-worn visages of a dozen fishermen. “It is not a soldier's face,” said Ranulph, as he gazed from the porch; “such a face as that could never have escaped from long marches, sore fastings, and hard battles;—it is not a lord's face, with the worn-out peerage mark upon it,—the stamp of God half effaced,—a proud lip, and a low brow. But it is the face of a divine,—a man who lies soft and long,—says a short grace to a long meal, and ministers to the repose of a slumbering congregation. A pleasant land of drowsyhead must his benefice be! It would insult the hierarchy to suppose so radiant a face pertained to one below the dignity of Dean. When will such a sleek, smooth, way-of-the-world personage as this smite on the pulpit like Zechariah Boyd, and cry, ‘Start up ye drowsy sinners, hell was not made for dogs?’”

The person who occasioned all this care and conjecture emerged at length from the half hidden road, and, standing upon a rocky platform before the gate of the tower, looked up with a sigh to the shattered walls, and back, with a shudder, to the difficult and perilous way up which he had climbed, with many a sigh and groan. He first muttered a kind of blessing upon his own spirit, that had achieved this treble toil; then pulled out a handkerchief, which nearly stifled the fishermen with perfume; and, turning his broad and glowing face to the night wind, he cooled himself by fanning his bosom and brow, inhaling the fresh air, and respiring it again in smoke, while his well-powdered head sent up a steam like a seething cauldron. “If a man wishes for salvation,” said this ambassador from the meek son of Mary, “let him not dwell in such an eyrie as this; let him live with men, and not make his bed with the eagles. Ten long miles have I ridden, and two long miles have I walked, and all to minister consolation to a wounded man; little did I think I

had to seek for the stricken deer in such a desert as this.” “Desert,” said one of his conductors, extinguishing his torch as he spoke, “call ye this a desert, man? The paved street of a city, where neither corn grows nor grass springs—a canal, that long line of barren ditch, without a living fin in it to feed a water-hawk or heron,—these are deserts, man:—but to call the land where crows can live right royally, and the sea, out of which we draw food fit for princes, a desert, seems as odd to me as if I were to grip plovers in my net instead of plaice.”

Ranulph now interfered, and sending the torch-bearers into the hall, he conducted the priest into the chamber of Sir Simon Kinnersley. “Reverend father,” said the wounded youth, turning his eye from a small cross to the portly person before him, “I have sent for you, for I am sore wounded—wounded nigh to death,—and I have that to say, which weighs on my mind. Father, tell me, have I sinned in doing a deed which my father swore me to do with his dying breath? He rested not in his grave whilst it was undone, but appeared to me once by night and once in broad day; face to face his spirit met me, and bade me remember my vows;—father, have I sinned?”—“My son,” said the priest, “evil spirits assume the semblance of departed saints, and deceive men's souls.” The youth leaped half up from his seat, and exclaimed, “Oh! then I shall die contented. I might well have supposed that the noble spirit of my noble father was above such abject revenge; but come nearer, and listen to my story; I have much to confess and to repent.” “Son,” said the priest, “I have endured much fatigue. When your messenger came, I had concluded a forty-eight hours' fast, and my servants had prepared something savoury, and placed it before me. The smoke climbed up to my nostrils, and the silver knife and fork trembled in my hand, and wine of vintage forty and nine was glowing before me. But what is food, however savoury, compared to the eternal soul of man? I arose and hastened on my way, and though I hungered sore and thirsted, I tarried not but came. But, alas! my

son, confess thee I may not, till I am strengthened a little. I found the smell of broiling fish even in thy porch; and if thy servant will fill me a cup of wine from a cobwebbed bottle, I shall make shift till something more meet and respectful may be made ready." "Alas! my father," said the youth, "the table of the Kinnersleys is not furnished as it was wont;—my lands are wasted, and my gold is spent; our feasts are turned into fastings, and our wine into water from the spring." "My son," said the priest, "you speak modestly of your cheer:—the rich smell of that delicious fish tells me to expect something good in its company;—but a dry crust and a cup of pure water are welcome to me. I leave the sauced and smoking haunches of venison, and the brimming glasses of wine, to men whose hearts are not weaned from the world:—I shall be with thee anon." And so saying, he descended the stair to the kitchen, followed by the half-muttered curses of honest Ranulph, who assisted him down the deep descent.

The place into which the priest descended was the old hall where we left the two maritime crones; but a huge fire now filled the chimney, and made the nice cheep in the corners, for gladness of the unwonted heat; while the company was increased by six or eight fishermen, the same who carried the priest to the tower. Stories, more of a pleasant than of a sorrowful kind, abounded, and mirth was scarce suppressed by the presence of their devout visitor. They had raked out some of the glowing embers upon a broad flagstone, and over these, well strewn with salt and pepper, lay slices of salmon, which made a singing din, while a smoke, thick and savoury, eddied round the heads of the two old women who, squatted on the floor, preparing this hasty meal. "Bless ye, my children," said the priest; "bless ye, one and all; those who minister to the wants of men in communion from the saints deserve the unreserved benediction of the church." And seating himself by a huge sycamore table in the centre of the hall, on which some plates were placed, and snatching two pieces of broiled fish from the embers, he began,

as he said, to succour the carnal man. Man and woman rose and stared upon him; they had prepared this morsel for another person, and were not willing to give it without remonstrance to this church cormorant. "Softly, my daughter, softly," said the priest to one of the old crones; "let me despatch this, I pray thee, before the other slices—which are tenderer, being cut from the belly—are withdrawn from the embers. I have ever said, during the fastings of our order, that fish cooked by the gentle hands that caught it was the most savoury,—gently, my daughter, gently."

"Gently, my daughter, quoth a," said the old crone; "who in the fiend's name, and that's not banning, bade thee snatch up and eat what I am preparing for more modest lips than thine?" "I am a servant of the saints, my daughter," said the priest, snatching another smoking slice, which went fizzing to his lips, "and commissioned to taste, wherever I go, the fruits of sea and shore. Why, this is a most delicate and juicy piece, and fit for presentation at the chair of Saint Peter. Providence sends the tide, my children, and the saints send the fish; but it is the prayer of the priest which fills your nets,—so give me another slice, my daughter,—these be sweet viands in such a desert." One of the fishermen interfered: "May the devil who rules the tide, if the saints send the fish, fill my nets with foam instead of flounders, if ye touch another morsel till our young lord says his will to some of the tenderer parts." "Speak moderately, neighbour," said a fellow labourer in the watery domain; "if the saints send the fish, and the priests fill our nets, we owe much, I trow, to old mother church. And I doubt not the truth on't. There was the priest of St. Jude's,—I remember it well,—always came and prayed with my mother when my father went to the fishing, and many a silver penny he gave me—I was a boy then—to go down to the tide and see if his intercessions filled our nets;—we owe much to old father church, say I."

"You speak like a dutiful child, my son," said the priest, surveying the

young fisherman from head to foot; "and such an influence the presence of my pious brother, now numbered with the saints, has had upon thy tender years, that thy tongue is the very echo of his. Ah! he was a faithful shepherd, and well-beloved, and the saints increased his flocks:---there was the sweet cry of numerous babes in the land in those days, nor has our own time been wholly barren." "Aye, aye," responded one of the old crones, "those were the times: I thank ye, Sir, for speaking of them,---they put queer things into my head: lord! I mind well before I was wed to Stephen Dinmon;---but what's the matter what I mind now?---I am old and stooping, and no more like the lass I was when I went twice a week to confession, than a salted haddock hanging in the smoke is like a salmon fish in a spring-tide, with its taper green back, its wanton tail, and all its silver fins in motion. It does me good though to think on't;---and here, Sir, snap up this tender slice, cut near the mergh-fin:---ye shall have shell-fish, too, before supper-time, though I should go and dive for them myself." The priest now rose, lifted a cup of wine to his lips, supplied by the reluctant hand of Ranulph, and, taking it off at a draught, said, "Better swim in wine than in the salt brine, and so much for my repast:---ye see, my children, I know your ways and understand your sayings,---and I leave you my blessing."

A low, faint cry, from the chamber of the young knight, quickened somewhat the slow step of the priest; and when he entered, he found Ranulph supporting his master in his arms, and kneeling and weeping over him. The youth seemed struggling with some fearful agony,---his eyes were fixed and wild,---his hands were stretched out, and he seemed pushing some invisible shape away, which he imagined approached him. "My son," said the priest, "the cravings of the flesh are somewhat appeased, and I am come to hear thee,---so say thy say. The youth fixed his eyes on him, their wildness gradually disappeared,---he folded his hands over his bosom and said,---"It came again;---what vow have I left un-

performed now? And yet it came with a fiery and a disdainful look:---have I not shed his blood?---I would sooner have shed my own:---and is a spirit more eager for revenge than man?" "Son," said the priest, "compose thyself:---it was an evil dream, sent to perturb thee;---I have many such dreams myself. The wicked spirit comes to my couch sometimes with a consecrated mitre on, and a pastoral staff in his hand: nor is it unusual for it to appear with golden ringlets, and with glowing eyes, and I am awakened by the rustling of its satins, and the sweetness of its tongue. These are the visions sent by the evil one; so heed them not, my son, but tell me thy story."

"Father," said the youth, "I need not tell thee my name, nor who my father was; his name was heard from shore to shore, and the enemies of England will often grow pale at the name of Kinnersey, when nothing but its dust and its fame is left. My father and Sir Ralph Lacey loved in their youth the same lady,---and by persuasion less than by force my father carried her to his tower, and she became his wife, and the mother of me. She lived till I was fifteen, and died, and was buried in a little wild nook on the sea-shore, where, when she lived, she loved to sit, and look at the swelling sea and the gray towers of her father's house over the bay. I often went to her grave myself:---in summer time I ever found it strewn with flowers,---and in winter I have observed footsteps printed among the snow, and the marks of kneeling knees. They were not those of my father, for he was a moody and a melancholy man; and seldom visited the place where my mother lay. It is a small and a beautiful little spot;---flowers, which pertain not to this barren land, grow there;---I have often imagined, as I looked from this tower, that I saw a strange light trembling about the place,---and if you will look from that window at midnight, towards the sea, over the old pine-tree top, you will see what I have seen."

"The night air is moist and cold," said the priest, "and I put faith enough in thy narrative to believe that an un-

holy light is seen glimmering there,—so go on, I pray thee.” “It happened,” said the youth, “that I sat one night on the top of this tower, and, as I looked towards the sea, I saw a boat coming shoreward among the moonlight, and a figure wrapped in a cloak leapt upon the beach, and went and knelt at my mother’s grave. While I sat wondering who this might be, I saw my father glide down the secret way from the tower,—his cloak on, and a sword beneath it;—he hastened over stock and stone till he reached the grave. I saw the stranger rise from his knees;—I saw them gaze upon one another,—and in a moment I saw their cloaks cast aside, and their swords bare and flashing in the moonlight. I took a sword from the hall, and flew towards the shore:—my mother’s grave was already trodden and sprinkled with blood:—my father and Sir Ralph Lacey were fighting with the most rancorous animosity. The death-stroke was struck, I have always hoped, before I appeared; my father was staggering; when he heard me approach, he turned half round and fell. The stranger gazed for a moment on me, then on the grave,—threw his sword down,—leaped into his boat, and vanished along the water.

“I knelt and wept over my father:—the blood was gushing from his bosom. ‘Simon de Kinnersley,’ he said, ‘my life is gone, and my mortal foe has escaped:—dip your finger in your father’s blood, and hold up your right hand to heaven, and vow a vow that you will pursue mine enemy over the earth and over the sea,—that you will smite him to death, though you find him at the altar,—that you will strike him through and through, though he knelt upon your mother’s grave.’ I held up my hand, and vowed the vow, even as he desired. My father half leaped to his feet and said, ‘There’s the blood of the Kinnersleys in thee, my son; and God will give thee might to slay my destroyer:—were a priest here, he would say, ‘Die in peace,’—so in peace I die, and Ralph Lacey is forgiven;—but damned be Simon de Kinnersley if he forgives him:’ and he fell and died.”

“Thy father died an unholy death, young man,” said the priest; “his notions of vengeance were unjust and dan-

gerous. Had he made a suitable benefaction to the church, we would have soothed his spirit by cursing his enemy, and the food and the wine which he tasted. I have heard of this Sir Ralph Lacey,—he is a stubborn heretic.’ ‘Yesterday he *was*,’ said the youth, “and a brave and a noble man:—alas! I thought of his worth when it was too late. The slayer of my father fled to a far place,—I followed him there;—he returned to his native land,—and to my native land I likewise came:—I thought he shunned me for fear,—for I had grown strong, and was skilful with the sword, and all the land spoke of our bitter feud. All this while I had never met him. His looks were engraven too deeply on my heart to be forgotten, and I sought him in public and private,—resolved to strike him even in the sanctified place.

“One day I entered a church,—the people had assembled, and the preacher was admonishing men of their sins, and claiming vengeance for the Lord. When he mentioned vengeance, a tall form, with a mild and melancholy look, rose up among them, and looked on me,—it was Ralph Lacey. I waved him out of the church, but he moved not. I laid my hand on my sword hilt, and he heeded me not, and at last I exclaimed, “Come out, if you are man; my father’s blood cries from the ground, and this day shalt thou atone for it.’ He moved as if he would follow me, and the people fled; for my sword was bare, and my cloak was on the ground. The preacher leaped down from the pulpit, and held up his old and feeble hands between us—before me, I should have said, for Ralph Lacey moved not, but looked on me with an eye of the deepest sorrow. The preacher looked me in the face, and spoke not:—I never before beheld such an aspect of awe; he shook his grey hairs. I put up my sword;—he took me by the hand, and he preached of mercy and of meekness of spirit, and my resolution forsook me; I hid my face in my cloak and wept, and then I departed.

“It was midnight, and I was seated where I now sit;—the moonlight found its way through that small wicket,—no other light was in the room. I tried to

sleep, but sleep fled from me ;—I looked out upon the sea and sky for awhile, and then, stretching myself on this couch, I thought again upon the deep vow I had vowed, and the hot drops stood on my brow. As I lay I thought something came into the room yet the door did not open. I saw nothing, though I felt conscious of another presence ; and I gazed till I saw a dark and shadowy garment moving before me. It became more distinct ; the outline was filled up with a human figure, and my father's spirit,—certainly my father's form,—stood before me. Yet I beheld not his face ; where his face should have been there was utter darkness ;—but the wave of the hand, and the moving of the head, was my father wholly ; and my knees shook, and my tongue was struck with dumbness. I know not that it spoke,—I spoke not myself,—and as I looked, the form gradually melted away, and departed even as a shadow dies when the sunshine fades. I went to the window, and there I beheld, as plain as I see Ranulph now, my father's form, dilated beyond his living size, moving towards the sea shore :—it approached my mother's grave,—seemed to fill the space between the earth and heaven,—and then I beheld it no more.

“Next morning I took my sword, and, seating myself on a stone by my mother's grave, I ruminated on what I had seen, and thought on the vow I had vowed, and how I had left it unfulfilled. The morning was balmy, and the air moist with dew, and the unrisen sun began to brighten the eastern waters. I arose and walked about for a little space, and, leaning over a small enclosure of turf, which hemmed in this melancholy spot, I looked again upon the grave. My hair nearly moved my hat on my brow, when, on the very stone where I had been seated, there sat a figure wrapt up in a dark mantle ;—its face and hands were hid,—but the form of my father was too noble not to be known to his son. I gazed upon it for a moment, and, making the blessed sign with my sword, I confronted and questioned it. ‘I have vowed an unholy vow to my dying father,—does his spirit come to desire its fulfilment ? I have prayed to God to direct me, yet I

am undirected,—and the spirits from below assume the form of the spirits above, and haunt man for the destruction of his soul.’ The spirit replied not, but stretched out a mantled hand towards the bay, and remained in that position for a little space :—I looked upon the water, and there I saw a small boat coming swiftly towards the shore, —a man was in it ;—he leaped upon the beach, and came towards my mother's grave :—it was Sir Ralph Lacey. I imagine he saw me not, for he walked with a slow step towards the grave,—he knelt beside it, and his forehead touched the grass that covered it. There needed no spirit now to pluck the sword from the sheath. I thought on the death-looks of my father, and the deep vow I had vowed ; and drawing my sword, I drew near and stood beside him. He looked up and saw me, yet he prayed out his prayer, and slowly arising, gazed mournfully in my face, and was going away. I stepped in before him :—alas !—alas ! a sorrowful spirit is soon chafed ;—yet he sought not to smite me :—when I slew him, and saw his blood streaming on my mother's grave, and saw his hands clasping the sod which covered her, and heard her name die on his lips, I sought to slay myself,—but alas ! my life goes slowly away. The evil spirit had done its work, and I saw it no more.—for there is a spirit of evil has haunted my name for seventeen generations, and is never visible save when blood is to be shed, and it deceived me in my noble father's shape.”

“Be comforted, my son,” said the priest ; but the young man heeded him not :—he passed his hands rapidly over his eyes,—gazed as if he beheld something fearful, and starting up exclaimed, “More blood ?—have I vowed another vow ? false spirit, are ye come to me again ?—but I know your errand :—Go dig the grave, Ranulph, and go toll the bell ; bid the torch-bearers be ready ; and let those who chant over the dead come, for the last of the Kinnerleys is going to his fathers, and their name to night will pass from the land.” He fetched a deep sigh, and ceased to breathe.—Such is the story which the Land's End fishermen tell of Simon Kinnerley.

(Sel. Mag. June.)

THE ASPHALTIC LAKE, OR DEAD SEA.

GENESIS xix. 24, 25. "*The Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire: and overthrew those cities and all the plain.*"

—This narrative of Moses is equally confirmed by profane historians and by modern travellers. *Diodorus Siculus* mentions the peculiar nature of the lake which covered the country where these towns were formerly situated. "Its water," he says, "is bitter and fetid to the last degree, inasmuch, that neither fish nor any other aquatic animals are able to live in it." *Tacitus* relates that a tradition still prevailed in his days, of certain powerful cities having been destroyed by thunder and lightning, and of the plain in which they were situated having been burned up. He adds, that evident traces of such a catastrophe remained—that the earth was parched, and had lost all its natural powers of vegetation: and whatever sprung up, either spontaneously or in consequence of being planted, gradually withered away, and crumbled into dust. *Strabo*, after describing the nature of the lake Asphaltis, adds, that the whole of its appearance gives an air of probability to the prevailing tradition, that thirteen cities, the chief of which was Sodom, were once destroyed and swallowed up by earthquakes, fire, and an inundation of boiling sulphurous water. *Maundrell* visited the lake Asphaltis in the year 1697, and makes the following observations upon it. "Being desirous to

see the remains (if there were any) of those cities anciently situated in this place, and made so dreadful an example of the Divine vengeance, I diligently surveyed the water as far as my eye could reach: but neither could I discern any heaps of ruins, nor any smoke ascending above the surface of the water, as is usually described in the writings and maps of geographers. But yet I must not omit what was confidently attested to me by the father-guardian and procurator of Jerusalem, both men in years, and seemingly not destitute either of sense or probity: that they had once actually seen one of these ruins; that it was so near the shore, and the waters so shallow at that time, that they went to it, and found there several pillars and other fragments of buildings. The cause of our being deprived of this sight, was, I suppose, the height of the water." The account which *Thevenot* gives is as follows. "There is no sort of fish in this sea by reason of its extraordinary saltness, which burns like fire when one tastes of it. And when the fish of the river Jordan came down so low, they returned back again against the stream: and such as are carried into it by the current of the water immediately die. The land within three leagues round it is not cultivated, but is white, and mingled with salt and ashes. In short, we must think that there is a heavy curse of God upon that place, seeing it was heretofore so pleasant a country."

REASONS FOR CLOSING THE WELLS IN EASTERN COUNTRIES.

Genesis xxix. 2. "*A great stone was upon the well's mouth.*"—In Arabia and other places they cover up their wells of water, lest the sand which is put in motion by the wind should fill and quite stop them up. So great is the care which they take not to leave the well open for any length of time, that they wait till the flocks are all gathered together before they begin to draw water, and when they have finished, the well is immediately

closed again.—In travelling, a similar precaution is adopted. "It is a general custom," says *Burchhardt*, "in the caravans of Nubia, as well as in the Arabian deserts, never to drink except when the whole caravan halts for a few minutes for that purpose: the time of doing this is in the slave caravans about nine o'clock in the morning, and twice during the afternoon march, namely about four and six o'clock."

THE SUPERIOR QUALITIES OF THE WATERS OF THE NILE.

Exodus vii. 18. "*The Egyptians shall loathe to drink of the water of the river.*"—This was a severe infliction, especially when we consider the great estimation in which the water of the Nile was held, and the peculiar delight which the Egyptians expressed in partaking of it. Of this circumstance the following is a remarkable instance.

"The overflowing stream being then at its height, was deeply impregnated with mud. That, however, did not deter the thirsty mariners from drinking of it profusely. If I were to live five hundred years, I shall never forget the eagerness with which they let down and pulled up the pitcher and drank of its contents, whistling and smacking their fingers, and calling out '*tayeep, tayeep,*' (good, good,) as if bidding defiance to the whole world to produce such another draught. Most of the

party, induced by their example, tasted also of the far famed waters, and having tasted, pronounced them to be of the finest relish, notwithstanding the pollution of clay and mud with which they were contaminated; a decision which we never had occasion to revoke during the whole time of our stay in Egypt, or ever since. The water in Albania is good, but the water of the Nile is the finest in the world." *Richardson's Travels.*

Belzoni also asserts, "There are few waters, if any, in Europe that can be compared with that of the Nile. It has the freshness of spring and the softness of river water: it is excellent to drink, and serves all other purposes."

The Abbot MASERIER further remarks, that the Turks find it so exquisitely charming that they frequently excite themselves to drink it by eating salt.

THE PUTTING AWAY OF LEAVEN FROM THE HOUSES OF THE JEWS.

Exodus xii. 15. "*The first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses.*"—Concerning this matter, the modern Jews are superstitiously exact and scrupulous. The master of the family makes a diligent search into every hole and crevice throughout the house, lest any crumb of leavened bread should remain in it, and that not by the light of the sun but of a candle. And in order that this exactness may not appear altogether superfluous and ridiculous, care is taken by some member of the family to conceal a few scraps of leavened bread in some corner or other, the discovery of which occasions no small joy. This search, nevertheless, strict as it is, does not give him entire satisfaction. After all, he beseech-

es God that all the leavened bread that is in the house, as well as what he has found, may become like the dust of the earth, and be reduced to nothing.

The same smileable scrupulosity is observed in preparing the bread to be eaten at the ensuing feast, lest there should be any thing like leaven mixed with it. The corn of which it is to be made must not be carried to the mill on the horse's bare back, lest the heat should make it ferment. The sack in which it is put must be carefully examined, lest there should be any remainder of old meal in it. The dough must be made in a place not exposed to the sun, and must be put into the oven immediately after it is made, lest it should ferment of itself.

THE DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY GRASS AND OTHER VEGETABLE FIRES.

Exodus xxii. 6. "*If fire break out, and catch in thorns, so that the stacks of corn, or the standing corn, or the field, be consumed therewith; he that kindleth the fire shall surely make restitution.*"—The ravages which, on such occasions, are frequently made

in the East, would hardly be imagined by an European. CHANDLER relates an incident of this kind, of which he was an eye-witness while in Asia Minor, taking a plan of Troas. "One day," he says, "after dinner, a Turk coming to us emptied the ashes from

his pipe, and a spark of fire fell unobserved in the grass, which was long, parched by the sun, and inflammable like tinder. A brisk wind soon kindled a blaze, which withered in an instant the leaves of the bushes and trees in its way, seized the branches and roots, and devoured all before it with prodigious crackling and noise. We were much alarmed, as a general conflagration of the country seemed likely to ensue."—But he adds, that after great exertion, they at length extinguished it.

Sir. R. K. PORTER, describing the same ravages, remarks,—“During my short stay at Koblinka I witnessed a grass fire. This terrible accident generally happens by the carelessness of bullock drivers, or of persons belonging to caravans of merchandize, who halt for the night in the open plain, and on departing in the morning neglect to extinguish their fires. Wind or some other casualty brings the hot embers in contact with the high and dry grass; it bursts into flame and burns on, devouring it as it goes with a fury almost unquenchable. That which I now beheld arose from negligence of this kind, and soon extended itself over a space of forty wersts, continuing its ravages for many days, consuming all the out-standing corn, ricks, hovels,

in short every thing in its devastating path: the track it left was dreadful.”

In another part of his work he gives a description still more striking. “Near the town of Youchokrak we got into the midst of another of those grass-fires I before mentioned. This spectacle was even more awful than the one I had formerly witnessed. There we viewed it at a distance; here we were in its very centre. The actual road was free from conflagration, having nothing for the burning element to feed on; but all around the whole surface of the earth was covered with a moving mass of flame. The effect produced was an apparently interminable avenue, dividing a sea of fire. The height of the flame could not be more than two or three feet from the ground; and on either side of our path the smoke was so light as to enable us to discern this awful scene stretching to a tremendous distance. Not a breath of wind disturbed the atmosphere; hence it ate its devouring way over the face of the country with the steadiness and majesty of an advancing ocean.

“During the course of my journey afterwards I observed many blackened tracts, from fifty to sixty wersts in length, which had been so marked by some of these calamitous ignitions.”

THE EGYPTIAN CUSTOM OF EMBALMING.

Genesis. 1. 26. “*So Joseph died, and they embalmed him, and he was put into a coffin.*”——When Joseph died, he was not only embalmed, but put into a coffin. This was an honour appropriated to persons of distinction, coffins not being universally used in Egypt. MAILLET, speaking of the Egyptian repositories of the dead, having given an account of several niches found there, says “It must not be imagined that the bodies deposited in these gloomy apartments were all inclosed in chests and placed in niches; the greater part were simply embalmed and swathed after that manner that every one hath some notion of; after which they laid them one by the side of another without any ceremony: some were even put into these tombs with-

out any embalming at all, or such a slight one that there remains nothing of them in the linen in which they were wrapped but the bones, and those half-rotten.”

But as BELZONI in his account of Egypt enters more fully than any other author into the subject of the Egyptian mummies, a somewhat lengthened extract may not be unacceptable to our readers. Not content with a superficial and hasty survey of these mansions of the dead, he penetrated into the very inmost recesses. “After forcing your way,” he observes, “through these passages, in some of which there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, and through which you pass like a snail, in a creeping posture, and that too through a length of two or three

hundred yards, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions, which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the wall, the faint light given by the candles or for want of air, the different objects which surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting; till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though fortunately I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. Frequently, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place,

found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian it crushed like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. In forcing my way through the passages I could not proceed without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards my own weight helped me on: however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads, rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads."

(Literary Gazette.)

FACETIÆ.

SIR,
YOUR correspondent H. who has so obligingly revived the *Facetiæ* of Hierocles, having mentioned Coggeshall in Essex, has recalled to my mind a variety of such pleasantries. His expression, that Coggeshall is famous for this species of wit, is rather loose; its inhabitants are famous as being the butt of such stories, which their neighbours take a malicious pleasure in relating of them. Having resided for ten years in the neighbourhood, I of course heard numbers of those 'authentic anecdotes' related for the amusement of the young folks on winter evenings. I select the following specimens of those which the lapse of five and twenty years has not yet effaced from my recollection. W. E. L.

1. The inhabitants not liking the situation of their church, and being unable to afford the expense of pulling of it down and building another, resolved to attempt to remove it entire. Some do-

zen stout labourers were hired to shove it to the desired site. Before they commenced their operations, they pulled off their jackets and laid them down, to mark how far they were to move the church; they then went to the other side and set to work. Meanwhile their clothes were stolen. After shoving for some time, they went to the other side to see what progress they had made, and finding their clothes gone, they said it was a pity they had not left off sooner, as they had shoved the church too far, and covered their clothes.

2. A man having received from Colchester some red herrings as a present, was so pleased with them, that he sent for a bushel to stock his pond.

3. A gentleman having received some oysters, ordered his cook to send them up for supper. She served up the shells nicely washed. Being asked what she had done with the oysters, she replied that she had *only gutted them*.

4. One who had planted French beans, watched anxiously to see them shoot; but perceiving the beans appear above the ground, he conceived he had planted them the wrong end downwards, and accordingly took them up and reversed them.

6. A countryman returning home one evening, saw the reflection of the moon in a pond; he immediately gave the alarm that the moon had fallen into the water. The peasants, with their long rakes, proceeded to get it out; but when they had disturbed the water, they said they had unfortunately broken the moon to pieces, and it would be useless to proceed in their operations, as they never should be able to put all those fragments together.---[In how many forms and languages has this jest been repeated?---*Ed.*]

6. One sent his servant to buy cherries, charging him to bring very large ones; the man bringing them much smaller than he expected, he eat them with spectacles on, that he might fancy they were large.

7. A good housewife having received a pound of coffee, boiled it, and served it up with parsley and butter. She declared they were the very worst split peas she had ever seen, as she had

boiled them for hours, and yet they remained quite hard.

8. Another boiled a pound of tea, and served up the tea like spinach, throwing the water away.---[I am not sure whether 6 is really a Coggeshall story; 7 and 8 I have heard also in the north of England, and even in Germany.]

9. The moat of a neighbouring manor-house being to be drained, the fish were advertised for sale. Some inhabitants of Coggeshall, who attended the sale, were met on their return, with their carts heavily laden, fagging up a steep hill. From the inquiries made of them by a citizen of Colchester who met them, it appeared, that intending to buy some of the fish, they had providently taken large tubs full of water to put them in; and that, tho' they did not buy any, they were returning with their tubs still full, without thinking to relieve their horses, which were sinking with fatigue.

10. Their crops having failed one year, for want of warmth, they selected certain barns, which they set wide open on a very hot day, when the sun was in full lustre, and then very carefully closed them, to preserve a stock of sunshine against a time of need.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.

A Correspondent at Harwich, alluding to the account which we inserted of the piece of money found in an egg, states the following as fact:—

“In July 1822, the wife of the man who superintends the decoy ponds in the parish of Great Oakley, near this town, took an Egg from a hen's nest, in which was a remarkable discolouration: she kept it about a week, and, upon breaking it, observed something within alive, which so alarmed her that she let it fall, and ran for her husband, who was close by, and immediately came and found lying on the ground, surrounded with the contents of the Egg, an animal of the Lizard species alive, but incapable, from weakness, of

getting away. The contents of the egg were foetid, contained a very small portion of yolk, and, with the albumen, not more than sufficient to half fill the shell. Hearing of this strange incident, I sent for the man, who fully corroborated the above, and produced the animal, which proved to be a common Land Swift, speckled belly, about four inches in length, nothing remarkable in its form, except its hind legs being longer than usual: it died shortly after being out of the egg. The man has it dried, for the inspection of the curious, and will with his wife, who are honest creditable people, make oath of the above.”—*Lit. Gaz. May 1823.*

GARRICK AND HOGARTH.

Garrick and Hogarth sitting together at a tavern, mutually lamenting the want of a picture of Fielding. “I think

(said Garrick) I could make his face;” which he did accordingly. “For Heaven's sake hold, David,” said Ho-

garth; "remain as you are for a few minutes."—Garrick did so while Hogarth sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection; and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have at present of the admired author of *Tom Jones*: but Garrick and Hogarth did not always agree so well.—The latter intreated his friend David at one time to sit for his own picture, with which Garrick complied; but, while the painter was proceeding with his task, he mischievously altered his face

with gradual change, so as to render the portrait perfectly unlike. Hogarth blamed the unlucky effort of his art, and began a second time, but with the same success. After swearing a little, he began a third time, and did not discover the trick until after three or four repetitions. He then got into a violent passion, and would have thrown his palette, pencils, and pound brushes, at Garrick's head, if the wag had not made his escape from the variegated storm of colours that pursued him.

LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH'S ACCOUNT OF HIS ESCAPE.*

(Blackwood's Mag. May.)

THIS work, it seems, has been for a long time in many hands, but all were afraid to publish it. Once printed, however, edition has followed upon edition, and the Royal Author has taken no steps to claim or to disown it. That it is from the King's pen, there can be no doubt, but as there are some passages calculated to excite a degree of ridicule, the Ultras say that these have been foisted in by some person envious of royal taste and gravity. However, editions, corrected and more corrected, succeed one another with these passages unaltered. One of them is, where the Royal refugee confesses, in the midst of the peril of his own and the King's escape, that the thing he dreaded most in the world, was a *dîner d'ami*, a family dinner, and where he turns up his nose most aristocratically at a leg of mutton, sallad, and fresh eggs. At this news, relates the author, "I cast a dolorous look at D'Avaray, whose visage I found quite as long as my own." This melancholy, and its trivial cause, must appear to the reader doubly misplaced, when he learns, that at this very same hour Louis the Sixteenth was on his return from Varennes, picking chicken bones in his carriage, crowded not only with his family, but with Petion and Barnave, who came as Commissioners from the National Assembly to bring back as prisoners the royal fugitives. The devotees of the day are also shocked with the frank manner in which Louis the Eighteenth mentions Mademoiselle Bal-

bi, his former mistress, and the unblushingness with which the adulterous connexion is mentioned by the side of prayers and extreme devotion. If the homeliness of a wife could be an excuse for such doings, the present King certainly had such, Madame's being about the ugliest Gorgon visage we ever saw on canvass. While on this subject, we may mention an objection of our own, which, however, would never occur to a Frenchman, against the disgusting terms of endearment which the author continually addresses to his dear D'Avaray—if such be the language of friendship, we are at a loss to conceive what can be the language of love. It was very amusing to observe the different ways in which French critics approached this work. The Ultras came near on bended knees, and in a whining and prostrate tone of most devout and over-ridiculous loyalty. The *Liberals* approached the volume warily, and with a side look towards the *Palais de Justice* and *St. Pelage*, ventured an attack. "If this work," begins one of them, "be really from a royal pen, it is above all criticism." The witty *Miroir* attacks its faults of style and its vulgarity—a curious reproach from M. Jouy to Louis the 18th—and accuses the narrator of breaking Priscian's head, and of neglecting

"La grammaire qui sait regenter jusqu'aux rois."

In spite, however, of all these malevolent criticisms, the little narrative,

* Concluded from p. 325.

upon the whole, argues the taste and feeling of its royal author; and hastily sketched in misfortune and exile, faults of style might well have been overlooked. There is one passage that excites much odium. He is speaking of the declaration which Louis the Sixteenth had prepared to leave for the Assembly, on his departure for Varennes, and says, "But, besides that we found the piece a little too long, there was one essential point wanting, and that was a protestation against all the acts which had emanated from the King during his captivity."

This proves that the present King, then Monsieur, had in ninety-one so far changed from the liberal opinions he professed at the commencement of the Revolution, that he had become more *monarchic* than even his unfortunate brother. But, as far as concerns literary criticism, he may very well plead the excuse of another liberal monarch, Joseph the Second, "*Il m'est permis d'être royaliste, c'est mon métier.*"

We left the fugitives at Avesnes, we believe, where, through the laziness of Sayer, the English domestic, they were detained a long time. The difficulty was to pass Maubeuge, the next town. The postillion turns round to ask them, "What inn at Maubeuge they would wish to put up at?" They answer, "It is of no consequence; for we must go on on to Mons."—"To Mons!" said the postillion; "you won't arrive there to-day."—"Why, my good fellow?"—"At least, if they do open the gates for you to enter, they'll certainly not open them to let you out."—"But what's all that to us, since the post is not in Maubeuge?"—"It has been," said the postillion, "for these six months."—"And is there no road by which we may turn the town?"—"Ay, is there," said he. "Very well, my good fellow, as we are hurried, and as your horses are good, can you not bring us this road? We'll pay you well."—"Me," cried he; "I wouldn't do it for any consideration."

"These few words shewed me all the horror of our situation; seeing no hope, I thought but of resigning myself to the fate I foresaw."

D'Avaray, however, attacks the postillion in his bad French; and at last, by telling a long and piteous tale about a sick sister he had at Mons, and with the promise of three guineas, engages him to attempt the road outside the town. The narrator continues:—

"As soon as we were in the suburbs, the postillion stopped, and entering a little wine-shop to drink, demanded a guide. The women who were collected there, told him he could not pass. 'Why,' said he, 'is not the PontRouge standing?'—'Yes,' said one of the women, 'but they are working at the new Sambre. There have been 300 workmen at it, and they have made *fosses* out of which you would never get.'—'Get me a guide, however, that's all I want,' said the postillion. The woman went to seek her brother, who happened to be one of the workmen employed. He offered to conduct us to the *fosse*, but confirmed what his sister had told us. 'If it was to the very devil, I'd pass it,' cried the postillion; 'take a lantern and conduct me.' This colloquy, as you may believe, afforded us no pleasure; but we were somewhat assured by the resolution of the postillion.

"Behold us, then, crossing the fields, not an hundred paces from the ramparts of a fortified town, and almost certain of being stopped, if there happened a sentinel to see our lantern, and be acquainted with his duty. We would have willingly agreed that they might fire a shower of grape shot upon us, provided they did not come out after us. Arrived at the *fosse*, I wished to pass it on foot; the postillion would not permit us. He got down, reconnoitered the *fosse*, found a place where, though deep, it was not very wide, remounted his horse, and we passed it with all the address imaginable. The guide still conducted us as long as we were in the fields, and quitted us as soon as we regained the great road; which we at last took, with the certainty of arriving at Mons without impediment.

"Before delivering myself up completely to joy, I thanked God for the recovery of my liberty, and then wished to rejoice with D'Avaray on the accomplishment; but as we were not yet

quite out of France, he sought to check my transports, on account of Sayer, who as yet knew not who I was; but Sayer was fast asleep on my shoulder, and D'Avaray himself was too much delighted not to join in my joy. I began by seizing the cursed tri-color cockade; and addressing it in these verses of Armide,

'Vains ornemens d'une indigne molesse, &c.'

I tore it from my hat, begging, at the same time, D'Avaray to preserve it carefully, as Christopher Columbus preserved his chains. We then began to think what we should do upon arriving at Mons, which we thought fortified, and of course the gates shut. We agreed to seek an inn in the suburbs, and, if we could not find a place, to write to the commandant, begging him to open to me the gates. We also anticipated the case of our finding but one bed. I told D'Avaray, in that case I should yield it to him, and, as being the strongest, would pass the night in my chair. He declared he would not suffer this, and that he would rather take

a mattress by the side of my bed. I insisted that he would at least partake the bed we were not sure to find; and as every object then looked gay in my imagination, I parodied the verses of *Hyppolite and Arcite*, which begins with "*Sous les drapeaux de Mars*," putting *matelas* instead of *malheur*, which caused us much fun," &c.

The fugitives arrive safe at Mons, and the rest of the pamphlet contains little interesting matter. Its publication, we see, has elicited another work of Royal penmanship from the press—the escape of King Stanislaus to Marienwerden, written by himself, in which, if there be any thing interesting, more than is to be found in Rulhieres and Wraxall, our readers must have it. We wish this fashion of bringing out Royal Memoirs would travel North, and procure us the publication of the Queen of Prussia's Memoirs, which of all auto-narrations must be the most interesting, and would be useful as a counterpoise, to the Las Cases and O'Mearas.

(New Monthly Mag. June.)

EDUCATION.

"L'envie de placer la morale partout nuit a nos recherches. On veut precher, endoctriner, commander, sans connoître les principes de sa doctrine." Bonstetten, *Etudes de l'Homme*, Tom. 1.

AMONG the many unintelligible cants of this hypocritical age (for hypocritical it is *par excellence*) there is none to me more incomprehensible than that, which is in every mouth, concerning the happiness of childhood. Without dwelling upon the peculiar liability to disease of this period of our existence, and insisting on the long gannet of maladies, measles, hooping-cough, small-pox, *et id genus omne*, through which the youthful sufferer has to pass, it is sufficient to notice the perpetual restraint to which children are subjected, the hourly contradictions they encounter, and their total incapacity for comprehending the reason and the necessity of submission. The clumsiest and the coarsest tyranny in social life is that which is imposed on the infant, not only through the superior intellect

of the parent, and his solicitude for the welfare of his offspring, but from his wilfulness, his caprice, his love of domination, his obstinacy, and his mistakes concerning human nature. Accordingly, if there be an uncle, an aunt, or a grandmother in the family, he, she, or they almost always run away with the affections of the children, from the parents, who are compelled to exert an habitual superintendence and control over the actions of the rising generation.

For my own part, I can safely say, that the bitter sense of indignation which in my earliest childhood I conceived at certain overt acts of real or of fancied injustice in my elders, was among the most painful feelings of my existence; and I have, consequently, never been hasty and unreasonable in my conduct towards children, without the severest self-reproach. It is on this account, perhaps, that my attention has been so much turned to the mode

in which a brother I have, and his wife, manage, or rather mismanage, a somewhat numerous family; and that my cynicism has been roused at the multifarious whimsies with which, under the notion of education, they torture their unfortunate offspring.

Bred to a trade, my brother received himself an education neither extensive nor well-grounded, and the lady he married had, unfortunately, just enough of boarding-school "accomplishments" to call forth a great deal of vanity, without rendering her *accomplished* in any particular. Although she is sensible that her own stock of French is insufficient for even a short conversation, and that she can neither sing nor play so as to be tolerated in society,—although she is absolutely without information on every point of literature and science, and never read three books *through* in her life, yet she conceives herself to possess a great natural turn for educating others, and believes herself a competent judge on every disputed point in the theory and practice of communicating instruction.

It was a wise precaution in Doctor Cornelius, the worthy and learned parent of Martinus Scriblerus, to prepare beforehand his "daughter's mirror" and his "son's monitor;" and so "*in utrumque paratus*," to be ready for whatever might happen. But my brother's wife, more fortunate than her great predecessor, like Minerva, came into the world ready armed, and was, or thought herself, innately fitted for the parental office, and capable, by her spontaneous and self-directed energies, of superintending, no less her son's education, than her daughter's. Her husband, who is a "thriving man," and still remembers that

When house and goods and land are spent,
Then *larning* is most excellent,

spares no expense in carrying into execution any and all the plans which the fertile imitativeness of his good lady suggests, (expense indeed seeming to be one of the chiefest ingredients in the forming and storing the infant mind); and as he has himself no time for any thing but business, my sister-in-law has that sort of autocratical sway over the nursery and school-room, which is

bounded only by the obstinacy of servants, and the still greater inflexibility of the party least consulted in the affair, — Dame Nature herself.

Scarcely had their eldest boy attained to the completion of his fifth year, when he was provided with a private tutor; and his sister who is less than a year younger, was at the same time saddled with a governess, "We can never begin too early," said the lady. "Ay, ay, I hate idleness; train up the child in the way he should go," re-echoed the papa:—and so to it they went, *turning* on one side the house and *j'aime-ing* on the other, from morning to night, let the sun shine as delightfully as it pleased, and the smiling fields invite as they might the poor little sufferers to lay up a stock of health and vigour, to fortify their tender organs for the rough shocks of a rude world, which await their ripper years.

What progress my young nephew and niece made in precocious learning, I knew not; for I never cared to make myself that bore of a rising family—an examined friend; but I was soon aware that their health declined, that their heads were visibly too large for their bodies, (either from an actual development of their over-worked part, or from the shrivelling and emaciation of the other members,) that their cheeks were pale, and their appetite failed them. When I pointed out this circumstance to the mother, she assured me it was nothing but weakness; adding that to remedy this evil she carefully had her children bathed in cold water every morning in summer and in winter; which she doubted not would soon restore them to their good looks. This narration explained to me the sobbing and lamentation I had heard before daylight in the nursery, when I spent the Christmas at my brother's. Never afterwards could I bear to sleep in that house. The thought of the poor little innocents shivering and coughing at the edge of the bathing-tub in a frosty morning, while I lay comfortably wrapped in my bed-clothes, recalled the misery I had so often suffered before the invention of machinery for sweeping chimnies, when I have heard some unfortunate child

scraping his back along the flues in the walls of my bed-chamber, and earning a miserable existence, at the expense of disease, distortion, and hopeless slavery. "At least, however," I mentally exclaimed, "those black little urchins escape the drudgery of a fashionable education."

This strong call of the bathing-tub upon the feeble organs of infancy was not answered; and instead of the expected health, shivering fits, fevers, and internal complaints were the rewards of an impertinent interference with nature. "It is very odd," said my sister-in-law. "It's all worms; and yet I never failed putting all the children through a spring and fall course of Ching's lozenges." At this time it was the fashion to make children hardy; and my nephews and nieces (and they were now numerous) were kept in a state nearly approaching to nudity; their linen dresses barely meeting the demands of decency. In this plight, they were daily sent out in all weathers to walk for one hour (the canonical duration of a lesson), and to trail their listless limbs round the interior of a fashionable London square for the purposes of air and exercise.

The appearances of consumption in one of the girls at length put a stop to this excess; and, a new system springing up, flannels, a full meal of meat, with an occasional glass of wine, (i. e. egregious stuffing) became the order of the day. Even this did not answer, and the girls were put under the tuition of a drill-sergeant, and taught the manual exercise; dumb bells were bought, and an elastic board mounted in the nursery, as proper substitutes for liberty and the natural use of the limbs. In one corner of the school-room may be seen Miss Jenny choaking in a monitor; in another Bobby standing fast fixed in the dancing-master's stocks. Little Biddy is chained by the hour at a time before a miserable old piano-forte, with her fingers close locked in the brass partitions of a cheiroplast. Flat on her back lies stretched on an inclined plane, the pallid Alicia, like Ixion on his wheel; while Thomas, who labours under St. Vitus's dance, carries about one arm extended on a broad board, to

obviate a growing contraction of the muscles. All the girls are screwed up in a double panoply of patent stays, to reduce their bowels to the calibre of "an alderman's thumb-ring;" the dimension which fashion once more, in its folly, has assigned to female loveliness. Surely, surely, the tread-mill might supersede these various tortures; and, being applied to education, might exempt the freeborn British child, the heir of liberty and our "happy constitution," from such inquisitorial inventions!

But if the bodies of my poor nephews and nieces are submitted to an endless variety of "ingenious tormenting," their minds are not less tortured than their persons. Fourteen hours *per diem* they are pinned down to their language-masters, music-masters, mathematical masters, besides attending three courses of lectures on chemistry, history, and moral philosophy. Why was this not thought upon when the act was passed for regulating the labour of children in cotton-manufactories? Besides, every point of education is to be conducted on a better (i. e. a newer) method than that employed with other people's children. The poor things are, therefore, the victims of all sorts of experiments. Whatever is the passing whim, is incorporated into my sister's domestic system; and studies are taken up *con amore*, or languish in indifference, and masters are engaged and disengaged, with a rapidity that doubles the labour of learning, if it does not utterly defeat the end. Every body in the mean time learns every thing; the girls study Greek and mathematics, and the boys partake in all the girls' pursuits, except tambouring and tent-stitch. All draw, all play the harp and piano-forte, all sing, all dance, tho' two of the children are deaf, and one is lame; and the whole family, except the eldest girl, seem to have been born without a tincture of taste for the fine arts. But while the attention is thus distracted, and borne away from subject to subject at the command of an hour-glass, the over-loaded memory is ingeniously propped by a complex artificial system of common-places, to which there lies but one small objection, that it is

more difficult, to understand, remember, and apply, than to recollect things by their natural associations.

The eldest children have now arrived at an age when the intellects usually begin to exert themselves, when the senses and the imaginations are active in their influence on the judgment, and present endless themes for the exercise of its hitherto untried powers: but here again art and tuition interfere to spoil the work of nature. Opinions on all subjects are presented for acceptance, "ready cut and dried," and all books are prohibited except under the direction of a person hired to read with the young folks, and to impress on them a due obstinacy and pertinacity, not only in sectarian religion and factious politics, but in matters of criticism and general literature. The poor creatures are never suffered to think for themselves; and they are consequently as dogmatic and as positive on Homer, Racine, Byron, Hume, Bishop Berkeley, and Adam Smith, as they are on transubstantiation and the thirty-nine articles. Their notions are in all cases alike infused in the true parrot way, independent of unprejudiced reason, and unfounded on legitimate deduction: and thus cribbed up in an intellectual *manège*, they are ready to be committed into the hands of some favourite reviewer, (whose periodical oracles will lead them in his own orthodox faith)—incapable of receiving a new idea, or of being disturbed in an ancient prejudice; too timid to doubt, too unpractised to enquire, and too feeble to tolerate in others opinions they can neither comprehend nor combat themselves.

The manner in which the young folks passed their infancy was well fitted for this subjection of the intellect. Brought into company after dinner, for the mere purposes of maternal vanity, the rest of their life was passed with nursery maids, and with instructors scarcely more enlightened than nurse-ry-maids. If, perchance, they ventured on a question, it was evaded by a lie or an *equivoque*; sometimes because the respondent was too ignorant to reply: sometimes, because the questionist was too scrutinizing for the contradictions and absurdities of received

opinions and practices. At best, their knowledge was made up of isolated particularities, unconnected by general views or enlarged principles. That "Dr. Gripetithe is a very good man," or "Cœlebs in search of a Wife, is a very good book," was the deepest stretch of their judgments on men and things, before they were launched into the prescribed course of hardy assertions and unexamined opinions, which afterwards formed the climax of their education.

The business of education is one of so much difficulty, that with all the accumulated experience of ages, the most striking geniuses are still found amongst those, who have escaped altogether from the trammels of scholastic discipline, and who have been formed by the direct influence of things, operating under the pressure of strong necessities. The real object of a good education is fact; the scope to which, both in public and in private instruction, it is habitually adapted, is opinion. How far this is a necessary evil, is a subject too vast for the present paper. It is sufficient to notice, that in the actual state of society, opinions are esteemed more important than solid information; and that infinitely more care is taken to preserve the world as it is, than to push it forward in the career of improvement, as long as this condition remains, there can be no question on the superiority of public over private tuition. In public institutions the habits inculcated may be vicious, the opinions and prejudices may be false (and indeed this is but too frequently the case); still, however, these vices and these false notions are those of the many. The pupil of the public is at least sure to be in the majority; while the creature of private instruction may be in error, both with reference to the nature of things, and to his own social and personal interests, to boot. If our national schools seldom permit their youth to get the start of their age and country, they are at least on a level with it; while domestic education fixes in its subject all the local peculiarities by which it is surrounded. It may make him wiser and better than others; it more frequently leaves him below the average standard; and al-

most always it renders him quizzical, bashful, and timid; unfit for the business of life, and unequal to figure in society. Few persons are competent to educate their own children; and it is a vast presumption in the idle and the ignorant to undertake the charge. However imperfect public education may be, it is at least systematic—a connected and arranged whole, which does not change with every caprice in the instructor.

Girls' schools, for the most part, partake of the vices both of public and of private tuition; while, from the limited scope of female education, it may be more safely trusted to domestic superintendents: but any thing is better than the eternally meddling, changing, hesitating, yet persevering interference, of an ignorant, shallow, pretending mother, whose utmost effort is to constantly toil after fashions, which she can never overtake; and to torment and tease her children with endless undigested experiments in the conduct of mind and body.

Under all plans of education, however, the fate of children is sufficiently hard; for if private tuition be too much a matter of caprice, public schools are too much an affair of routine. Many a child suffers incredibly, and goes through much unjust punishment; because the business of the school is neither adapted to his personal taste, nor to the mode and degree of his mental developement. In private instruction a boy may sometimes escape being treated like a blockhead, because his

tutor has not the ability to discover the difficulty which impedes his progress; but in public schools the master has not the time, nor will the system ever allow enquiry into such *minutiae*. There is a theoretic equality in the capacities and attainments presupposed in all public instruction; and woe to the lad who is either above or below this level! This serves to explain the tedious march of public education, in which six or eight years are spent in the imperfect acquirement of two languages—a miserable loss of time!

But to come back to the point from which we started: What a mass of misery, what tears and sufferings, are accumulated within the space of these years! what privations, what indignities, what injustice! Of all the youths crowded into a public school, how few are there to whom learning is not rendered a most irksome and detested slavery, and who do not leave the establishment with a firm resolution never again to open a book from the moment of their emancipation! Is this necessary?—is this desirable? and if not, can it be remedied? These are important points for the consideration of parents. Thank Heaven, I have no children to educate; and thank Heaven again, I have left behind almost the recollection of that always envied, always praised epoch, of childhood, from which all are so happy to escape:—an epoch of feebleness, helplessness, ignorance, close restraint, and subjection. I would not undergo it again, to be born heir to a Dukedom.

(N. Mon. Mag.)

THE BIRD'S RELEASE AT THE GRAVE.

"Lorsqu'elle fut arrivée au lieu de sa sépulture,..... des Indiennes du Bengalee et de la cote Malabare, apportèrent des cages pleines d'oiseaux, auxquels elles donnerent la liberte sur son corps."

PAUL et VIRGINIE.

Go forth, for she is gone!
With the golden light of her wavy hair,
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air,
She hath left her dwelling lone!

Her voice hath pass'd away!
It hath pass'd away, like a summer-breeze,
When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free;
With thy radiant wing and thy joyous eye,
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,
And what is our grief to thee?

Is it ought e'en to her we mourn ?
 Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed ?
 Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
 Or float on the light winds borne ?

We know not, but she is gone !
 Her step from the dance, and her voice from the song,
 And the smile of her eye from the festal throng !
 —She hath left her dwelling lone.

When the waves at sunset shine,
 We may hear thy voice, amidst thousands more,
 In the citron-woods of our glowing shore,
 But we shall not know 'tis thine !

Ev'n so with the loved one flown :
 Her smile in the starlight may wander by,
 Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,
 Around us—but all unknown.

Go forth—we have loosed thy chain !
 We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers
 Which the bright day rears in our eastern bowers,
 But thou wilt not be lured again.

Ev'n thus may the summer pour
 All fragrant things on the land's green breast,
 And the glorious Earth like a bride be drest,
 But it wins her back no more !

F. H.

VARIETIES.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS, &c.

THE ZODIAC OF DENDERA.

M. Lenoir, the superintendant of the monuments in the Church of St. Denis, at Paris, and to whom France owes their preservation during the Revolution, has published an Essay on the Circular Zodiac of Dendera, in which he shows that he is equally familiar with the monuments of antiquity. He considers that Zodiac as a simple calendar, on which the solar, rural, civil and religious years are marked ; and he fixes its origin in the reign of Bocchoris ; that is to say, about 77 years before our era. In order to demonstrate the precise epoch of its construction, M. Lenoir avails himself of several of the astronomical signs, and of the sculpture of the monument, which he classes in that of the second Egyptian style ; the perfection of which was manifested prior to the reign of Psammeticus, the first of the Pharaohs who permitted foreigners, and principally Greeks, to enter his dominions.—*French Journal*.

WAPETI.

We have more than once noticed the condition and progress of these majestic Deer, in the naturalization of which we have taken some interest. The young one, a native of this country, has now

grown so strong as to bear being harnessed ; and the old male continues to shoot forth those fine branching horns, of the rapid growth of which we spoke in a former *Gazette*. Thus the naturalist and the curious have still objects of interesting remark in these beautiful animals.

RESUSCITATIONS.

The body of a coachman, found without any signs of life, in a stable at Fulham, to which he went a few days before in a seeming good state of health, was buried at that place. But when the funeral was over, a person insisting that, during the performance of the service, he heard a rumbling and struggling in the coffin, the earth was removed, and the coffin taken out of the grave, when on opening it, there appeared, besides, a quantity of blood in the coffin.

In the London Chronicle, vol. 4, p. 465, is the following account of a lady in Cornwall, more than eighty years of age, who had been a considerable time declining, took to her bed, and in a few days seemingly expired. As she had often desired not to be buried till she had been two days dead, her request was to have been regularly com-

plied with by her relations. All that saw her looked upon her as dead, and the report was current through the whole place; nay, a gentleman of the town actually wrote to his friend in the island of Sicily, that she was deceased. But one of those who were paying the last kind office of humanity to her remains, perceived some warmth about the middle of the back, and acquainting her friends with it, they applied a mirror to her mouth; but after repeated trials, could not observe it in the least stained; her under-jaw was likewise fallen, as the common phrase is; and, in short, she had every appearance of a dead person. All this time she had not been stripped, or dressed, but the windows were opened, as is usual in the chambers of the deceased. In the evening the heat seemed to increase, and at length she was perceived to breathe.

The famous Duns Scotus, the Doctor Subtilis, died of an apoplexy, was too suddenly buried, and coming to life in his tomb, dashed out his brains in the last struggle.

Mrs. Bradford, a gentlewoman of Wallingford, was found to all appearance dead in a field, near that town, and put into a coffin, where she remained three days, when to the surprise of her acquaintance, she revived, just as the coffin was going to be screwed up, and was restored to perfect health.

In 1767, Mrs. Margaret Carpenter, journey-woman to Mr. Smith, livery lace maker, Little Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, was properly laid out, in order to be interred the next day, when on Friday, to the astonishment and terror of the whole family, she came down stairs stark-naked. As soon as the surprise was over, they put her into a warm bed, and gave her comfortable things for her refreshment. But her situation so shocked her, that she did not survive above a day or two.

MRS. TRIMMER.

In a literary party at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, a dispute occurred respecting a passage in the "*Paradise Lost*," which could not be decided without reference to the poem itself. Mr. Kirby of Ipswich, known for his work on the "*Perspective of Architec-*

ture," who, as well as his daughter, afterwards celebrated under the name of Mrs. Trimmer, was present, enquired if she had not the book in her pocket, it being, as he knew, a great favourite with the young lady, and almost constantly in her hands. The book was accordingly produced, and opened at the disputed part. Dr. Johnson was so struck with a girl of her tender years making so grave a work her pocket companion, and likewise with the modesty of her behaviour on the occasion, that he invited her the next day to his house, presented her with a copy of his "*Rambler*," and ever after treated her with the greatest consideration.

After Miss Kirby's marriage to Mr. Trimmer, she presented a splendid example of attention to domestic duties. She used to say, that as soon as she became a mother, her thoughts were turned so entirely to the subject of education, that she scarcely read a book upon any other topic, and believed she almost wearied her friends, by making it so frequently the subject of conversation. Having experienced the greatest success in her plan of educating her own family, she was inspired with a wish of extending the benefit of it to others; and was thus first induced to appear before the world as an author.

THE ELM.

Madame de Genlis speaks of an elm of great size in this country; in the hollow trunk of which she says a poor woman gave birth to an infant, and where she afterwards resided for a long time. This tree, which is a great curiosity, is still standing in the village of Crawley; but as the parish is not willing to be burthened with all the young elms that might have been brought forth from the trunk of this singular tree, the lord of the manor has very wisely put up a door to the entrance of this lying-in hospital, and which is kept locked, except upon particular occasions, when the neighbours meet to enjoy their pipe, and tell old tales in the cavity of this elm, that is capable of containing a party of more than a dozen. The interior of this tree is paved with bricks, and in other respects made comfortable for those that it embarks.

In our plantations we find but few

trees that excel the elm in height or beauty, particularly when it stands singly and meets a favorable soil. Its foliage then forms grand masses of light and shade in a manner so peculiar to itself, that we might almost fancy it a clump of green clouds, which sometimes obscure, and sometimes admit the light, showing branches distinct from the leafy clouds, which again support other masses of foliage, that form a group of harmony not excelled in any other majestic tree.

DAINTIE PASTORALS.

Thaddy Mahone and Silvia Pratt.

OF late a fond couple alone
In the bar of a coffee-room sat,
Where the swain, Mr. Thaddy Mahone,
Sigh'd hard at the plump Mrs. Pratt.

His praises so pointedly gay,
The widow received with a smile;
She heard the soft things he could say,
But she counted her silver the while.

"Mrs. Pratt," the fond shepherd began,
"How can you be cruel to me?
I'm a lovesick and thirsty young man;
Oh, give me some gunpowder tea.

"For rolls never trouble my mind;
I feast when I look upon you;
To my love let your answer be kind,
And half a potatoe will do."

"No trouble at all, Sir, indeed,"
Said the lady, and gave him a leer,
"Do you wish to-day's paper to read?
Will you please, Sir, to take your tea here?"

"Will I take my tea here? that I will;
But I never read papers and books;
Be pleas'd, Ma'am, the tea-pot to fill,
You sweeten the tea with your looks.

"Saint Patrick! I've emptied the pot,"
Exclaim'd the stout Monaghan youth;
"But, my honey, your tea is so hot,
It has scalded the top of my tooth.

"How well your good time you employ!
May I heg for a jug of your cream?
The water's so warm, my dear joy,
My whiskers are singed by the steam.

"Mrs. Pratt, you're an angel in face,
How I doat on your fingers so fair!
Oh, I long like a dragon to place
Another gold wedding-ring there.

"Do you think now my lies are untrue?
You may shut those sweet eyes of your
own,
And never see one that loves you,
Like myself Mr. Thaddy Mahone.

"Come join your estate to my own,
And then what a change we shall see!
When you are the flesh of my bone.
What a beautiful charmer I'll be!

"I have fields in my farm at Kilmore,"—
Again Mrs. Pratt gave a leer,
And all that he manfully swore,
She drank with a feminine ear.

But scarce did the widow begin;
To answer her lover so gay;
When, alas! a bum bailiff came in,
And took Mr. Thaddy away.

New Mon. June.

EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL FOR ROBBERY.

A gentleman, followed by a servant in livery, rode into an inn in the west of England, one evening a little before dusk. He told the landlord that he should be detained by business in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to fill up the intervals of the time. The landlord replied, "that it was their race and assize week, and that therefore he would be at no loss to pass away the time." On the gentleman's making answer, "that this was lucky, for, that he was fond of seeing trials;" the other said, "that a very interesting trial for a robbery would come on the next day, on which people's opinions were much divided, the evidence being very strong against the prisoner; but he himself persisting resolutely in declaring, that he was in a distant part of the kingdom at the time the robbery was committed." His guest manifested considerable curiosity to hear the trial; but, as the court would probably be crowded, expressed some doubt of getting a place. The landlord told him, "that there could be no difficulty in a gentleman of his appearance getting a place; but that, to prevent any accident, he would himself go with him, and speak to one of the beadles." Accordingly, they went into court the next morning, and the gentleman was shewn to a seat on the bench. Presently after, the trial began. While the evidence was giving against him, the prisoner had remained with his eyes fixed on the ground, seemingly very much depressed; till being called on for his defence, he looked up, and, seeing the stranger, he suddenly fainted away. This excited some surprise, and it seemed at first like a trick to gain time. As soon as he came to himself on being asked by the Judge the cause of his behaviour,

he said, "Oh! my lord, I see a person that can save my life; that gentleman (pointing to the stranger) can prove I am innocent, might I only have leave to put a few questions to him." The eyes of the whole court were now turned on the gentleman; who said, "he felt himself in a very awkward situation to be so called upon, as he did not remember ever to have seen the man before, but that he would answer any question that was asked him. "Well then," said the man, "don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time?" To this the gentleman answered, "that he had landed at Dover, not long before, but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned, or not." "Well," said he, "but don't you recollect that a person in a blue jacket and trowsers, carried your trunk to the inn?" To this he answered, "that of course some person had carried his trunk for him; but that he did not know what dress he wore." "But," said the prisoner, "don't you remember that the person who went with you from the boat told you a story of his being in the service, that he thought himself an ill-used man, and that he showed you a scar he had on one side of his forehead?" During this last question, the countenance of the stranger underwent a considerable change; he said, "he certainly did recollect such a circumstance; and, on the man's putting his hair aside, and shewing the scar, he became quite sure that he was the same person. A buzz of satisfaction now ran through the court, for the day on which, according to the prisoner's account, this gentleman had met with him at Dover, was the same on which he was charged with the robbery in a remote county. The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time; but said, that he sometimes made memorandums of dates in his pocket-book, and might possibly have done so on this occasion. On opening his pocket-book, he found a memorandum of the time he landed from Calais, which corresponded with the prisoner's assertion. This being the only circumstance necessary to prove the alibi, the prisoner was immediately acquitted, amidst the applause and congratula-

tions of the whole court. Within less than a month after this, the gentleman who recognised the prisoner; the servant in livery who followed him; and the prisoner who had been acquitted, were all three brought back together to the same gaol, for robbing the mail.

ORIGIN OF VULGAR SAYINGS, &c.

"BLUE STOCKING LADIES."

The celebrated Mrs. Montague was in habits of friendship with the first wits and scholars of the age, and was the reputed founder of the society known by the name of the *Blue Stocking Club*. This association was formed on the liberal and meritorious principle of substituting the rational delights of conversation, for the absurd and vapid frivolities of the card table. No particular attention was paid to her, but the conversation was general, cheerful, and unrestrained, far different from what is insinuated respecting the company, by a satirist, who accuses them of going

"To barter praise for soup with Montague."

The name of this club is said to be derived from the following circumstance. One of their most distinguished characters in the early days of the society, was Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore *blue stockings*; his conversation was distinguished for brilliancy and vivacity, inasmuch, that when, in his absence, the stock of general amusement appeared deficient, it was a common exclamation, *we can do nothing without the blue stockings*. And thus was the appellative acquired, which is now become frequently in use for all learned and witty ladies.

Died, In Bryanstone-square, Sir Charles Bamfylde, bart. many years distinguished by his connexion with the turf, and as a man of rank and fortune few persons were better known. He met his death under the following circumstances:—The husband of his housekeeper, who had lived with Sir Charles some years, and for whom, in consequence, he had rendered some pecuniary services, on an affront being put upon him, determined to avenge himself by their mutual deaths. He provided himself with a brace of horse pistols; and, as Sir Charles was returning to his house after his usual morning's walk, the man discharged one pistol into his side, and with the other instantly blew his own head to pieces. Sir Charles lingered about ten days.

(Literary Gazette.)

INEZ.

Alas, that clouds should ever steal
O'er Love's delicious sky;
That ever Love's sweet lip should feel
Aught but the gentlest sigh!

Love is a pearl of purest hue;
But stormy waves are round it:
And dearly may a woman rue
The hour that first she found it!

The lips that breath'd this song were fair
As those the rose-touch'd Houries wear,
And dimpled by a smile, whose spell
Not even sighs could quite dispel;
And eyes of that dark azure light
Seen only at the deep midnight;
A cheek, whose crimson hues seemed caught
From the first tint by April brought
To the peach-bud; and clouds of curl
Over a brow of blue-veined pearl,
Falling like sunlight, just one shade
Of chesnut on its golden braid.
Is she not all too fair to weep?
Those young eyes should be closed in sleep,
Dreaming those dreams the moonlight
brings, [sings:
When the dew falls and the nightingale
Dreams of a word, of a look, of a sigh,
Till the cheek burns and the heart beats high.
But INEZ sits and weeps in her bower,
Pale as the gleam on the white orange flower,
And counting the wearying moments o'er
For his return who returns no more!

There was a time—a time of bliss,—
When to have met his INEZ' kiss,
To but look in her deep blue eye,
To breathe the air sweet with her sigh,
Young JUAN would have urged his steed
With the lightning of a lover's speed,—
Ere she should have shed one single tear.
He had courted danger, and smiled at fear;
But he had parted in high disdain,
And swore to dash from his heart the chain
Of one, who he said was too light to be
Holy and pure in her constancy.
Alas, that woman, not content
With her peculiar element
Of gentle love, should ever try
The meteor spells of vanity!
Her world should be of love alone,
Of one fond heart, and only one.
For heartless flattery, and sighs
And looks false as the rainbow's dyes,
Are very worthless. And that morn
Had JUAN from his INEZ borne
All woman's prettiness of scorn;
Had watch'd for her averted eye
In vain,—had seen a rival nigh
And smiled upon: he wildly swore
To look on the false one no more,
Who thus could trifle, thus could break
A fond heart for the triumph's sake.—
And yet she loved him,—oh how well
Let woman's own fond spirit tell.
When the warriors met in their high career,
Went not her heart along with his spear?

The dance seemed sad, and the festival dim,
If her hand was unclaimed by him;
Waked she her lute, if it breathed not his
name? [came?
Lay she in dreams, but some thought of him
No flowers, no smiles, were on life's dull tide,
When JUAN was not by his INEZ' side.
And yet they parted! Still there clings
An earth-stain to the fairest things;
And love, that most delicious gift
Upon life's shrine of sorrow left,
Has its own share of suffering:
A shade falls from its radiant wing,
A spot steals o'er its sunny brow,
Fades the rose-lip's witching glow.
'Tis well,—for earth were too like heaven,
If length of life to love were given.

He has left the laud of the chesnut and
lime

For the cedar and rose of a southern clime,
With a pilgrim's vow and a soldier's brand,
To fight in the wars of the Holy Land.
No colours are placed on his helm beside,
No lady's scarf o'er his neck is tied,
A dark plume alone does young JUAN
wear:—

Look where warriors are thickest, that
plume will be there.

But what has fame to do with one
Whose light and hope of fame are gone?
Oh, fame is as the moon above,
Whose sun of light and life is love.
There is more in the smile of one gentle eye
Than the thousand pages of history;
There is more in the spell of one slight gaze
Than the loudest plaudits the crowd can
raise.

Take the gems in glory's coronal,
And one smile of beauty is worth them all.—

He was not lonely quite,—a shade,
A dream, a fancy, round him played;
Sometimes low, at the twilight hour,
He heard a voice like that, whose power
Was on his heart: it sang a strain
Of those whose love was fond, yet vain:
Sweet like a dream,—yet none might say
Whose was the voice or whose the lay.
And once, when worn with toil and care,
All that the soldier has to bear,
With none to soothe and none to bless
His hour of sickly loneliness,
When, waked to consciousness again,
The fire gone from his heart and brain,
He could remember some fair thing
Around his pillow hovering;
Of white arms, in whose clasp he slept;
Of young blue eyes, that o'er him wept;
How, when on the parched lip and brow
Burnt the red fever's hottest glow,
Some one had brought dew of the spring,
With woman's own kind solacing.
And he had heard a voice, whose thrill
Was echoed by his bosom still.
It was not hers—it could but be
A dream, the fever's fantasie. - - -

Deadly had been the fight to-day ;
 But now the infidels give way,
 And cimeter and turbaned band
 Scatter before the foeman's hand ;
 And in the rear, with sword and spur,
 Follows the Christian conqueror.
 And one dark chief rides first of all—
 A warrior at his festival—
 Chasing his prey, till none are near
 To aid the single soldier's spear,
 Save one slight boy. Of those who flew,
 Three turn, the combat to renew :
 They fly, but death is on the field—
 That Page's breast was JUAN's shield.
 He bore the Boy where, in the shade
 Of the green palm, a fountain made
 Its pleasant music ; tenderly
 He laid his head upon his knee,
 And from the dented helm unrolled
 The blood-stained curls of summer gold.
 Knew he not then those deep blue eyes,
 That lip of rose, and smiles, and sighs ?
 His INEZ !—his ! could this be her,—
 Thus for his sake a wanderer !—

He spoke not—moved not—but sate there,
 A statue in his cold despair,
 Watching the lip and cheek decay,
 As faded life's last hue away,
 While she lay sweet and motionless,
 As only faint with happiness.
 At length she spoke, in that sweet tone
 Woman and love have for their own :
 " This is what I have prayed might be—
 Has death not sealed my truth to thee !"—

A cypress springs by yonder grave,
 And music from the fountain-wave
 Sings its low dirge to the pale rose
 That, near, in lonely beauty blows.
 Two lovers sleep beneath. Oh, sweet,
 Even in the grave, it is to meet ;
 Sweet even the death-couch of stone,
 When shared with some beloved one ;
 And sweeter than life the silent rest
 Of INEZ on her JUAN's breast.

L. E. L.

May 24, 1823.

MR. ARROWSMITH.—M. NOLLIKENS.

Wednesday the 23d ult. was marked by the deaths of two individuals of great public celebrity, and who have for a long series of years occupied high places in their respective walks of Science and Art. We allude to Mr. A. ARROWSMITH, the famous Chart-maker, and to Mr. JOSEPH NOLLIKENS, R. A., the equally famous Sculptor ; the former of whom had attained his 73d, the latter his 85th year.

Mr. ARROWSMITH resided in Soho-square, and in the midst of constant study and application, was a man universally respected by society. His skill and intelligence have raised the character of English Geography all over the world ; and his Maps are generally looked to as standards for comparison and reference.

Mr. NOLLIKENS was for many years at the head of his profession in England, and has produced works, for grace, beauty, and genius, little if at all inferior to the best of any Artist since his " prime of days." But one generation ago there was hardly a bust seen but from his chisel ; and his monumental designs and subjects of fancy were very numerous and justly admired. The *Venus with the Sandal*, upon which he was employed some twenty or thirty years, may, we presume, be said to be his chief-d'œuvre ; but among the multitude of his performances there are many left of nearly equal claim to eulogy. In private life Mr. NOLLIKENS was of rather penurious habits, and the consequence has been the accumulation of perhaps the largest fortune ever acquired by an Artist in this country, amounting to a quarter of a million sterling. From this immense sum he has bequeathed three legacies of 50,000*l.* each ; one to his present Majesty, the others to Mr. Douce, the well-known commentator on Shakspeare, and Dr. Kerriek, public librarian at Cam-

bridge. Mr. Douce, as residuary legatee, will, it is said, get probably 90,000*l.* in addition, but the real amount is as yet quite conjectural.

New Works preparing for Publication.

Tradition of the Castle ; or, Scenes in the Emerald Isle. By R. M. Roche.

Woman's Riddle ; or, England for Ever.

Adele ; or the Tomb of my Mother.

Banker's Daughters of Bristol, is the title of a Novel now in the press.

Reginald Dalton, by the author of *Vale-rius*, and *Adam Blair*. 3 vols. will be published on the 10th of June.

Sermons preached in St. John's Chapel, Glasgow. By Thomas Chalmers, D. D. is in the press.

Euler's Letters to a German Princess, on different subjects in Natural Philosophy. With Notes, and a Life of the Author, by David Brewster, LL.D. F. R. S. &c. &c. A new Edition, in 2 vols. 12 mo.

Independently of the great popularity of this work of the celebrated and learned Euler, which has gone through many editions in every part of Europe, it possesses a particular interest at the present time, in consequence of its containing a popular view of the doctrine of the Undulation of Light, which is generally adopted. In this edition, the metaphysical part has been omitted, the translation has undergone very essential correction, the passages of a religious character, struck out by the French Editor, have been restored to the text, and the plates have been re-engraved and greatly improved. The Editor has prefixed a popular Life of the Author, and, by means of Notes, has accommodated the work to the present advanced state of the Sciences.

Lillian ; a Fairy Tale. By Winthrop Mackworth Praed, of Trinity College, Cam. Willoughby ; or, the Influence of Religious Principles. 2 vols. 12s.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1823.

(Lit. Gaz.)

TRAVELS THROUGH SWEDEN, NORWAY, &c. TO THE NORTH CAPE.

BY A. DE CAPELL BROOKE, A.M.

IN our preceding remarks on this Volume* we mentioned the author's belief in the existence of the great Sea-serpent; and we must acknowledge, if there be truth in Norway, that the testimony he adduces in support of the fact, are sufficient to overcome more than ordinary scepticism. He says,—

“As I had determined, on arriving at the coast, to make every inquiry respecting the truth of the accounts, which had reached England the preceding year, of the sea-serpent having recently been seen off this part of Norway, I shall simply give the different reports I received of it during my voyage to the North Cape, leaving others to their own conclusions, and without expressing, at least for the present, any opinion respecting them.

“The fishermen at Sejersted said, a sea-serpent was seen two years ago in the Folden *fjord*, the length of which, as far as it was visible, was sixty feet. This had been told them by those who had seen it in the Folden. On putting the question, I was rather surprised to find the name of the Kraken well known to them, and that they did not in the least doubt its existence. These accounts, short and imperfect as they were, agreed, as far as they went, with those of Bishop Pontoppidan, of whom they had heard. It was seen, they said, only in calm weather, always at a great distance from the coast; and when it

appeared above water, it had very long arms, like the masts of a ship. This was the first and the last that I heard concerning the kraken; nor did I, during a subsequent journey of some hundred miles, meet with any account of it, though in one instance, in Nordland, its name was not quite unknown.”

From Mr. Schilderup, the post-master at Otersun, “I learned some curious particulars respecting the sea-serpent, which had caused so much alarm and wonder in Norway, and the report of which, as I have said, had even reached England. From having formerly been in the Norwegian sea service, he was called Capt. Schilderup; and seemed a quick, intelligent man. It appeared, that the sea-serpent had actually been off the island for a considerable length of time during the preceding summer, in the narrow part of the Sound, between this island and the continent; and the description he gave of it was as follows:

“It made its appearance for the first time in the month of July, 1816, off Otersun, in the Sound above mentioned. Previous to this he had often heard of the existence of these creatures, but never before believed it. During the whole of that month the weather was excessively sultry and calm; and the serpent was seen every day, nearly in the same part of the Sound. It continued there while the warm weather lasted, lying motionless, and as if doz-

* See p. 377.

ing in the sun-beams.—This part of the account reminded me of the monster of the deep, so finely described by Milton :

Or that sea-beast

Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream :
Him, haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moor'd by his side under the ice, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.

Parad. Lost, I. 138.

“The number of persons living on the island, he said, was about thirty; the whole of whom, from motives of curiosity, went to look at it while it remained. This was confirmed to me by subsequent inquiries among the inhabitants, who gave a similar account of it. The first time that he saw it, he was in a boat, at the distance of about 200 yards. The length of it he supposes to have been about 300 ells, or 600 feet. Of this he could not speak accurately; but it was of very considerable length; and longer than it appeared, as it lay in large coils above the water to the height of many feet. Its colour was greyish. At the distance at which he was, he could not ascertain whether it were covered with scales; but when it moved, it made a loud crackling noise, which he distinctly heard. Its head was shaped like that of a serpent; but he could not tell whether it had teeth or not. He said it emitted a very strong odour; and that the boatmen were afraid to approach near it, and looked on its coming as a bad sign, as the fish left the coast in consequence. Such were the particulars he related to me.” - - -

Further on, Capt. B. met the Bishop of the Nordlands, to whom he had letters of introduction; and this worthy prelate corroborates the accounts previously received.

“To the testimony of others respecting the existence of the sea-serpent, I shall now add that of the bishop himself, who was an eye-witness to the appearance of two in the bay of Shuresund, or Sorsund, in the Drontheim *fjord*, about eight Norway miles from Drontheim. He was but a short distance from them, and saw them plainly. They were swimming in large folds,

part of which was seen above the water, and the length of what appeared of the largest he judged to be about 100 feet. They were of a darkish grey colour; the heads hardly discernible, from their being almost under water; and they were visible for only a short time. Before that period, he had treated the account of them as fabulous; but it was now impossible, he said, to doubt their existence, as such numbers of respectable people, since that time, had likewise seen them on different occasions. He had never met with any person who had seen the kraken, and was inclined to think it a fable.”

There are other statements to the same effect; but those who do not think these conclusive, would hardly attach more credit to the unanimous oath of the Norwegian people; and we leave the question to its fate, without expressing an opinion.

But if the rarity of the serpent at sea leads to doubts, there can be none respecting the multitude of a land animal, almost equally marvellous in its appearances. Of the Lemming Captain Brooke gives us many very curious particulars; some of them would induce the belief that it was lemmings, not rats, which destroyed the wicked, hard-hearted bishop in his Island Castle of the Rhine, in times of old.

“That very singular creature, the lemming, about which so much has been said, and so many endless conjectures formed, though in other countries it is, I believe, unknown, makes its appearance sometimes in the surrounding districts, and even at Drontheim itself. It is a small animal, about the size of a rat; and is supposed to inhabit the long chain of mountains called the Lapland Alps, running between Sweden and Norway. Its appearance is sudden and uncertain, sometimes not being seen for twenty years, and at other times observed in some parts generally every three or four. When, however, it commences its migrations, it is in such inconceivable numbers, that the country is literally covered with them; marching in these bodies always, as it is said, in a straight direction, and never suffering itself to be diverted from its course by any opposing obstacles.

"The superstition of the country people leads them to suppose, that the appearance of these swarms forbodes evil, and is the forerunner of war and disaster. The latter may readily be, should they make their appearance in the more cultivated parts, since total destruction to the crops and vegetation in general must follow. - - -

"In 1808, the lemmings were met in great numbers, first at Dovre, the commencement of the Dovrefield, in the beginning of the summer. They were moving in the direction of Drontheim, which they afterwards reached; and there remained a considerable length of time, infesting every part of the city. The boys used to catch them, by smearing a board with tar; and great numbers were killed by the dogs, without, however, their eating them. The remainder of the body disappeared as suddenly as they came; and it was not known whither they went, or whence they came; but it was supposed, that they proceeded from the mountains on the frontiers. On being stopped, and their progress arrested by a stick, they assumed a threatening attitude, uttering a squeaking kind of bark.

"Mr. Johansen mentioned also a curious and laughable circumstance respecting these little animals. In 1788, when there were reviews of large bodies of cavalry during the summer, near Drontheim, the lemmings appeared in the surrounding country in immense bodies; and it excited no small amusement, when the regiments were performing their manœuvres and charging, to see these diminutive creatures put themselves into a posture of defence, as if ready to receive the attack of the enemy.

"Their method of crossing rivers, and branches of the *fjords*, was thus related by Mr. Knudtson, sen. who was an eye-witness of it.

"On arriving at the edge of the water, the foremost advance, and, swimming across, form a kind of floating, or, to use a military phrase, complete pontoon bridge; the head of each supported by the hinder part of that before it. When a communication is thus formed between the shores, the remainder of the army pass rapidly over the backs of

the supporters, and gain the opposite shore.—Strange as this may seem, the contrivances which naturalists agree are resorted to both by the marmot and grey squirrel, for the purpose of crossing rivers, appear as extraordinary, though well authenticated: and what has thus been mentioned concerning the lemming will, I doubt not, be received with attention by those, who have made natural history more particularly their study, and can the better judge of the extraordinary instinct and sagacity of the animal creation.

- - - "About five years ago the lemmings made their appearance at Sandtøry in extraordinary numbers. They came in the night during the fall of the Moon, and staid on Hindöen near three months, when they swam across the sound to the mainland, directing their course nearly north. Mr. Christiansen, who saw them when taking their departure, supposed there could not have been less than 20,000 crossing at a time. The passage of the army was performed at different times, from their being obliged to wait frequently for a favourable wind; and by the time they left Hindöen, their numbers were thinned to one-half. Many thousands were afterwards found on the coast, which had been carried away by the currents and drowned. No small number perished also on this dangerous navigation, by their aerial enemies, the gulls; the whole host of which followed the body with loud cries, and increased the peril to which these poor animals are exposed in whatever direction they proceeded. To give some idea of the immense numbers in which they approached Sandtøry, Mr. Christiansen, seeing the advance of the lemming army, one that never retreats, stood before his door to attempt to stop it, and with one blow of a stick killed no less than sixty: but the vacancy existed only for a moment, being quickly filled by the body in the rear." - - -

At the little island of Carlsöe, when far advanced towards the Cape, our author had the good fortune to receive ocular demonstration of the habits of this animal:

"We landed (he tells us) at the parsonage-house where I intended to re-

main. *Præsten Steen*, the clergyman, came out to receive me, and seemed in no small degree surprised, as well as rejoiced, at my arrival. I had been there but a few minutes, when I heard that the lemmings were actually on the island; and by walking a few steps from the house I easily convinced myself of this. Every blade of grass was literally alive with them. When I walked to the sea-shore, they were there also, and were running about the small garden patch in front of the parsonage. The out-houses were filled with them, and in a few minutes I had more specimens than I could take away with me. Mr. Steen, who could not account for their appearance in these extraordinary numbers, said it was some years since they had been seen at Carlsöe.

"The universal opinion of the lower orders respecting them is, that they fall from the clouds; and there are not wanting some in better circumstances, who are of the same opinion. Many old men have affirmed in the most solemn manner, that they have seen them drop; while better informed persons, who are ashamed to confess their belief that they are rained from heaven, attempt to explain one mystery by another as great; namely, by giving to the mists an extraordinary power of sweeping up these animals, and letting them fall in other parts. It is curious enough, that all over the north the clouds are universally believed to have this power, not only with respect to so small an animal as the lemming, but also with others of a much larger kind, as sheep, goats, and even oxen."

There can be no doubt but that the reindeer eat this animal. There is a good print of it in the volume before us.

- - - "In length it is five inches and a half; its ears round and small, with long black whiskers; the belly is of a whitish yellow; the back and sides are tawny, variegated with black; the tail is half an inch in length; the feet are five toed; the upper lip is divided; and in each jaw are two teeth."

Leaving that remarkable inhabitant of the earth. (the Lemming,) we return again to the water, to copy the author's very intelligent description of the Fish-

eries to which almost every country in Europe is indebted for supplies:

"The fishing season commences the beginning of February, when the boats from Helgeland, Nordland, and Finmark, assemble at the Lofodon islands. In order to give to every one a fair opportunity, and as it is pretty well known what number will repair to each *ræer*, or island, no nets are allowed to be set until two-thirds of the fishermen expected are arrived, and have declared it time to commence. Previous to this, however, or at any time of the year, fishing with lines is permitted. The fish are as regular as the fishermen in their approach to the coast. The greatest proportion of them are caught in nets, placed perpendicularly in the sea, at the depth of 50, 100, and 150 fathoms, according to the banks. The nets being set in this direction in the evening, the fish approach the coast in millions. Shaping their course as they invariably do, toward the south, and not seeing the nets, they run their heads into the meshes, which are made large enough for that purpose, but not of a size to admit the body. Finding their progress thus interrupted, they attempt to recede, and are caught by the gills. The fishermen take up their nets in the morning, empty them, and bring them ashore to be repaired for the evening. When they reach the islands, they haul up their boats, and prepare the fish for hanging on the *yells*, as they are called, which are poles suspended horizontally about six feet from the ground. The heads being cut off, and the insides taken out, they are hung together in pairs with birch twigs, which the men take with them for the purpose. The fish ought not to touch each other, as they are apt in that case to turn black, and are not so saleable. In this manner, and without any other preparation, is nearly the whole of the astonishing quantity of fish which is taken at Lofoden cured, owing entirely to the great dryness and purity of the atmosphere in these latitudes. A fish once dried in the air in this manner will keep good for several years; and in order to insure this, a law of great importance to the fishery forbids, under severe penalties, the taking down the fish from

the *yells* before the 14th of June, when they are supposed to be thoroughly dried. Previous to this, the agent of the bishop of the Nordlands and Finnmark, who generally farms his tithes, goes round and ascertains the quantity on each *yell*.

"The regulations during the season are few and simple: when a sufficient number of boats have arrived, the fishermen hold a consultation as to the propriety of commencing operations. This is the more prudent, as experience has taught them, that if the first fish, or leaders of the shoal, be frightened or stopped by the nets, they invariably turn off to one side, but not back; and the season has sometimes nearly expired before it has been possible to fall in with them again. Whether the leaders have passed, they easily ascertain by their hand-line fishing, and when they find this to be the case, they may with safety set their nets. They next proceed to choose an admiral, to whom all disputes, arising chiefly from encroaching on each other's fishing ground, are referred; and if this be insufficient, the matter is generally settled by one of the merchants of the Lofodens, residing near the place where the fishery is carried on. If possible, all the cod taken are hung up for *rund fisk*, round or whole fish, in other words stock fish, this kind bringing the best price; and it is only toward the end of the season, when the weather is becoming too mild to harden or dry a fish whole, that it is slit open, the back bone taken out, and then hung up to dry, when it is called *rotskiær*, or split fish. The heads that are cut off are not thrown away, but are carefully made up into bunches, hung up in like manner to dry, and then taken home, where they are kept as food for the cattle during the winter, being boiled up for them in the manner already mentioned. The roes are also taken out, packed in barrels with layers of salt between them, and sent to the place of exportation, chiefly Bergen; whence they are shipped to ports in France, generally within the Straits, where they are used as bait for fishing. At the close of the season, such roes as are too soft for salting, are kept also for the cattle. The livers are taken home in

barrels, which are allowed to stand as long as possible, to produce the more clear oil. This, which is called *blank tran*, or white oil, exudes from the liver by its own pressure, and is the most valuable. The livers are afterwards boiled up in large caldrons, kept constantly stirring, and the oil, as it rises, is skimmed off and barrelled. The oil thus obtained is called *bruun tran*, or brown oil, and does not fetch in general so good a price as the former. Five hundred cod livers are reckoned to make a barrel of oil of thirty-six gallons: and it must certainly appear very singular, that the whole of the great quantity of oil exported yearly from Norway, amounting to at least 30,000 barrels, with the exception of a very trifling quantity derived from the accidental capture of a finner, should be produced from the liver of so small a fish as the cod. This oil is sent partly to Bremen and Flensburg, but principally to Holland, where it is used in the preparation of leather.

"The fishing season seldom lasts longer than seven or eight weeks, when the shoal has all passed to the southward." - - -

It is calculated that 700,000 cod are taken in that period, to the value of at least 100,000*l*. The principal markets for them are Naples, Trieste, Ancona, Antwerp, and Barcelona. Very few Fins or Laplanders engage in this traffic; their habits are more *terrestrial*, as appears from a very interesting account of a visit paid to one of their wandering families by Captain Brooke:

"Mr. Lenning, my landlord, having received intelligence, that the Laplanders with their rein-deer had approached within the distance of about a mile from Fugleness, and that they would remain for a few days in that part of the mountains, I was anxious to avail myself of this opportunity of seeing them. Accompanied by Madame Lenning and her husband, after half an hour's walk, we found the tent; and its owner, Per Mathisön Sabra, sitting at the entrance cutting a birch twig. Though well acquainted with Mr. Lenning, who spoke his language perfectly, he received us with the most perfect

indifference, showing no disposition to welcome us, or betraying any emotion whatever. Inside the tent, in which we crept, we found his wife busy in preparing the utensils for milking the deer and making the cheese. As the herd was some miles distant in the mountains, and would consequently take a considerable time in returning to the evening fold, I occupied myself with inspecting the whole of a Laplander's household economy, which was extremely curious.

"Per Mathisön had pitched his tent at the extremity of a valley between the mountains, which sloped gradually down to the sea shore at Fugleness, and whence a fine view was obtained of that part of the ocean inclosed by the surrounding islands. Marit Martins Datter, the name of Per Mathisön's wife, meaning literally Marit the daughter of Martin, was short in stature, not exceeding four feet nine inches, and of a brown complexion, which seemed more the result of habitual dirt, living constantly surrounded by smoke, and exposure to the weather at all seasons of the year, than of nature, as the colour of her eyes and hair did not denote a natural darkness of the skin. She had on her summer dress of dirty white, walmal cloth, girt round by a belt, to which was suspended a small knife. She had laid aside every part of her winter dress, and her *komagers*, or shoes, were of strong leather, forming a peak at the toes. On her head she wore a high cap, made partly of cloth, and in part of bits of coloured calico. This cap is peculiar to Norwegian Lapland, and is rather elegant in its shape. - - Though wild and uncouth, yet her manners did not betray any of the surliness so conspicuous in her husband. The latter was dressed in rein-deer fawn-skins; which being thin and pliable, and made to sit loose, were not so likely to incommode the wearer from their too great warmth. His family consisted of a wife and child; and a Laplander, who, being poor, and having no deer of his own, acted in the capacity of a servant, and had the principal care of the herd, attending them by night as well as day. He was then absent, driving them to

the tent to be milked. With him were another Laplander and his wife, who also lived in the tent with the former. This man seemed to be a kind of partner of Per Mathisön. Their deer were mixed in common together, though the superior number belonging to the latter evidently constituted him the head of the family; which it was easy to perceive from his idleness and inactivity, mixed with a kind of a gruff independence, that bespoke a laird of the mountains. He had been in the habit, for the last two summers, of repairing with his herd of deer to the mountains of Whale Island from the neighbouring country of Kontokeino, a distance of more than 200 miles in the interior of Norwegian Lapland. Here he remained between two and three months; and, before the approach of winter, again returned to his native forests. The whole number of deer on the island was about 4000, which in like manner were only visitants during the summer.

"After the expiration of about two hours, the distant barking of the dogs indicated the coming of the deer, which we at last discerned winding slowly along the mountains at the distance of near a mile, presenting only the appearance of a black moving mass blending with the dark sides of the mountains. They now approached the fold, which was a large space, that had been cleared of the brush wood, and inclosed by branches of the dwarf birch and aspen, stuck around to prevent the deer from straying. As the herd came up to it, the deer made frequent snortings, and a loud crackling was heard, produced by their hoofs striking against each other. These animals, which are endued with an exquisite sense of smelling, soon perceived there were strangers near; and our appearance, so different from the dress of the Laplanders to which they had been accustomed, alarmed them to such a degree, that it was necessary for us to retire till they had entered the fold. After some difficulty, the whole of the herd were at length collected within the circle; and the women, bringing their bowls from the tent, began the operation of milking, which, as some hundreds of deer were assembled, was likely to take up

a considerable time. In this both the women and men were busily employed. Before each deer was milked, a cord with a noose was thrown round the horns, by which it was secured and kept steady. The Laplanders in general are extremely expert at this; and it was surprising to see the exactness with which the noose was thrown at a considerable distance, hardly ever failing to light upon the horns of the deer for which it was intended, though in the thickest of the herd. The cord for this purpose was made of the fibres of the birch very neatly plaited together, and exceedingly strong. During the short time the animal was milking, this cord was either held by one of the women, or made fast to a birch shrub; some of the thickest having been stripped of their leaves, and left standing for this purpose. Many of the deer, instead of being tractable as I had previously imagined, were very refractory, frequently even throwing the women down, and butting at them with their horns. The latter seemed very little to mind this; but, strong as the Laplanders are, they appeared to have little power over one of these animals; for, when it had the cord round its horns, and refused to be milked, it dragged the holder with ease round the fold. The quantity of milk that each deer gave hardly exceeded a tea-cup full; but it was extremely luscious, of a fine aromatic flavour, and excelling cream in richness. Of this we eagerly partook after we had permission, which, however, Per Mathisön did not seem at first very willing to grant; but his sullen nature was soon softened by the brandy, which we had brought for the purpose, and of which the females partook, though with some moderation. The whole of them, however, on drinking it, made strange wry faces on account of its strength: not that this diminished their desire for it; on the contrary, after emptying each glass to the very last drop, they smacked their lips with signs of the greatest satisfaction, begging immediately for an additional quantity.

"In the middle of the herd of deer, suspended to the branches of a low birch, was a child about a year old, en-

closed in a kind of cradle, or rather case covered with leather, with a coarse piece of linen cloth attached to it, to protect the infant from the heat of the sun, and from the mosquitoes. When the child began to cry, the cradle was swung backwards and forwards, having the same effect as rocking. The Laplanders, when they have occasion to go any distance from their tents, frequently for safety leave their children thus suspended on a tree, by which they are secured from the attack of any ravenous animal, that might happen to approach.

"It was already past midnight before the whole of the herd was milked. The sun had left the heavens about an hour, but a deep orange tint on the verge of the horizon showed that it was not far below it. The deer were at length turned out from the fold, and spreading themselves along the sides of the mountains, were quickly lost to our view. The Laplanders now collecting the milk they had obtained, which amounted to a considerable quantity, proceeded with it toward the tent, giving us an invitation to supper. Having accepted it, we crept in, and seated ourselves on rein-deer skins, which were strewed on the ground. The business of making the cheese now commenced; and Marit Martins Datter, emptying the milk from the bowls into a large iron pot, placed it over a fire, which she had made in the centre of the tent, and the smoke of which annoyed us more than any thing. Every corner was filled with it, and it caused the tears to stream plentifully from our eyes. The only outlet it had was an opening at the top of the tent; and in order to withstand it in some measure, we lay down flat, by which we were enabled to breathe more freely. The milk, after remaining a short time on the fire, assumed the consistence of curd; and being taken off, was placed in small moulds made of beech wood, and pressed together. The number of cheeses thus made amounted to about eight, of the size of a common plate, and barely an inch in thickness.

"The whey and curds that remained were for our supper; which we commenced, though the dirty habits of both

the men and women very much diminished my appetite. Marit Rasmus Datter, the wife of the other Laplander, eagerly licked with her tongue the bottoms of the bowls that had contained the milk. Fingers were here the only knives and forks; and the whole party, dipping their hands into the pot, grasped the curds, which were greedily conveyed to their mouths. Having previously drunk plentifully of the milk, I felt no inclination to join with them in their repast, and amused myself by observing their countenances and proceedings. After the supper was finished, and the bowls and other utensils removed to a corner of the tent, fresh wood, to my great mortification, was placed on the fire, which, being green, again enveloped us in smoke. On its burning up, the flames reached the cheeses, which had been made some time before, and were placed on a board directly over the fire, in order that the smoke might harden them. Their richness and the heat caused large drops of oil to trickle from them, which were licked off by the men with an evident relish. The whole group was certainly a curious one. Opposite us, around the fire, were the uncouth figures of the Laplanders, squatting on their haunches, as is their constant custom. In one corner were two children asleep in deer skins; and more than twenty small dogs were also taking their repose about us. It was soon time for the men to commence their nightly employment of watching the deer: and accordingly one of them left the tent. On making a signal, about half the dogs, whose turn it was to commence the watch, started suddenly up, and followed their master to the mountains. I was greatly surprised to find the rest take no notice of the summons, and remain quietly stretched on the deer skins, well aware, singular as it may seem, that it was not their turn.

"The morning was now pretty far advanced; the Laplanders, who remained within the tent, prepared to go to sleep; and accordingly, taking our departure, we walked back to Fugleness, well amused with the excursion.

To this long extract our arrangements suffer us to add very little. Re-

ferred to other objects of curiosity, we learn from the inhabitants, "with respect to the northern lights, *nordlyrs*, they had frequently heard the noise that sometimes attended them, which they described as like that of a rushing wind. At Hammerfest they said they were at times so violent, and descended so low, that it would appear almost possible to touch them. - - -

"The puffin, or Greenland parrot, called in Norwegian *lund*, breeds here (Carlsöe) in great numbers. The manner of catching them is curious, being by means of small dogs trained to the sport. The puffins sitting together in prodigious numbers in the deep holes and clefts of the highest rocks, one of these dogs is sent in, which seizes the first by its wing. This, to prevent its being carried away, lays hold with its strong beak of the bird next to it, which in like manner seizes its neighbour; and the dog continuing to draw them out, an extraordinary string of these birds falls into the hands of the fowler. They are taken for their feathers, which are valuable." - - -

This is a parallel to Dr. Henderson's story of the foxes in his Icelandic travels:

"'In the vicinity of the North Cape,' says the Doctor, 'where the precipices are almost entirely covered with various species of sea-fowl, the foxes proceed on their predatory expeditions in company; and previous to the commencement of their operations, they hold a kind of mock fight upon the rocks, in order to determine their relative strength. When this has been fairly ascertained, they advance to the brink of the precipice, and, taking each other by the tail, the weakest descends first, while the strongest, forming the last in the row, suspends the whole number, till the foremost has reached their prey. A signal is then given, on which the uppermost fox pulls with all his might, and the rest assist him as well as they can with their feet against the rocks; in this manner they proceed from rock to rock, until they have provided themselves with a sufficient supply.' " - - -

Far be it from us to question the facts stated by voracious travellers, who cer-

tainly see strange sights. Well do we know that many honest assertions have been disbelieved till time proved their truth. Poor Bruce died almost a martyr to the miseries inflicted upon him by imputations on his Abyssinian statements, which have nevertheless been almost entirely confirmed by later authorities since his death. We shall not, therefore hastily class the tales of puffin-catching in strings, and fox-hunting pendulatory, with an ancient anecdote which used to please our younger days. It was of a gentleman so notoriously addicted to exaggeration, that his servant was instructed to check him by a jog, whenever he found him lapsing into too wide an indulgence of his propensity. One day he was telling of a fox which he had seen with a mon-

strous long brush—a brush, he assured the company, at least a mile in length. John gave his master a jog. “Well,” said he, “it might not be quite so much, but I am sure it was half a mile;”—(another jog)—“or if not, it must have been a quarter”—(jog again.) “I’ll be d—— if it was not a hundred yards long”—(another jog.) “Fifty”—(jog again.) The poor gentleman could bear it no more, but starting up, he exclaimed, “D—— ye, you rascal, will ye let my fox have no tail at all!”

With this, lest our *tale* should be thought as extravagantly long as the fox’s, we close the volume, which is not only (with the exception of the first third) very interesting, but promises a successor not inferior for the gratification of readers of every taste.

(Lond. Mag.)

Some months ago we received a letter from the editor of a well-known periodical work published in America, asking whether the candidates for literary fame on that side of the water would be allowed, on certain terms, to tourney with their elder brothers in the lists of the London? Our answer was in the affirmative, and we suppose that the following poem, dated from “the United States of America,” has been in consequence sent us.

LINES FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF H——.

WE met upon the world’s wide face,
When each of us was young;
We parted soon, and to her place
A darker spirit sprung;—
A feeling such as must have stirr’d
The Roman’s bosom, when he heard,
Beneath the trembling ground,
The God his genius marching forth,
From the old city of his mirth,
To lively music’s sound.

A sense it was, that I could see
The angel leave my side,
That thenceforth my prosperity
Must be a falling tide:—
A strange and ominous belief,
That in spring-time, the yellow leaf
Had fallen on my hours;
And that all hope would be most vain
Of finding in my path again
Its former vanish’d flowers.

But thou, the idol of my few
And fleeting better days,—
The light that cheer’d, when life was new,
My being with its rays;
And though, alas! its joy be gone,—
Art yet, like tomb-lamps, shining on
The phantoms of my mind,—
The memories of many a dream
Floating on thought’s fantastic stream,
Like storm clouds on the wind!—

Is thy life but the wayward child
Of fever in the heart,
In part, a crowd of fancies wild,
Of ill-made efforts, part?
And, oh! are such familiars thine,
As by thee were made earthly mine?
And is it as with me,—
Doth hope in birthless ashes lie,
While the sun seems a hostile eye,
Thy pains well pleased to see?

I trust, not so—though thou hast been
An evil star to mine,
Let all of good the world has seen
Hang ever upon thine!—
May thy suns those of summer be,
And time show as one joy to thee,
Like thine own nature pure;—
Thou didst but rouse, within my breast,
The sleeping devils from a rest
That could not long endure!

The firstlings of my simple song
Were offer’d to thy name;
Again the altar, idle long,
In worship rears its flame:—
My sacrifice of sullen years,
My many hecatombs of tears,
No happier hours recall;
Yet may thy wandering thoughts restore
To one who ever lov’d thee more
Than fickle fortune’s all.—

And

And now farewell ! and although here
 Men hate the source of pain,
 I hold thee and thy follies dear,
 Nor of thy faults complain :
 For my misused and blighted powers,
 My waste of miserable hours,
 I will accuse thee not—
 The fool who could from self depart,
 And make his fate one human heart,
 Deserved no better lot.

I reckon of mine the less, because
 In wiser moods I feel
 A doubtful question of its cause
 And nature on me steal :—
 An ancient notion that Time flings
 Our pains and pleasures from his wings,
 With much equality;
 And that in reason, happiness,
 Both of accession and decrease
 Incapable must be.

(Lond Mag.)

ST. DERVORGOIL'S WELL.

IT happened one fine evening nigh
 the close of autumn,—when the
 corn wore its covering of broom in the
 stack-yard,—when the nuts began to
 drop ripe from their husks, and the
 morning flowers hung white with hoar
 frost. that two riders entered the south-
 ward gorge of the wild glen of Croga.
 It was wearing late,—the moon had
 still a full hour to march before she
 reached the tops of the western hills,—
 the lights began to disappear from the
 windows of the peasantry, and, besides
 the murmuring of the water of Orr,
 which winded among the rocks and
 trees, an anxious ear might hear the
 cautious step and the lifting latch of
 some young ploughman holding tryste
 with his love. It was a market night,
 and to these soft and pleasurable sounds
 might be added the sharp, shrill, and
 rapid admonition of woman's tongue,
 when a late hour, a pennyless pocket,
 and a head throbbing with drink, called
 forth a torrent of sage and gracious
 remarks on her husband's folly and her
 own wisdom and forbearance.

But of those sounds, if such sounds
 were, the two riders seemed to take no
 note; they entered the glen abreast,
 and inclining their heads beyond the
 graceful uprightness of good horseman-
 ship, laid them together in the true spi-
 rit of confidential communication. It
 may be imagined that as they were of
 different sexes, love, or some such
 cause of mutual attraction, inclined
 them to this friendly fellowship. I wish
 to leave no room for such unfounded
 suspicion. One was a man in years,
 of a douce and grave exterior, with
 much of that devout circumspection
 and prudence of look, which might
 mark him out to the parish minister in

a nomination of elders. His dress,
 like himself, seemed fit for the wear
 and tear of the world,—firm of texture
 and home-made; a good gray mixture,
 adapted to the dusty labours of a mill.
 —and a miller he was, and one as good
 as ever wet a wheel in water—the mil-
 ler of Croga mill, and his name was
 Thomas Milroy.

Of his companion I ought to say
 something; but how can a man less
 than inspired touch off the sedate sim-
 plicity, the matronly demeanour, and
 that look of superstitious awe and love
 for the marvellous, which belonged to
 Barbara Farish, the relict of the laird
 of Eli'knowe. Her very horse seemed
 conscious of his load of surpassing
 sanctity and knowledge, and looked on
 the dapple grey nag of the dusty mil-
 ler with an arched neck, and an eye
 worthy of the steed of so good and so
 gifted a dame. Her grey riding skirt
 hung far beneath her feet, and nearly
 reached the ground; a black silk
 hood, lined with gray, covered her
 head, and was fastened beneath her
 chin; while over a nose, long and thin,
 and transparent as horn, looked forth
 two deep-set and searching eyes, of a
 light and lively blue. I have said they
 were in earnest conference;—but the
 miller casting a suspicious and a start-
 led glance on the right hand side of
 the glen, where a thick bower of moun-
 tain ash and holly overhung its bosom,
 patted his horse's neck, and said in a
 low voice, "Dustyfoot, my man, what
 look ye at, lad? Faith, Barbara, the
 dumb brute sees something, and sees
 nought that's good, for he shakes under
 me like a leaf o' the linn, and your
 horse is snorting and smelling too.
 Grace be near us! see ye yon elfwo-

man, wi' her bairn in her bosom, seated by the side of Saint Dervorgoil's well?—as sure as corn grows and water runs she's there for nae good to us." And they both made a full halt,—gazed as if they would gaze through the rocky side of the glen,—nor was it Superstition's fear, that artist of wonderful forms which was at work to dismay them.

I have, when a boy, drunk water out of a well of this Galwegian saint, which spouts up through a little trough of stone in the glen of Croga. Virtues are imputed to it by the old people; and those whom it frees from sickness or pain leave a small offering at its brink—at the time I saw it two pieces of ribbon and a ring were tied to a branch of holly, which partly shaded it, and a piece of old silver, the coin of one of the earlier Scottish Kings, lay shining at the bottom,—the offering of a mother for the health of her child. At the side of this well the miller and his companion saw a woman seated with a child in her bosom,—a fair young woman from a distant place. She seemed unconscious or careless of the presence of strangers, and gazed alone at the moon, with its red edge resting on the hill, and at the stars shining in multitudes above her, and at the little well, sending forth its silver thread of water among the grass at her feet. She took from her bosom a token of silver, and dropt into the well, and in a low voice began to chaunt, like one singing to soothe a child, the following verses. It is true that but a few scattered words of this mystic lyric survived in the memories of the two listeners, and that, after the lapse of years, the measure of the melody, and the original strain of sentiment, had alone been secured from oblivion. But dismembered and imperfect as it was, I recited it to one of the peasant poets of the district, who assured me it was a genuine antique, modified by some gifted parson to suit the circumstances under which the young woman sung it,—a kind of change, he observed, which many of our national and domestic lyrics had undergone; and with that tenderness and regard which one man of genius feels for the suffering labours of another, he filled up the gaps which former

forgetfulness had made. For this he made something of an apology,—saying, the rudeness of his own interpolations would soon be singled out by the critical sagacity of the age,—modern dross was easily distinguished from antique gold; but he had a pleasure of his own in ekeing out the ancient mutilated melodies of his country, and he cared little for the opinion of those "chippers and hewers,"—the men who sold their judgment to the public either monthly or quarterly.—But for the song.

OUR LADY'E'S BLESSED WELL.

The moon is gleaming far and near,
The stars are streaming free,
And cold comes down the evening dew
On my sweet babe and me.
There is a time for holy song,
An hour for charm and spell,
And now's the time to bathe my babe
In our Ladye's blessed well.

O thou wert born as fair a babe
As light ere shone aboon,
And fairer than the gowan is,
Born in the April moon:
First like the lily pale ye grew,
Syne like the violet wan;
As in the sunshine dies the dew,
So faded my fair Ann.

Was it a breath of evil wind
That harm'd thee, lovely child;
Or was't the fairy's charmed touch
That all thy bloom defiled?
I've watch'd thee in the mirk midnight,
And watch'd thee in the day,
And sung our Ladye's sacred song
To keep the elves away.

The moon is sitting on the hill,
The night is nigh its prime,
The owl doth chace the bearded bat,
The mark of witching time;
And o'er the seven sister stars
A silver cloud is drawn,
And pure the blessed water is
To bathe thee, gentle Ann!

On a far sea thy father sails
Among the spicy isles:
He thinks on thee, and thinks on me,
And as he thinks, he smiles,
And sings, while he his white sail trims,
And severs swift the sea,
About his Anna's sunny locks,
And of her bright blue ee.

O, blessed fountain, give her back
The brightness of her brow;
O, blessed water, bid her cheeks
Like summer roses glow!
'Tis a small gift, thou blessed well,
To thing divine as thee,
But kingdoms to a mother's heart,
For Ann is dear too me.

While she sung this singular lyric, she removed the mantle from her child, took all covering from its body and limbs, and lifting it towards the moon, showed a form much withered and wasted away. She muttered a prayer over it, and then taking water from the well with her hands, showered it plentifully over its body;—the child perhaps accustomed to such ablution, was silent. “Good-wife,” said the miller, “as sure as mill stones run round, that’s an elfwoman and that’s an elfchild,—or they are the fair resemblances, made by the foul spirit of a mother and bairn, for deceiving thee and me, and bringing us to shame. Let us ride back and waken the goodman of Pyetstane;—he’s a bold body, and can face aught, —and he never swears but when he’s sober, and I vow, before sunset, I saw him staggering like a smuggler when his cargo’s discharged.”

“Fool, man,” said she of the Elf-knowe, “see ye not that it is a poor young woman benighted under the dark cloud of ancient belief, douking her unweel bairn in the spring well, accounted holy in Catholic times? Ah, lass, Saint Dervorgoil has lost her charm now, and the water of her blessed well has had little virtue since the reformation. Ye may as well wash it in evening dew, and lay it out to be cured by the influence of the stars on the top of Fardinrush hill, as daft Nell Candlish did, when the babe was found by the shepherds frozen in the morning cold, like a flower. Alas! the spirit of salvation, if ever such a spirit was there, has departed from the blessed well, and there’s no a pool in Croga but what would do the same wonders for the flesh of man. But, alas! it’s hard to make a mither believe that there’s nae charm can heal the sick babe at her bosom; and there’s nae doubt this poor young creature’s come many a weary mile to bathe her child in the blessed fount of Saint Dervorgoil. There was Willie Maclellan’s mither carried him hither out of the wild roons of Galloway, and a bonny bairn she made him;—there’s a natural virtue in pure spring water, that cannot be made stronger by the best saint o’ the calendar.”

“After all, goodwife,” said her more scrupulous companion, “she may be a fairy mother come to wash her imp in the blessed well, so that it may seem every seventh day a douce Christian. Oh, I have heard of such things, and it would nae be an unwise thing to ride back to the Manse, and have the minister’s opinion.” “Whisht, man, whisht,” said Barbara, “ilbe young woman has bathed her ch d; she is now wrapping it up, and see, she comes down the bank;—Hame shall she come with me, for she is a stranger in a strange land, and carries a fatherless babe in her bosom, and that’s both right and reason why she should come to the house of Elfknowe.” The young woman spoke as she approached. “A pleasant way and welcome at hame to ye baith, and the good wishes of a stranger go with you. I have come from the Solway shore to bathe the babe of my bosom in Saint Dervorgoil’s blessed well;—thrice have I come at the full hour of the moon, and the babe is recovering even as a parched flower when the summer rain comes. Sore was it faded, and had ceased to leap in my arms and smile in my face;—but look at the sweet wee innocent now; it has light in its eyes, and life on its brow, and the bloom has come back to its cheek;—my blessing upon the blessed well of Croga.” And removing the mantle from the face of her child, she held it up amid the light of the departing moon, and smiled.

“O woman,” said Barbara, “ye are a kind mother, but a wondrous idolater, —a worshipper of wells and springs, and times of the moon, and set and appointed places. And yet ye have many a douce body’s judgment to countenance ye in your belief in old influences. I had a brother myself who fell asleep once in the Fairy-Ring of Croga, and when he awoke, his bloom was faded, and his strength was nigh gone, and for many a blessed hour he went two-fold over a staff. Now my father was an elder of God’s kirk, and mickle he prayed for the bairn’s health, but health came not, and my mother stole him out, and dipt him thrice in the blessed well of Croga, and he grew a stalwart man, and went to a ripe grave

in his grey hairs. So as the night's cold, and the way long, had ye no better come with me to Elfknowe, and stay till the sun shines?" "Alas! no, good-wife," said the sailor's spouse, "for I maun be on the shore of Solway at the first come of the tide, and all to dip my bairn in the increasing waters. There's a charm in the full moon-tide; and it's sweet to hear it sughing and singing among the hills and pebbles;

away maun I gang, and I am o'er long here." "Woman, woman," said the dame of Elfknowe, "thou wilt slay the child with spells, and take away its sweet life with charms;—but go thy ways,—for a mother who wishes weel to her babe is a wilful creature,—go thy ways:" and the woman and her child were soon lost among the woods of Croga.

(Europ. Mag.)

MY SCHOOL-BOY SCENES.

Ah! happy hills, ah! pleasing shade,
 Ah! fields beloved in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving forth their gladsome wing;
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring. GRAY.

THESE lines have been oft quoted to illustrate a subject on which the pen of almost every writer, from the olden time to the present, has been employed. But the theme which dwells on early affections is an heir-loom in society, and acquires additional value in its descent. It is almost the only one that can universally interest.

Age cannot weary it, or custom stale
 Its infinite variety.

I shared in the sentiment of the poet, and his lines spontaneously broke from my lips as I walked forth into the morning, once more to behold the scenes of my youth, and to welcome again those feelings which a cold world can never altogether chill. The day came calmly from the heavens; the clouds were moving slowly on; and the sun, which had just risen, appeared already an emblem of that Eternal, whom, although we cannot gaze upon, we feel. The tranquillity that reigned above had influenced all beneath. The breath of the morning came full of life upon the trees, which bent their branches as if grateful for its freshness; at either side of my path-way a clear streamlet rippled over the pebbles that obstructed it; the melody of the birds sounded joyously,—the voice of nature came

from many sources—and mingled into song. I walked on, at times gazing around on the beautiful landscape that every way opened. But my heart yearned towards the place I was approaching, and seemed retaining its feelings to give them full vent—where my youthful days were passed—where I was once happy. Every object became more familiar as I advanced; I had already traced many of my early haunts, and I soon reached the spot so dear to my memory, with which every idea of enjoyment had been long associated.

I came to the very house in which my school-boy days had passed. With my arms folded, my eyes fixed, my mind reverting to the past, contemplating the present, and wandering on the future, I gazed upon it. Like the feelings of my youth, it was no longer what it had been. In the possession of a new tenant, there was scarcely a trace left of its ancient appearance. Over the door, that had borne the name of my venerable master and declared the duties of his life, a sign-post had been elevated to tell the passing traveller that here he might have rest. Corporeal objects had succeeded to mental. The motto of the mansion was once "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," it was now, "eat, drink, and be merry." I entered it. The interior metamorphosis was still more striking, and to me more melancholy. Every thing had undergone an alteration. I paused but a moment to examine it, and hastily sought the school-room. The magic influence of time had con-

verted it into a place of assembly for the village club; and in the mornings it was the lecture-room in which the high priest of Terpsichore was wont to instruct his pupils. This was, indeed, a change. The culture of the head had given place to that of the heels; and to him, who once laboured to instil into the mind seeds that should spring up and bring forth fruit in due season, had succeeded one whose only object it was to teach his students to turn out their toes, and to accompany the scrapings of his instrument, with the eternal one, two, three—hop.

I contemplated the scenes of my youth with sensations that few can appreciate, and none sufficiently express; forgetting for awhile, in dwelling on the days gone by, it was but a shadow I grasped at, which knocks us the more as our feelings are awakened, and never visits us without leaving its sting. Yet for the moment I felt more pleasure in mingling with things that were not, save in the memory and in the imagination, than the worldling in his dearest of sensual delights. Before me once stood the throne of my venerable tutor, from whence he issued his mandates and his laws, imperative as those of the Spartans, unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians. Here he reigned in absolute monarchy; the great and the little trembled at his nod; and his subjects, however they might murmur, dared not complain. I fancied him before me now—I beheld my school-mates around his chair—and I was among them, once more a boy. There sat one I loved; there, one I feared. Here was the tyrant of the school; and here one more dangerous—the master's favourite. All were before me, bending over their books, and I was among them, once more a boy. The sharp, penetrating eye of the tutor glanced over the circle; his warning voice was heard, and the more awful sound of his cane, as it struck against the desk, made the attentive, careful, and the idle, studious. Now the hum of business met my ear, and the call to examination. Some full of confidence, others of terror, arranged themselves round the master's seat. It was over. The wild uproar of dismissal, and then the whoop

from the play-ground, aroused me from my reverie. I was a boy no longer. I went to the place where I had so often joined in the revels of my play-mates. It was no more what it then was. Cattle were quietly grazing there. Yet every spot of it was familiar to me, and I recognized every where some object that reminded me of joys which I have known, of happiness which I have felt. I was a poet in those early days, when most of warm passions and feelings are poets, and could pen a sonnet on a fair lady's eye, or a ballad to her eye-brows. For some time I went hand in hand with the Muses, and they strewed flowers on my path-way: but the flowers withered, the Muses abandoned and my mistress jilted me. So the poetic fire was extinguished; I descended from my Pegasus, and drank no longer of that Castalian stream, whose waters gave Dr. Chandler the "stomach-ache." I now stood on the very spot, still fresh in my memory, where my first stanzas were composed. The feasts on the banks of Helicon, were dedicated to *Love* and the *Muses*. Certain it is, that without having been a lover no one was ever a poet. Love is the soul and source of poetry. It was so to me. Oh! with what feelings did I revert to those days when I loved, and thought not of deceit; when I shared my heart among the friends of my boyhood, and little dreamt that any would stab it to its core.

"But those who have lov'd, the fondest, the purest,

Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;

And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,

Is happy, indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd."

It was in the morning of life, when hope brightens every thing, and the imagination dwells fondly on joys to come. When the heart, bidding pleasure all hail! walks forth gaily, and treads only on flowers. There is not a shadow over its path, or a blot on the page it studies. All its cares are ephemeral and die before the ardor of its own light. But the morning is succeeded by the noon; the feelings of man are changed; he finds the picture he has sketched has its shadows; and

he learns, by mournful experience, how fading and how fleeting are all subliminary enjoyments; that happiness is but a syren's song, and charms to wound us; that pleasure is, indeed,

"The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below."

and as the evening of life approaches he finds his hopes unrealised, his feelings withered, his affections betrayed, his heart broken.

I left the abode of my youth. I could gain little intelligence from its new inmates; and I sought to discover the residence of some of my old acquaintances, in order to learn the fate of my venerable tutor, and to hear something of the companions of my boyhood. I had little difficulty in finding the house of one of my school-fellows. He had lost all recollection of me, but he willingly gave me the information he possessed. He was the first I had seen for many years, with the exception of one, who was my friend at school. We met, long after our early intimacy, under circumstances of a melancholy nature. We were both men, but we had not forgotten the sentiments of our youth. When we did meet, it was to part soon;—he died in my arms. While a boy, he was remarkable for his pensive and almost gloomy disposition. It was this that endeared him to me; for the countenance of sorrow always won me more than that of joy. The heart speaks from it, and at least it does not deceive. It was far from our early haunts that we beheld each other. In him the sadness of his youth had been replaced only by despair; and he was on the bed from which he never rose. It seemed to me that some secret grief preyed upon his heart, and it must have been deeply seated. He never told it to me, and I respected the cause too much to ask it. But when he was dying he gave me a miniature, which he made me promise to bury with him in his grave. It was that of a female; the features were beautiful, but sad, like his own.—The man I now met was one of every-day life, whom sorrow could scarcely touch, who cared little for the finer feelings of humanity, and who enjoyed them less. However, he told me much that I was

anxious to know. My old master had been long dead. Before his death he had been reduced almost to want, and owed all his comforts to one who had been his pupil. There was something very melancholy in this; but how greatly was it softened, to hear that he had been led gently down the hill of life by him whom he had guided up it, who had rendered his pathway less rugged, and removed many a thorn from his pillow; that the tear I wept over it, was not the only one that had glistened on the old man's grave. It reminded me of the noble act of Petrarch, who, while in poverty himself, pawned his most valuable, and indeed his only property, his books, to console his misery and relieve the necessity of his old master, Convenuto. I visited the churchyard where the good man's ashes reposed. I stood beside the grave over which his grateful pupil had raised a tablet to his memory, and I repeated the words engraven on it—"may he rest in peace!" Not far from his bed slept one who had been his scholar. I knew his story, and it was a sad one. I remembered him when he was the gayest of the gay; when he trifled away life's morning, and spent it in folly, though not in vice. He hated thought, and, with him, to be serious was to be dull. Like Beatrice, he seemed "born to speak all mirth, and no matter." He loved—and then, like Benedict's, "his jesting spirit crept into a lute string." He became altered, but improved. The passion, which gave Cymon a soul, taught *him* that man had other enjoyments than basking in the sunshine. His love was prosperous and fortune smiled; the smile was like spring-blight to the flower, which comes tranquil as the breeze, but leaves behind it—death. Preparing himself for the profession of a surgeon, he studied in one of the Metropolitan Hospitals, and, his diploma obtained, he was to have been united to the object of his affections. Having been absent from the city, he had not seen her for some weeks. On the morning of his return he went to the hospital in which he studied, with his usual gay heart, whistling his favourite air to set care and sorrow at defiance,

little dreaming of the precipice on which he stood; he entered the dissecting-room—and, beheld the body of the woman he loved. He never spoke; he never wept; but, from that moment reason left him, and he was soon in his grave at peace. She had died of a fever during his absence, and the circumstance that followed is of too common a nature to require explanation. He had not even heard of her illness; he had left her happy and in health; and he beheld her—it was a blessing to him that he was unconscious of his wretchedness.

The day had drawn to its close before I thought of leaving the scenes so dear to every feeling of my heart. I had roamed about them from morning till almost night. There was scarcely a path of all my haunts which I did not again tread; even with inanimate things I had claimed acquaintanceship, and every tree that I remembered received me once more beneath its branches; there was one in particular, an old oak which grew in the play-ground; I plucked a leaf from it, placed it in my bosom, and departed from the spot, in all human probability forever.

As I passed through the village, in which a new race had sprung up, the usual amusements of the children were going forward; I stood and gazed upon them. The rhymes which I remembered so well broke on my ear; the little ones were dancing in thoughtless merriment, beating time to the measure with their feet. I beheld them with envy bordering on hate, to see them so happy. It was but for an instant; better feelings conquered, as they will always conquer, those momentary visitings of a dæmon. I joined them in their song, and thought at every pause my heart told me too truly,

"I cannot feel as I have felt, or be what I have been."

Those few moments were to me, what a green spot is to the desert-worn traveller, which he loves to linger near, and leaves with regret.

"Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy

Bright beams of the past she can never destroy;

Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,

To shine round the heart and make all pleasure there."

(Lond. Mag.)

THE MISCELLANY.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

I WAS pleased to see the other day, the *Sir Walter Scott*, a stage-coach, taking its place among the *Wellingtons*, *Cornwallisses*, *Lord Exmouths*, and other mighty names. This is the first compliment of the kind that I remember to have seen paid to letters; and is a token, I am willing to believe, that we are really becoming "a reading public." When the *Sir Walter Scott* can be a name, *ad captandum*, for the ordinary run of coach travellers, outside passengers and all, we are at least advancing. A compliment of such low origin, may not be thought very flattering; but, as a test of fame, it is surely something; and it is valuable too in proportion to the real worth of the person on whom it is conferred. A chimney-sweeper may confer honour when he praises *Sir Walter Scott*. I

confess I should like to see Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Burke—giving fame to our taverns and pot-houses; ay, and receiving fame too from the same sources. As *HEADS*, they have about as much claim to notice, as most of the fiery persons who have been so long the sole subjects of the sign-painter; and as accessories to a beef-steak, and a pint and pipe, we might derive associations from their names quite as seasonable and agreeable as our present eternal mixture of blood and gun-powder. We have the Shakspeare's *Head*—but only in the neighbourhood of the theatres, where it can scarcely be regarded as a piece of genuine, disinterested homage. Send it to Brentford, to any worthy victualler who may want such a thing, and he will think it necessary, I fear, to put a cocked hat upon it, and call it the King of Prussia.

This preference that is shown to military and naval heroes, (let it be what it may,) but their notoriety, which is decidedly a good ground-work for "Heads," that are meant as a welcome to all comers. Their names have been gazetted—transmitted through a thousand newspapers to every corner of the country; not to say that they are mixed up with events, in which every one, down to the lowest, has an interest in person, pride, or pocket; that the poorest beggar in the land may have shared their honours, and have a wooden leg at least, or an empty sleeve to show for it. These are the names, beyond a doubt, for universal use. We, who read Milton, and Shakspeare, know that, as benefactors to their kind, they are worthy of every mode of public worship; but John Lump never heard of either of them, and he is not a man to be despised by the retailers of gin and ale. The gallant Benbow all

the world knows—and if not, the gun at his elbow, and his flame-coloured face, tell his story in a moment. I hope to see this matter mended, and that our poets and philosophers may in time become popular enough for the sign-posts. Not that I would have the heroes removed altogether. No, no—I love old Benbow, and would have his honest face ruddied up every spring, that he may look fresh and fierce for centuries to come. But for our peace establishment, a name here and there more allied to philosophy and the Muses, would certainly not be misplaced. Let us see:—"The Byron" would be a good name, in promise of a strong, heady ale—the original stingo; "The Moore" too would answer for an excellent tap, sharp and sparkling, or the 'bottled velvet' mentioned by Kotzebue, which you please; and "The Laureat" would do for any body's "*Entire Butt*," as well as the best of them. A,

STANZAS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

1.
No mortal hand can scatter flowers,
To soothe or bless the mourner's way,
But such as, cull'd from earthly bowers,
Are found as briefly bright as they;
For every blossom born of earth
Is doom'd to wither from its birth.

2.
Yet even these—if fed by dew,
Which silently descends from heaven,—
Indebted, for each brighter hue,
To light its glorious sun has given,—
And freshen'd by its gentlest breeze;
Thus rear'd—e'en *earthly* flowers may
please.

3.
I will not say, my youthful friend,
That such may fitting emblems be
Of aught that *I* have ever penn'd,
Or now presume to offer thee:
But, as a Bard, my highest bliss
Were to approximate to this.

4.
To touch, to please, to win the heart
To calm and virtuous feelings prone,
Not by mere rules of minstrel art,
Or fancied genius of mine own,
But by those holier charms,—whose birth
Is not of man, nor caught from earth.

5.
And, were I gifted thus,—O how
Could *I thy* path with flowers adorn?
When grief too often clouds my brow,
To find *mine own* has many a thorn,
Whose rankling wounds a pledge might be
How little I could succour thee.

6.
But there is Balm in Gilead!—There
The Great Physician may be found,
Whose love and mercy can prepare
An antidote for every wound;
His hand can scatter flowers divine,
And *faith in Him* may make them *THINE*!

B. B.

A SAILOR'S RECEIPT FOR TYING HIS PIG-TAIL—SHAVING, &c.

The following luminous prescriptions I extracted, many years ago, from a nautical work, written by an old ship-commander, of the name (I think) of Harrison. As the book, I dare say, is dead and forgotten, I think it worth while to resuscitate this small sample of learning and experience, for the benefit of all whom this may concern. It

has something in it, as it strikes me, very characteristic of a seaman, not less in the downright hearty earnestness of its tone, than in its wonderful involutions of phrase, and entanglement of meaning. I can hand, reef, and steer—but this tail-manual, I confess, goes beyond my art. Honest Jack conceived it necessary, I remember, to warn

the public, that he was not in the habit of using his pen much. Instruction, not fine writing, was his object—as witness : “ My method is to oil my hair— (I should like to have seen this oil, the same, I suppose, that he greased his masts with)—once a week ; and every day, when I had time, to comb it well with a small-tooth comb, and with scissors kept it cut short, the shape of my forehead, and each side even with the lower part of my ears, to shelter them from cold and rain, for which it was designed : (*now then*) then with both hands drew all the long hair at the back of my head together tight to the back of my neck, and with a hair-ribbon two feet long, taking three turns round the upper part of my right thumb, grasped this tail part of it, and with the left hand passed the ribbon three times tight round it, and, with both hands, made a single knot round its upper part, and, with the right hand, wrapped this tail part round the four fingers of the left hand, and held the end part of the hair with the thumb, in the inside and lower part of the club—*till*, with the right hand, the right end of the ribbon over and round the club, and the left end of it passed over and round it, till both ends of it can be tied tight with two knots at the upper part of the club, to draw loose by the two

ends of the ribbon, to loose it occasionally—which, from long experience, I have found holds it snug out of the way of both eyes and hands—and *which may be easily learned from a little practice*, by which, though in the 78th year of my age, my hair has lost little or nothing of its *bulk* and colour !” —Doubling Cape Horn must be a joke to this.

His mode of shaving is a real bit of the sailor—the true tar—and, in these hard times, is not unworthy of notice for its thrift and simplicity. I wish to stand in the way of no man’s “ patent ” —razor—soap—or brush—but, no offence to Prince or Packwood, my first care, I conceive, should be the general advantage : so here it is *pro bono publico*. “ On shaving my beard, when I first found it necessary, I did it dry, till I found it painful ; I then used a piece of hard soap, and with my spittle, *which is softer than fresh water*, my beard made a brush, which stuck to it only, which made it more easy to cut it close—that, in my shaving days, twice a week, *the beard mixed with the soap made as good as oatmeal to wash the hands and face.*” Yet what a fuss some people make about rose-water, wash-balls, and almond-paste !—Send ’em to sea. A.

THE WITHERED ROSES.

I saw them once blowing
 Whilst morning was glowing,
 But now are their wither’d leaves strew’d o’er the ground,
 For tempests to play on,
 For cold worms to prey on,
 The shame of the garden that triumph’d around.

Their buds which then flourish’d
 With dew-drops were nourish’d,
 Which turn’d into pearls as they fell from on high
 Their hues are now banish’d,
 Their fragrance all vanish’d,
 Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races
 Of glories and graces
 Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay :
 And smiling and gladness
 In sorrow and sadness,
 Ere life reach’d its twilight, fade dimly away.

Joy’s light-hearted dances
 And Melody’s glances
 Are rays of a moment—are dying when born :
 And Pleasure’s best dower
 Is nought but a flower,
 A vanishing dew-drop—a gem of the morn.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

A PROFESSIONAL VISIT TO ALI PACHA, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1809 ;

SHEWING, AMONG OTHER PLEASANT MATTERS, HOW DOCTORS MAY DIFFER.

WHETHER his Highness the Vizer of Epirus was distrustful of the professional skill of Doctors Frank and Zacularius,* the physicians then immediately about his person ; or, which is still more probable, would not venture to confide to them certain secrets regarding his *physical* condition ; or whether, lastly, the high reputation enjoyed by British medical practitioners throughout the Turkish dominions was his leading motive ; it is certain that, at his Highness's express desire, the surgeon of a frigate stationed in the Adriatic was landed at Preveza, to proceed thence to Jannina, which he reached in due season. As this gentleman's eccentricities, when he subsequently became the writer's companion, on his route to the Albanian capital, will contribute very essentially to the amusement of the reader, it will be right, in the first place, to introduce a slight sketch of his deportment on the present occasion.

On his arrival at Jannina, he was lodged at the house of a principal Greek, and had, for his domestic and interpreter, a sailor of that nation, who had picked up his English in the ports of the Levant, and who became, unfortunately for him, in a manner his sole companion. Freed from the restraint of naval discipline, which requires, in the superior officers, and in those more especially of the medical department, a strict observance of sobriety, he was scarcely settled, when, by an over-indulgence in the juice of the grape, he departed so widely from the sedate gravity of his profession, as to incur the high displeasure of the British resident, or unaccredited minister at the Court of Jannina,† in whose amiable society he

might have found his best solace amid the dull monotony of a Turkish town. To complete his disgrace, he procured from the Pacha, on the pretext of requiring a separate establishment, a liberal supply of zechins, which afforded a more ample field for his wild sallies. In his rambles, he one morning fell in with a mad Dervis ; and the scene which ensued in the front of the Bazaar was most laughably ridiculous. Our hero carried a regulation-sword, which he delighted to flourish ; and this the Dervis perceiving, flourished his stick in token of defiance. Approaching each other, they brandished their weapons very scientifically, and began to engage. The bystanders, who might otherwise have interposed to prevent bloodshed, perceiving that the sword was still unsheathed, and that this was rather a trial of skill than betokening any harm, fell into the humour of the combatants, and shouted whenever "a palpable hit" was given, or a desperate parry made to the adversary's thrust. The Dervis, in his distracted mood, was so well pleased with his share of the sport, that he sought opportunities to waylay the doctor, and to invite him to a fresh bout. How often they met my informant did not say ; but he told a sprightly anecdote to the following effect. Strolling about an outskirt of the town, our medical officer met with a beautiful Greek lady, unattended, and just stepping into her house. He presented her with a few of his zechins, which she received very complacently ; but, by a sudden spring, managed so well as to shut the door upon him. Disappointed for a moment of his expected *tête à tête*, he was still not without hope of a favourable issue, and lurked about the spot, when, behold ! the door was suddenly opened, and the lady presented herself, surrounded by her attendants, to whose scorn and derision he found himself exposed. An Albanian soldier happening to pass by, he put a zechin into his hand, making signs to him to shoot the

* The former, the nephew of the celebrated Professor Frank of Vienna, had been with Bonaparte in Egypt ; the latter, a very intelligent Greek, was the Pacha's subject.

† A Colonel in the army, whom I shall, through delicacy, so designate in the sequel of this narrative, in paying a just tribute to his excellent qualities.

uncourteous lady, the great object of his wrath, whom he expressly pointed out. The soldier pocketed the coin, and very deliberately marched off.

From these examples it will readily be conceived that his stay in the Albanian capital was not long protracted. The Pacha dismissed him very civilly, and furnished with an escort to Preveza, there to wait his opportunity to embark. On his passage thence to Malta, he had ample time for reflection. He was abashed, but not discomfited, well knowing that he could tell his story in his own way;—for the Colonel, at whose instance he had been called to Jannina, was too benevolent and kind-hearted to write against him. By the same conveyance, application was made to the late Sir Alexander J. Ball, port-admiral and civil commissioner of Malta, for another medical officer to attend on the Vizier; and the lot fell on me, as the flag-surgeon. My colleague, however, was resolved, if he could so contrive it, to pay another visit to the Albanian territory. He now appeared altogether in a new character; his gentlemanly demeanour, combined with a fascinating address, his persuasive eloquence, and the suavity of his manners, set off to advantage a favourite disciple of the celebrated John Hunter, and gained every heart—when, at the Palace of Saint Antonio, he made one of a party invited by Sir Alexander, and recounted in the style of the Arabian Nights, all the wonders he had seen, and the strange adventures he had met with on the Turkish soil. To the Admiral, he represented himself as having been on the best terms with the Pacha, who was desirous that he should return to Jannina, there to establish a school of medicine and surgery, and to make himself in general professionally useful to his Highness's subjects. On the head of the Pacha's own particular indisposition, he had little to say, and, indeed, little could be expected from him, as he laboured under the disadvantage of not speaking either French or Italian; while his Highness had too many delicate secrets to divulge, to intrust them to any third person beside his own confidential interpreter, who was a proficient in these languages, but understood not a word of English.

In reply to the application made to him, Sir Alexander informed the Vizier that he had sent his own surgeon, with permission to pass a month in attendance on his Highness's person. With respect to the one by whom he had been recently attended, his Highness was free to detain him for an indefinite time. Accordingly, on the 23d of July, we embarked in the *Belle Poule* frigate, having under her convoy two light merchant vessels bound to Patras. On the evening of the 28th, we passed between the islands of Cephalonia and Zante, proceeding thence toward the Morea, and to within about fifteen miles of Patras. Our entrance was into a kind of bay leading to the Gulf of Lepanto, with the above islands, Ithaca, and other smaller ones, together with the main-land of Albania, surrounding us. The prevailing calms afforded me, to whom the scene was quite novel, a fine opportunity to contemplate the beauties of this portion of the Ionian isles, of Zante more especially, as they were successively displayed by the different bearings in our slow progress. It was not until the 4th of August, that, having disposed of our convoy, we found ourselves, on our return, nearly about the spot where we had made our entrance into the bay. On the 8th, we joined the *Magnificent*, the senior officer's ship on the station, lying a-breast of Corfu, and off the southern entrance. My colleague and myself went on board to explain the object of our mission, and were embarked in a transport then delivering supplies to the Adriatic squadron, with instructions to land us at Preveza, on the completion of that service. On the afternoon of the 12th, the transport, in entering the harbour of Preveza, struck on the bar, and lay aground for a considerable time. Here the view of the verdant banks on either side, with the fort, or seraglio, on the left, and the smaller fort at the point leading to the town;—of the groves extending from the beach, and other picturesque objects, in the foreground, contrasted with the lofty Albanian mountains, rising in a graduated scale, the one above the other, in the distance, in every direction except toward the sea, was most interesting.

It was dusk before we were extricated from this difficulty, to fall into another, which we fancied to be still more serious. We had heard a brisk cannonading kept up; and this proved to be from the long-boat of the *Magnificent*, which had pursued one of the enemy's small craft to within the limit of the Pacha's waters. We were not molested during the night, but at day-break were suddenly aroused by the approach of an armed force, headed by the Turkish commandant, and accompanied by the Greek governor of Preveza. The law of neutrality had been violated, and the unoffending transport sentenced to pay the fine of infraction; in other words, she was taken possession of; and what was to become of those on board, we were at a loss to conjecture. My companion, who was not a yet well recovered from his overnight's draught, was in a sad fright, and we both wished ourselves safely back to Malta. The angry scowl of the Turkish commandant, as he eyed us askant, would have quite appalled me, if I had not perceived a gracious smile on the naturally complacent countenance of the Greek governor, who was soon made acquainted with the particulars of our destination. The name of the Vizier operated on him like a charm; he assured us, through the interpreter, that we might freely command his best offices, and, as a proof of his sincerity, ordered our luggage to be embarked in his own boat. We followed, and having landed, were conducted by his people to the house of the British Vice-Consul, a Greek, who was then absent. We did not fare the worse on that account, for we were told by his brother to consider the dwelling, and whatever it contained, as our own. We were served with coffee and other refreshments by a Turk,* with a large mustachio, having a sabre at his side, and a brace of pistols in his belt. Whenever he entered the apartment, and at all times, in administering to our calls, or rather signs, he placed

his right hand on his breast, in token of submission to his new masters.

We spent the greater part of the morning in viewing the Bazaar, and the manufactures it contained, which we nicely inspected, watching the operations of the various trades in the distinct quarters they occupied. The streets through which we had to pass were crowded with Albanian soldiers, who were in general, without excepting the officers, very filthy in person and dress, but with highly polished arms. In drawing toward home, we were accosted by a young man, a Maltese, who had been some years detained as a prisoner of war at Corfu, where he had made himself master of the Romaic, or Modern Greek, and had since picked up a precarious subsistence among the Greek merchants, with whom he had travelled much in Epirus. He consented to act as our interpreter on our expedition to Jannina, on the condition of a free passage, on our return, to his native island.

On the morning of the 16th we embarked, and had a delightful sail up the Gulf of Arta to Salahora, where we took up our abode in the Seraglio, the fine apartments of which, we were told, probably as an excuse for the meanness and filthiness of the one assigned to us, were locked up. Next to us was lodged the Commandant, a Turk of a fierce and forbidding aspect, having under him five other Turks, as ragged as they were ill-omened, with the exception of a fine boy, whose sabre, we particularly remarked, had a silver handle. On this subject, my companion, who was over fond of speculation, ventured an hypothesis on which I forbear to make any comment. The Greek governor of Preveza, who had been so civil to us when on board the transport, reached Salahora shortly after our arrival, and invited us to sup and spend the night with him at the *Pêcherie*, or Preserve, where the fish are caught and cured. This invitation we declined, pleading as an excuse the necessity of rising early in the morning to prosecute our journey. He sent us, however, two delicate mullets, which, in the time of Apicius, would have brought a large sum at Rome; and one of these we presented to the Commandant.

* In Albania, the Greeks who held a public employment, had a Turkish attendant quartered on them, who served them as a protection, at the same time that he watched over their conduct.

Our cattle had been commanded for daybreak : but the peasant who brought them, thinking we had driven too hard a bargain with *him*, drove them off, and we had to procure others, which were not in readiness till eleven o'clock. This delay brought us into a closer alliance with our new acquaintances, the Turkish guard of Salahora, among whom we distributed a few piastres at parting. We had two guides, and six horses or mules, three for ourselves, and three for our luggage. Having passed over a heath interspersed with fields of Indian corn, which appeared to be the only cultivation, we reached the delightfully picturesque plain of Arta, itself a garden, which, if the affirmation of the Greeks is to be trusted, occupies the scite of the Garden of Eden. In approaching the town we fell in with a cavalcade, of five Turkish ladies with their attendants. From the sparkling vivacity of their eyes, we fancied two of them to be young ; and, the veil concealing the rest of their features, another effort of the imagination made them handsome.

The Commandant assigned us a lodging at a Greek house, facing the Bazar, where we were doomed to make some stay, as well to my grief, who longed to show myself at the Court of Jannina, as to the great molestation of our host and his charming family, who, while we occupied the best and only convenient apartments, were little better accommodated than the pigs they had to rear under the back shed. While the perspective was distant, my colleague bore up, without giving way to reflection ; but now that the mountain-top alone, over which we had to pass, concealed from our view our final destination and head-quarters, his mind misgave him, on a recollection of what he had done, and what he had left undone, on his former visit to the Albanian capital. He dreaded to urge forward his steps ; and he could not with any consistency, or on any decent pretext, retrace them to Preveza. Ever fertile in resources, it suddenly occurred to him that his head required a new *blacking*. He had purchased the receipt of a Jew, when last at Arta ; but, in conformity to the old Israelitish cus-

tom, the rogue had cheated him. The composition had not only failed on his own sconce, the grey hairs of which were still apparent ; but, on our passage to Albania, he had practised, to the great amusement of the frigate's officers, on two or three of the cabin-boys, the head of one of whom, owing perhaps to the peculiar temper of the hair, which was not to be provoked into a sombre cast, took a lively green, and brought to my recollection a portrait I saw in the exhibition at Somerset House.

The Greek lady, on whom he had been formerly billeted at this place, he had since been informed, possessed the genuine receipt, and would very obligingly condescend to black his head. For the small charge of a zechin she would bestow on me the like favour ; and I might have the receipt into the bargain. It was not politic, he said, in one who carried his years so well as I did, to wear a powdered head among the Turks, to whom the custom was unknown. They would not discriminate between nature and art ; and it would be humiliating to me to be considered by them as a grey-headed old fellow. So, gentle reader, to blackening we went.

My companion's head required two processes, for he was resolved to have the thing effectually done. Mine was to be finished off in one night ; and such a night it was, as I hope never to see again. In the dusk of the evening I repaired, somewhat reluctantly, to the lady's house, and found her stirring the ingredients in the gloomy caldron. During the scene which ensued, not a word passed on either side ; and the whole was managed by signs and nods, with true pantomimic force. In the first place, my head was well soaped and lathered ; it was next besmeared with paste made of a kind of fuller's earth ; and this being carefully washed off, the black fluid was applied scalding hot. Next came, I know not how many cloths, in which my head was enveloped ; and in this grim state I was put to bed, but not to sleep ; for I felt an intolerable itching of the part under treatment, and through so many layers of cloths, it was impossible to scratch.

About two in the morning, I heard some one steal softly into the chamber. O! dearee me, thought I within myself, can this be an assassin? Or is it the ghost of a Greek man-milliner, in quest of the newest fashions, come trippingly from the shades to take the measure of my head, wrapped in so many tasteful bandages?—It was no other than the master of the house, who was come to pay his adoration to the blessed Virgin, before whose pretty, innocent figure, a lamp was kept burning. The blacking-processes were tiresome enough; but his ejaculations, prostrations, inward mutterings, crossings, and crawl-thumpings, lasted still longer; and, what would have put me out of all patience, if the itching had left me an interval of calm repose, this was not the only visit he paid to his dear Madonna. On rising, my head was well lathered and cleansed, and I came home quite an altered figure, as I thought at least, for, on viewing myself in the glass, it appeared to me that my features and complexion were changed with the colour of my hair.

My colleague was so long engaged in a physiological inquiry, the nature of which he did not communicate to me, but which, as I suspect, regarded the varieties of the human race in their physical conformation, with our host and his brother, both honest sons of Crispin, that we did not leave Arta until toward noon of Monday the 21st; and this delay was productive both of accidents and frights. We had not proceeded more than a mile, when the poor doctor, overpowered by the Greek wine he had taken too freely in entertaining his guests, fell senseless from his saddle to the earth. Leaving the guides to remount him, and *right* him in his seat, the interpreter and myself moved on slowly, but the rest of the cavalcade did not follow. We waited, until at length, becoming quite impatient, I sent him back. Still nought was to be seen in advance for a long interval. I was alone; and what was to become of me, if another, and still more serious accident, had obliged my companions to retrace their steps to Arta? In this perplexity and alarm, I dismounted, and, giving too much of

the halter to my mule, in whose rear I was placed, the vicious animal saluted me with two kicks on the breast, which sent me sprawling and breathless among the furze. The cavalcade, which had been detained by other accidents that had befallen my unfortunate colleague, coming up at this juncture, a part of the luggage was shifted from a steady-going horse, which I mounted, to my refractory beast of a mule, who was so little satisfied with her new burden, that, taking the advantage of a steep descent, off she went with a cabriole, and off went my devoted trunk, bounding as it rolled like a shot fired *à ricochet*; or, to indulge in a more familiar simile, like the school-boy's pebble as it skims the surface of the lake.

At the distance of about three leagues, we reached the mountain—a portion of the Acroceraunian chain—we had to ascend. It was now dusk; and my colleague's terrors came upon him with a renewed force. The mountain recesses, he warned us, were infested by robbers, whom we might have to encounter as night drew on. "List! do you hear?" It was the barking of the shepherds' dogs;—and thus was every strange sound converted into a cause and motive of alarm. Near the summit of the mountain, several Albanian soldiers were *bivouacked*, and lying on their blankets in waiting their companions. We invited them to accompany us, at a piastre per head, and see us safely over what my companion represented as a very dangerous pass. They took our money, and, at the distance of a few paces, suddenly disappeared, well persuaded that we had nothing to fear. In reality, it was impossible to travel at that time, whether by night or by day, any where with more safety than in the Albanian territory.

It was near midnight before we reached the Caravansary, at the summit of the mountain, called "The Five Wells," there being that number of wells adjoining the building, for the accommodation of travellers. As there was no one apartment into which we could venture—for they all swarmed with fleas—we followed the example of the Greek merchants, who were trav-

elling, several of them with their wives and children, to the fair of Lârisa, and slept in the open air beneath a shed. We rose early in the morning, and, descending the mountain, came to the Caravansary at the entrance of the plain of Jannina. The scene which lay before us was beautiful. We proceeded until we came within sight of the lake, which, in connection with the town, and the Seraglio at the point, presented a charming feature of the landscape. The plain, to the full extent of our view, was occupied by pasture-grounds, interspersed with vineyards and plantations of maize. At six in the evening we drew near to the Colonel's residence; and it so chanc-

ed, that two respectable Greeks who had just paid him a visit, were seated on a bench without the fore-court, chatting, and inhaling the smoke from their long tubes, at the moment when my companion and myself, mounted on our steeds, and abreast, were about to make our entrance.—“What strange panic can have overtaken these Greeks?” was the reflection I made, when I saw them, after the one had whispered the other in his ear, scamper off as if sudden lightning, or the wrath of the gods, had threatened to overtake them.—Hasten, Signor Alexis, hasten home, to communicate the sad and unexpected tidings!

(Concluded in our next.)

(Lond. Mag.)

SPANISH ROMANCES.

IF the vicissitudes of ages have scarcely produced a change on the Spanish peasantry, so that they, to whom the inimitable pages of Cervantes are familiar, can see nothing new in the European peninsula;—the influence of song is still omnipresent and omnipotent;—if the strains of wisdom and eloquence often fall from the lips of the untutored, and the volumes of history appear familiar to the meanest villager;—if a spirit of joy and harmony is spread over mountain and valley—these, and more than these, have been produced by those beautiful and touching compositions, which, grafted on an oriental stock, have been conveyed from tongue to tongue, and have served to transfer from generation to generation, in all their strength, and all their freshness, the events, as well as the sympathies of other days.

Even in the obscure and trackless recesses, which have scarcely ever been trodden by the foot of a stranger, in spots beyond the influence of civilization, where the mass-book and the lives of the saints make up the sum total of the learning of the most learned; the historical *Romances* have served as the great depositaries, the faithful archives of all that is interesting in the chronicles of Spain, since *Rodrigo el Desdichado* completed the ruin which *Hitiza*

el Nefando had begun. Was wisdom ever conveyed in a more attractive form than that of these graceful and flowing strains? The recurring music of the *asonante*, that light echo of a rhyme, so much more harmonious than blank-verse, so much less restrained than any species of metrical prosody, adds singularly to the general charm; and depending wholly for its effect on the simple vowel sounds, whose melody is so much more soft and pure than any thing produced by a combination of letters, it falls on the ear like notes too distant for distinctness, yet producing “a concord of sweet sounds,” whose character can hardly be defined, tho’ it leaves an irresistible emotion of complacency and delight.

A history of Spain, from the fall of the Visigothic monarchy down to the present hour, might be formed from the existing Romances alone. A judicious inquirer would be able to extract a greater sum total of truth, communicated with greater energy and beauty in the *Romanceros* of the peninsula, than in all the chronicles of the convents or of the palace. But this is too extensive to be entered upon.

For the expression of warm and natural sentiments—for genuine pathos and tender feeling—for that impassioned eagerness which finds food for its

hopes and fears in every object of thought and sense ; in a word, for the eloquence of honest emotions, what is there can be compared with to the Romances of Spain ? Could I transplant my readers to the brown mountains of Andalusia, or the valleys of Bastan ; could I bid them dwell with me on those delightful recollections of hours, when in the brightest spring-tide of youth I joined the village-dance and listened to the peasant's tale ; could I point that enthusiasm, kindled in every countenance, and spreading like light through every bosom, "it would be something."

Every happy villager took his turn in the recitation, and such as these were the affecting and beautiful compositions we enjoyed :*

On my lap he slept, and my raven hair
Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there—
Love ! shall I rouse him to tell him so ?

O no ! O no !

I comb'd my raven locks, for he
Looked on these locks with ecstasy,
Which the wild breezes scattered,
Stealing the stragglers as they fled—
He was fann'd by those breezes—my raven

hair

Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there—
Love ! shall I rouse him to tell him so ?

O no ! O no !

He call'd me cruel—but if he knew
This heart of mine !—I heard him say,
My raven locks and my chesnut hue
Were his life's charm and his life's decay.
Syren ! he cried—and then he flew
To my lap, where he slept, and my raven

hair

Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there—
Love ! shall I rouse him and tell him so ?

O no ! O no !

Then some young swain doffed his
montero bonnet, and, his voice blending
with the tones of his guitar—the ever
faithful companion of Spanish verse—
in low and melancholy tones he sang :

Say, Juan, say, of what he died ?—
So young, so pensive, and so fair !
Of unrequited love he died—

What said he, shepherd ?—thou wert
there

When death stood threatening at his side—

* We have given the translation, but
omitted the Spanish.

—That of his pains the saddest pain
Was—he could not that pain declare—
He would not speak of that again.
Poor youth ! he had been scorn'd by pride—
Of unrequited love he died !

And when he felt the failing breath
Grow weak—what said he of his doom ?
That there are pains far worse than death,
And he had known them—thoughts of gloom
Shadow'd the portals of the tomb—
Some things he said—and none replied—
Of unrequited love he died !

And when the last, last throb drew nigh,
Before the fluttering spirit fled ?
—Soon, soon the pilgrim will be dead :
But there are thoughts which cannot die.
No more he felt, no more he said ;—
He sleeps upon the valley's side—
Of unrequited love he died !

Nor were the decorations which the
charms of nature offer to the enamour-
ed poet forgotten.

Two little streams o'er plains of green
Roll gently on—the flowers between,
But each to each defiance hurls—
All their artillery are pearls.
They foam, they rage, they shout,—and then
Rest in their silent beds again.
And melodies of peace are heard
From many a gay and joyous bird.

I saw a melancholy rill
Burst meekly from a clouded hill,
Another roll'd behind—in speed
An eagle, and in strength a steed ;
It reach'd the vale and overtook
Its rival in the deepest nook ;
And each to each defiance hurls—
All their artillery are pearls.
They foam, they rage, they shout—and then
Rest in their silent beds again.

And if two little streamlets break
The law of love for passion's sake,
How then should I a rival see,
Nor be inflam'd by jealousy ?
For is not love a mightier power
Than mountain stream, or mountain shower?

Sometimes the Romances of the once
adored Gongora were chosen. Gon-
gora, who, in the midst of his exagger-
ation and bombast, has a mine of natu-
ral feeling—a harmony almost unpar-
alleled, and a grace and facility of ex-
pression most rare and most delightful.

They are not all sweet nightingales
That fill with songs the flowery vales,
But they are little silver bells,
Touch'd by the winds in the smiling dells,
Magic harps of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love.

Think not the voices in the air
Are from some winged Syrens fair,
Playing among the dewy trees,
Chanting their morning mysteries.
O ! if you listen delighted there
To their music scatter'd o'er the dales,
They are not all sweet nightingales,
&c. &c.

O ! 'twas a lovely song—of art
To charm, of nature to touch the heart.
Sure 'twas some shepherd's pipe, which,
play'd
By passion, fills the forest's shade—
No ! 'tis music's diviner part
Which o'er the yielding spirit prevails—
They are not all sweet nightingales,
&c. &c.

In the eye of love, that all things sees,
The fragrance-breathing jacinth-trees,
And the golden flowers, and the sloping hill,
And the ever melancholy rill,
Are full of holiest sympathies,
And tell of love a thousand tales—
They are not all sweet nightingales
That fill with songs the cheerful vales,
But they are little silver bells
Touch'd by the wind in the smiling dells,
Harps of gold in the secret grove,
Making music for her I love.

—
Or in the old pathetic language of
Juan de Linares :—

Shepherdess ! say, what wilt thou do
When thou shalt find me far removed ?
—O ! I shall love thee fond and true,
Better than I have ever loved.

Ere I am sunder'd far from thee
Say, do my sorrows wound thy breast ?
—Shepherd ! the farewell's misery
Cannot in idle words be drest.
Tell me thy thoughts, thy feelings too,
Thou who my sorrow's balm hast proved ?
—O ! I shall love thee, fond and true,
Better than I have ever loved.

Tell me, my joy, when I am fled
What wilt thou do when thinking of me ?
—I will follow thy fancied shade
Wheresoever I followed thee.
But if time from thy distant view
Drive the thoughts of him who roved—
—Nay ! I will love thee, fond and true,
Better than I have ever loved.

How shall I credit thee—how conceive
That thou wilt love as loving now ?
—Silly shepherd ! O ! rather believe
Absence fans the lover's glow.

Heavenly sounds—sure one who knew
Love's art so well, ne'er faithless proved !
—No ! I will love thee, fond and true,
Better than I have ever loved.

Or this old Romance of Cardona :—

Sad was the noble cavalier,
Sad, and without a smile was he,
With many a sigh and many a tear
He linger'd on his misery :
O what has driven me, my dear !
O what has driven me from thee ?
How can I live in exile here,
Far from all past felicity,
While memory's eyes in vision clear
By night and day thy image see ?
And nought is left but shadows drear,
Of that departed ecstasy.
O absence sad ! O fate severe !
How busy fancy sports with me,
And to the sweet maid's worshipper
Paints the sweet maid resplendently.
Then bitter woe seems bitterer :—
In vain I strive with destiny
And seek through passion's waves to steer,
For I am whelm'd in passion's sea.

Such are some of the memorials
which days of early happiness confided
to memory. Every now and then they
rush upon the mind “redolent of joy
and youth.” To criticize the sources
of pure and peaceful pleasure were most
idle—I choose not to ask whether such
compositions as these are conformable
to the rules of the Stagyrice. To me
they are sacred. They are part of my
young devotion—of my faith and my
creed. If happiness be the end of
living, these have been to me the
elements of happiness. A thousand
pleasurable associations still mingle
with the vibrations of these touching
and natural *Romances*. With him, who
cannot feel their beauty, I choose not
to dispute—he is not to be envied,
scarcely to be loved. I rejoice that I
have a storehouse of pleasure whose
portals are locked up to him—a store-
house crowded with real and substan-
tial *good*—with enjoyment gathered in
from the purest sources, assuming the
fairest forms—throwing over days of
sorrow a charm of composing tender-
ness, and mellowing hours of joy into a
staid and sober lustre. B.

(Lit. Gaz.)

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

NOTES TAKEN AT ADVISING THE ACTION OF DAMAGES AND DEFAMATION, ALEXANDER C M, JEWELLER, IN EDINBURGH, AGAINST MR. JAMES R . . . LL, SURGEON. BY G. C. ESQ.*

Lord Pres. (Campbell.) Your Lordships have Petition of Alex. Cunningham against Lord B——s Interlocutor. It is a case of Defamation and Damages for calling the Petitioner's Diamond Beetle an Egyptian Louse.

You have the Lord Ordinary's very distinct Interlocutor on pages 29 and 30 of the petition: "Having considered the condescendence of the Pursuer, answers for the Defendant, and so on, finds in respect it is not alleged that the diamonds on the back of the Diamond Beetle are real diamonds, or any thing but shining spots, such as are found on other Diamond Beetles, which likewise occur, though in a smaller number of other Beetles, somewhat different from the Beetle libelled, similar to which there may be Beetles in Egypt, with shining spots on their backs, which may be termed Lice there, and may be different not only from the common Louse mentioned by Moses as one of the plagues of Egypt, which is admitted to be a filthy, troublesome Louse, even worse than the said Louse which is clearly different from the Louse libelled; but the other Louse is the same with or similar to the said Beetle, which is also the same with the other Beetle, and although different from the said Beetle libelled, yet as the same Beetle is similar to the other Beetle, and the said Louse to said Beetle, and the said Beetle to the other Louse libelled, and the said Louse to the other Beetle, which is the same with or similar to the Beetle which somewhat resembles the Beetle libelled, assolizes the Defender, and finds expences due."

Say away, my Lords.

Lord M—b—k. This is a very intricate and puzzling question, my Lord. I have formed no decided opinion, but at present I am rather inclined to think the Interlocutor is right, though not upon the ratio assigned in it. It appears to me there are two points for consideration: 1st, Whether the words libelled amount to a convicium against the Beetle. 2d, Admitting the convicium, whether the Pursuer is entitled to found upon it in this action.

Now, my Lord, if there be a convicium at all, it consists in the comparatio, or comparison, of the Scarabæus, or Beetle, with the Egyptian Pediculus, or Louse. The first doubt regards this point, but it is not at all founded on what the Defender alleges, that there is no such animal as an Egyptian Pediculus in rerum natura; for though it does not actually exist, it may possibly exist, and whether its existence is in esse or posse is the same to this question, provided there be termini habiles for ascertaining what it would be if it did exist. But my doubt lies here—How am I to discover what is the essentia of any Louse, whether Egyptian or not? It is very easy to describe it by its accidents as a naturalist, Apterā, (or that it is a little, filthy, yellow, greedy, despicable reptile;) but we do not learn from this what the proprium of the animal is in a logical sense, and still less what are its differentia. Now without these it is impossible to judge whether there is a convicium or not; for in a case of this kind, which sapit naturam delicti, we must take the words in meliori sensu, and presume the comparatio to be in melioribus tantum. And I here beg that the parties, and the bar, and general—(Interrupted by Lord H—m—d,—"Your Lordship should address yourself to the Chair.") I say, my Lord, I beg it may be understood that I do not rest my opinion upon the ground that veritas convicii excusat: I am clear that although the Beetles actually were an Egyptian Pediculus, it would afford no relevant defence, pro-

* This clever jeu d'esprit belongs to the northern Capitol. Its writer, one of the most distinguished men of his time, will not, we trust, be displeased at our giving publicity to a playful satire which could hardly pain any personal feeling, and which affords so humorous a picture of not only the Court of Session, but of courts of law generally, where much ingenious trifling, mis-called labour, is often wasted in making plain matters obscure.

viding the calling it so were a convicium; and there my doubt lies.

With regard to the 2d point, I am satisfied that the Scarabæus, or Beetle himself, has no personi standi in judicio, and therefore the Pursuer cannot insist in the name of the Scarabæus, or for his behoof. If the action lies at all, it must be at the instance of the Pursuer himself, as the Verus Dominus of the Scarabæus, for being calumniated through the convicium directed principally against the animal standing in that relation to him.

Lord H—m—d. We heard a little ago, my Lord, that this is a difficult case. I have not been fortunate enough, for my part, to find out where the difficulty lies. Will any man presume to tell me that a Beetle is not a Beetle, or that a Louse is not a Louse? I never saw the Petitioner's Beetle, and what is more, I don't care whether I ever see it or not; but I suppose it's like other Beetles, and that's enough for me.

But, my Lord, I know the other reptile well. I have seen them, my Lord—I have felt them ever since I was a child in my mother's arms; and my mind tells me that nothing but the deepest and blackest malice rankling in the human heart could have suggested this comparison, or led any man to form a thought so injurious and insulting. But, my Lord, there is more here than all that—a great deal more. One would think that the Defender could have gratified his spite to the full by comparing this Beetle to a common Louse—an animal sufficiently vile and abominable for the purpose of defamation—Shut that outer door there.—He adds, my Lord, the epithet "Egyptian." I well know what he means by that epithet—he means, my Lord, a Louse which has fattened in the head of a gipsy or tinker, undisturbed by the comb, and unmolested in the enjoyment of its native filth. He means a Louse ten times larger and ten times more abominable than those with which your Lordship or I am familiar. The Petitioner asks redress for this injury so atrocious and so aggravated, and as far as my voice goes, he shall not ask it in vain.

Lord C—g. I am of the opinion

last delivered. It appears to me slanderous and calumnious to compare a Diamond Beetle to the filthy and mischievous animal labelled. By an Egyptian Louse, I understand one which has been found in the head of a native Egyptian, a race of men who, after degenerating for many centuries, have sunk at last into the abyss of depravity in consequence of having been subjugated for a time by the French. I do not find that Turgot or Condorcet, or the rest of the economists, ever reckoned combing the head a species of productive labour. I conclude, therefore, that wherever French principles have been propagated, lice grow to an immoderate size, especially in a warm climate like that of Egypt. I shall only add, that we ought to be sensible of the blessings we enjoy under a free and happy Constitution, where Lice and men live under the restraints of equal laws—the only equality that can exist in a well-regulated state.

Lord B—l—to. Awn for refusing the petition. There more Lice nor Beetles in Fife. They call Beetles Clokes there. I thought when I read the petition, that the Beetle, or Bettle, had been the thing that the women has when they are washing towels or napery, and things for dadding them with. And I see this Petitioner is a jeweller till his trade, and I thought that he had made one of thir Beetles, and set it all round with diamonds, and I thought it an extravagant and foolish idea; and I see no resemblance it could have to a Louse. But, I find I was mistaken, my Lord, and I find it is only a Beetle Cloke the Petitioner has; but my opinion's the same it was before. I say, my Lord, Awn for refusing the petition I say.

L—d W—st—lec. There is a case abridged in the 3d Volume of the Dictionary of Decisions (Chalmers versus Douglas,) in which it was found that veritas convicii excusat, which may be rendered not literally, but in a free and spirited manner, according to the most approved principles of translation, "The truth of a calumny affords a relevant defence." If, therefore, it be the law of Scotland, which I am clearly of opinion it is, that the truth of a

calumny affords a relevant defence ; and if it be likewise true that a Diamond Beetle is really an Egyptian Louse, I am really inclined to conclude, though certainly the case is attended with difficulty, that the Defender ought to be assoilzied.—Refuse.

Lord J. C. R.—e. I am very well acquainted with the Defender in this action, and have a great respect for him, and esteem him likewise. I know him to be a skilful and expert surgeon, and also a good man, and I would do a great deal to serve him, if I had it in my power to do so ; but I think on this occasion that he has spoken rashly, and, I fear foolishly and improperly. I hope he had no bad intention—I am sure he had not. But the Petitioner, for whom I have likewise a great respect, has a Clock, or a Beetle—I think it is called a Diamond Beetle—which he is very fond of, and has a fancy for ; and the Defender has compared it to a Louse, or a Bug, or a Flea, or something of that kind, with a view to make it despicable or ridiculous, and the Petitioner so likewise, as the proprietor or owner of it. It is said that this beast is a Louse in fact, and that the veritas convicii excusat. And mention is made of a decision in the case of Chalmers against Douglas. I have always had a great veneration for the decisions of your Lordships, and I am sure will always continue to have while I sit here ; but that case was determined by a very small majority, and I have heard your Lordships mention it on various occasions, and you have always desiderated the propriety of it, and I think have departed from it in some instances. I remember the circumstances of the case very well. Helen Chalmers lived in Musselburgh, and the Defender, Mrs. Baillie, lived in Fisher Row. And at that time there was much intercourse between the genteel inhabitants of Musselburgh, and Fisher Row, and Inveresk, and likewise Newbigging ; and there were balls, or dances, or assemblies, every fortnight, and also sometimes, I believe, every week. And there were likewise card-assemblies once a fortnight, or oftener, and the young people danced there also, and others played at cards ; and there

were various refreshments, such as tea and coffee, and butter and bread, and I believe, but I am not sure, porter and negus, and likewise small-beer. And it was at one of these assemblies that Mrs. Baillie called Mrs. Chalmers a —, or an aduress, and Mrs. Chalmers brought an action of defamation before the Commissaries, and it came by advocacy into this Court ; and your Lordships allowed a proof of the veritas convicii, and it lasted a long time, and answered in the end no good purpose even to the Defender himself, while it did much harm to the character of the Pursuer.

I am, therefore, for refusing such a proof in this case ; and I think the Petitioner and his Beetle have been slandered, and the petition ought to be seen.

Lord P—k—t. It should be observed, my Lords, that what is called a Beetle is a reptile well known in this country. I have seen mony a ane o' them on Drumsherlin Muir. It's a little black beastie about the size o' my thoom-nail. The country-people ca' them Cloks, and I believe they ca' them also Maggy wi' the money feet. But this is no the least like any Louse I ever saw ; so that in my opinion, though the Defender may have made a blunder through ignorance in comparing them, there does not seem to me to have been any animus injuriandi ; therefore I am for refusing the petition, my Lords.

L—d M—n. If I understand this—a—a—a—Interlocutor, it is not said that the—a—a—a—Egyptian Lice are Beetles, but that they may be, or—a—a—a—resemble Beetles. I am, therefore, for sending this process to the Ordinary to ascertain that fact, as I think it depends upon that whether there be—a—a—a—a—convicium or not. I think also that the Petitioner should be ordained to—a—a—a—a—to produce his Beetle, and the—a—a—a—a—Defender an Egyptian Louse ; and if he has not one, he should take a diligence—a—a—a—to recover Lice of various kinds, and these may be—a—a—a—a—remitted to—a—a—a—Dr. Monro, or to—a—a—a—Mr. Playfair, or to other naturalists, to report upon the subject.—Agreed to.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(Lit. Gaz.)

HERE I COME AGAIN.*

COMICAL stories them, Mr. Editor, about the lemmings and foxes; and perhaps many people would doubt the truth of the account, and the traveller to the North Cape be considered cousin-german to Baron Munchausen. In such matters I am little skilled; but the following plain statement of facts was given by old Ben Marlin to some young sprigs of fashion, who listened with wonder and astonishment:—"Why aye, young gentlemen, you may well say sailors see strange things. They are a sort of hum-fib-ius animals, that often stand in the imminent deadly breach, as Shakespur has it; for d'ye see, the breech of a gun is its stern, as a body may say; and I've often elevated and depress'd my breech when the shots were flying about so thick, that you couldn't stick a marlin-spike atwixt 'em. Well, I often wonder I didn't get knock'd down in the many blow-ups I've been in, but suppose I was bomb-proof. I remember when I was boatswain's mate of the Firefly frigate, Captain Tommyhawk, we were cruising off the coast of Norway to look for the flying Dutchman, 'cause, d'ye see, the Nabob of Arcot—him as lives at Pondicherry, in the north of Scotland—had sent an express to the Lords of the Admiralty in a fire-balloon, to inform 'em she was cruizing about there, to the great annoyance of our *merry-time* subjects; so we were commissioned to send the ghost aloft in a shower of Congreve's rockets. Well, d'ye see, we'd got as far northward as sixty-six, when one afternoon, about three o'clock, it being then pitch-dark, we catch'd sight of her. Up comes Captain Tommyhawk; he was a *rum* subject, always full of *sprits*, and so was the first Lieutenant for matter o'that. Well, we made all sail in chace, and

the officers swore it was she; for which ever way we put the ship's head, still she was on the starboard-bow, and none but a fan-tom could do that. The rockets were prepared, the matches were lighted; and just as we were going to fire, the officer of the watch discovered we had been chasing the anchor-stock that stuck up above the cat-head, and loom'd large in the dark; but that warn't the best of it, for it came on to blow great guns. The wind was at south-sou-north, and we lay a north-east and by west course. The night was as black as the Emperor of Morocco; however, we got her under cleef'd pudding-bags, balanced the cook's apron for a try-sail, and stow'd the masts down in the hold. Away she went—sky-pole and bobbing-pole, scupper-hole and hawse-hole, all under water. It took five men to hold the Captain's hat on, and we were obliged to shove our heads down the hatchways to draw breath. The first Lieutenant had all his hair blown off, and has worn a wig ever since. The Boatswain's call was jamm'd so fast in his jaws, that it took a dozen men to bowse it out with a watch-tackle. The Master was bellowing through his speaking-trumpet, when a squall took every tooth out of his head as clean as a whistle. His gums were as bare as the hour he was born, but that didn't matter; he lived on suction, grog, and bacca, though he's chew'd upon it ever since. Oh what a sight to see the whales and dolphins jumping over us just like flying fish! and a shark swallowed the jolly-boat at one gulp! We drove all night, and about eleven o'clock next forenoon, just as day began to break, we heard a most tremendous roaring; it was like—but I can't tell you what it was like. The charts were examined, and every body pull'd long faces, for it was discovered to be the Moll-strum, that swallows every thing up. My eyes, there was a pretty predicckment! When it was broad day-light, we were close to it, and nothing could save us.

* Our humorous Correspondent will raise many a laugh by his characteristic Burlesque on Travellers who go their lengths: for ourselves we disclaim all direct allusions and personalities, though names are named in the way of illustration.—Ed.

You've seen soap-suds run round in a ring down a gully-hole? Well, what do you think of a whirlwind—a whirlpool I mean, whose horror-face was as wide as it is from here to Jerusalem? Ah, you may stare! but it was a complete earthquake. Up comes the Chaplain, and he soon began his dive-ocean, for a lump of a sea lifted him up above the heads of the people, and overboard he vent; but we saw him afterwards on the back of a grampus, making the best of his way to the North Pole. Well, we were suck'd in, and run round and round, just as people do when they run down from the top of the Monument; but still we kept on an even keel, though I'm certain we went at the rate of fifty miles a minute, and floated on the surface of the whirlpool. They said this was occasioned by gravitation. I know we were all grave enough upon the occasion, expecting to be buried alive. Well, we kept at this for some hours, and then the Captain swore we should come out on the opposite side of the globe; and he supposed the French man who found out that the variation of the compass proceeded from an internal motion, had gone that way before us. For my part I couldn't tell what to make of it. Well, we kept at this, as I told you before, for some hours, when it began to get plaguy hot, and the water steam'd again. 'Boiling springs!' says the Captain; 'we're under Lapland, and the witches are all at work under this huge cauldron!' We had only to dip our beef overboard, and it was cook'd in two minutes! Well, young gentlemen, we soon found out where we were; for though 'twas as dark—aye, as black as my hat one minute, yet in an instant, in an amagraphy, I may say, we burst from the water into the middle of a roaring fire, and was shot out of the top of Mount Hecla like a pellet from a pop-gun. How would you like that now? How high we went I can't say, but the sparks got hold of the rockets and set them off; and I understand the Anstronomer Royal, at the house up there, was looking out that night, and took it for a whole fleet of comets. We had a fine bird's-eye view of the world—saw Cap-

tain Parry jamm'd up in the ice, Captain Franklin chasing the wolves, and Mr. Brookes killing the lemmings. Well, I can't say how high we went. Says the Master, says he, 'A little higher, my lads, and we shall be able to catch hold of the tail of the Great Bear, pass a lawser round it, and make fast to repair damages; but mind your helm, boy, or you'll spur us on to Bootes, knock Kiss-you-peeper out of her chair, or run away with the Northern Crown—though the Eniperor of Russia takes pretty good care of that.' However, we didn't go quite so high, but come rattling down in a tremendous hurry, passed close to Riggles in Li o, and nearly poked the eye out of Medusa's head. Well, we fell at last upon a mountain of snow, keel downwards; it broke our fall, and happily we sustained but little injury—made a fine dock for ourselves—shored the frigate up—got all ataunt in a few days—and waited for the melting of the snow; when one morning the stocks fell, and we were left upon the wide ocean. The fact was, we had tumbled on to the back of a kraken that had been asleep for a century; the snow had gathered upon him in mountains; our thump woke him, though I suppose it took a fortnight to do it thoroughly; down he went, and we returned in safety to Old England! Here I am, you see, God bless His Majesty!—all dangers past—safe moored at last in Greenwich Hospital. I've nothing to complain of but one thing, and I think if I was to write to the Commander-in-chief at the Parliament-House, he'd take it under his pious consideration; and that's this here: We ought to get our bacca duty free, as we used to do in actual service. My old Captain, Sir Joseph, might *jaw a bit* about it, and come *York* over 'em; and Sir Isaac Coffin, however *grave* on other subjects, ought not to be *mute* in this, but commence *undertaker* in the cause, that we mayn't get *pall'd* at last, and have it *shrouded* in obscurity, or *buried* in oblivion; for d'ye see, right Virginia is a *baccanailian* treat to such a dry *quid* nunx as

AN OLD SAILOR.

BIOGRAPHY OF ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

(Literary Gazette.)

ISMAEL FITZADAM.

THE early readers of our Gazette may remember how deep an interest we took in the poetical publications which were given to the world under the assumed name above inscribed. We found the author in misfortune, and we did our humble endeavours to serve him; but an honest pride and sense of independence, even in the midst of the severest distress, rendered our efforts less efficacious than we desired. For the little we could accomplish, we were amply repaid by the grateful feelings we had the pleasure to excite in a breast of no ordinary cast; and our columns were enriched by many contributions from the pen of this gifted writer. Depression of spirits, and a cankering sorrow at the neglect which he experienced from the world, and especially from the profession (the naval service) to which he had devoted his broken hopes, preyed on FITZADAM's health, and he left London with an almost broken heart, after vainly trying to attract that notice which seems only to wait upon wealthy bards and the sunny favorites of trade and speculation. His manly mind shrunk from the baser arts by which some contrive to rise, and he retired, as we now learn, to his native land—to die. It is with sincere grief that we copy the following from the *Erne Packet* or *Enniskillen Chronicle*; for though only known to us as ISMAEL FITZADAM, we saw enough of this gentleman to convince us how well he deserved a happier destiny and a brighter fame.

"It is inexpressibly painful to us this day to record the death of a dear and invaluable friend, Mr. John Macken, brother to the late Patrick Macken, A. B., of T. C. D., and eldest son of Mr. Richard Macken, of Brookeborough, in this county. In announcing the decease of this highly talented gentleman, which took place on the 7th instant, we confess ourselves so overcome by our private feelings of regret at his loss, as to be unable at present to give even a faint outline of his inestimable character. He stood in a two-fold relation

to us—he was our kinsman and our fellow editor, and it is but justice to his memory to state here that he was the first who proposed to us, and who assisted in planning, the establishment of this Journal. Aided and encouraged by his master mind we commenced the work, always secure of the best literary support in his co-operation—and to his exertions do we chiefly attribute the present flattering eminence which the *Erne Packet* has attained in public esteem. Those terse and elegant compositions both of prose and poetry, which have so often edified and delighted the readers of our paper, were all his own.—He was possessed of a great natural genius—of a refined judgment—and a pure classical taste; his understanding was well cultivated, and his mind richly stored with polite literature.—He was a poet from his earliest youth, and might be said, with the celebrated Pope, to have 'lisp'd in numbers.' He went to London some years ago, and there, under the assumed name of FITZADAM, which his modesty induced him to adopt, published several of his poetical productions, which drew from the critical Reviews of the day unqualified praise and admiration. His country's honour and the well being of society, were among the first objects of his heart. The former suggested to him his admired poem entitled '*The Harp of the Desert*,' commemorative of the Battle of Algiers, and dedicated to Lord Exmouth, the commander on that memorable occasion.—We blush to say that this native Genius met no support or encouragement in this, the country of his birth. He had no friend nor patron but

- - - 'He whose diadem has dropt
Yon gems of Heaven.'

To use his own words in some of his works, he was insulated and unnoticed as the lonely contemporary flower of the valley. His life was like the brilliant but fugitive and barren scenery of a summer heaven—bright only by reflection. Ill health deterred him when abroad from many literary undertak-

ings which would have developed his talents and brought his merit to light. In social life he was equally qualified. His manners were highly polished and attractive—he was at once an elegant and instructive companion, and endeared himself to all by the ingenuousness of his disposition and the hilarity of his temper. He bore his tedious illness with true christian patience, and up to the period of his dissolution retained the perfect use of his faculties. His death-bed was like that of the divine Addison, a scene of piety and resignation which might almost be envied.

He taught us how to live; and oh! too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die.

He will be deeply regretted by his afflicted parents and family, who will long mourn over his irreparable loss. He was most dear to them in life, and will be ever dear to them even in death."

To this account it affords us a melancholy consolation to add a beautiful tribute of talent—not unworthy of FITZADAM, and breathing a tone of poetic feeling which will gratefully embalm his memory.

"A pilgrim of the harp was he,
With half a heart for chivalry;
The lone, the marvellous, the wild,
Had charmed his spirit, man and child;
Graduate in Nature's elder school
Of forms all grand and beautiful,
Her manuscript divinely wrought,
God's own miraculous polyglot,
Speaking in one all languages,
He studied rocks, and stars, and seas,
No other inspiration his.
But chief the deep his worship won,
The illimitable ocean nurst thereon.

— — — — —
His was, indeed, such wayward doom
As seldom 'gainst man's sin is hurled:
His horoscope was dashed with gloom,
His cloud came with him to the world,
And clipped him round, and weighed him
down,

A deep, revokeless, malison."
The Harp of the Desert—Fitz Adam.

It was a harp just fit to pour
Its music to the wind and wave,—
He had a right to tell their fame
Who stood himself amid the brave.

The first time that I read his strain
There was a tempest on the sky,
And sulphurous clouds, and thunder crash,
Were like dark ships and battle-cry.

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I had forgot my woman's fears,
In thinking on my country's fame,
Till almost I could dream I saw
Her colours float o'er blood and flame.

Died the high song as dies the voice
Of the proud trumpet on the wind;
And died the tempest too, and left
A gentle twilight hour behind.

Then paused I o'er some sad wild notes,
Sweet as the spring bird's lay withal,
Telling of hopes and feelings past,
Like stars that darkened in their fall.

Hopes perishing from too much light,
"Exhausted by their own excess,"
Affections trusted, till they turned,
Like Marah's wave, to bitterness.

And is this then, the curse that clings
To minstrel hope, to minstrel feeling?
Is this the cloud that destiny
Flings o'er the spirit's high revelling?

It is—it is! tread on thy way,
Be base, be grovelling, soulless, cold,
Look not up from the sullen path
That leads to this world's idol—gold.

And close thy hand, and close thy heart,
And be thy very soul of clay,
And thou wilt be the thing the crowd
Will worship, cringe to, and obey.

But look thou upon Nature's face,
As the young Poet loves to look;
And lean thou where the willow leans,
O'er the low murmur of the brook.

Or worship thou the midnight sky,
In silence at its moonlit hour;
Or let a single tear confess
The silent spell of music's power.

Or love, or feel, or let thy soul
Be for one moment pure or free,
Then shrink away at once from life,—
Its path will be no path for thee.

Pour forth thy fervid soul in song—
There are some that may praise thy lays;
But of all earth's dim vanities,
The very earliest is praise.

Praise! light and dew of the sweet leaves
Around the Poet's temples hung,
How turned to gall, and how profaned
By envious or by idle tongue!

Given by vapid fools, who laud
Only if others do the same;
Forgotten even while the breath
Is on the air that bears your name.

And He! what was his fate, the bard,
He of the Desert Harp, whose song
Flowed freely, wildly, as the wind
That bore him and his harp along?

That fate which waits the gifted one,
To pine, each finer impulse check'd;
At length to sink, and die beneath
The shade and silence of neglect.

And this the polish'd age, that springs,
The Phoenix from dark years gone by,

That blames and mourns the past, yet
leaves

Her warrior and her bard to die.

To die in poverty and pride,
The light of hope and genius past,
Each feeling wrong, until the heart
Could bear no more, so broke at last.

Thus withering amid the wreck
Of sweet hopes, high imaginings,
What can the minstrel do, but die,
Cursing his too beloved strings!—
L. E. L.

MR. THELLUSON.

The late Mr. Peter Isaac Thelluson, whose name is immortalized by one of the most extraordinary testamentary deeds on record, was a native of France. Early in life, he settled as a merchant in London, and made there that immense fortune which became the subject of his will. It amounted to about seven hundred thousand pounds. To his wife and children, he left £100,000. The residue he bequeathed to certain trustees, who were to lay it out in the purchase of estates in En-

gland, and to lay out all the accumulating proceeds from these estates in the same manner, until all the male children of his sons and grandsons should be dead. If at that remote period there should be any of his lineal descendants alive, the whole of the Thelluson property is to be theirs, on condition that if they are of a different name, they shall assume that of their magnificent benefactor. Before this can happen, however, it is estimated that from ninety to one hundred and twenty years must elapse. If the succession should open at the first of these periods, the property will amount to about thirty-five millions! if not till the last, to one hundred and forty millions! Should there, however, be none of the line of Thelluson existing at the demise of all the male children of his sons and grandsons, then the whole of the estates are to be sold, and the money applied to the *sinking fund*, under the direction of Parliament.

THE HORRORS OF A HACKNEY COACH.

(Ackerman's Rep.)

SIR,

I AM the husband of one of the best women in the world; she is a perfect *dab* at pickling and preserving (Heaven *preserve* her for it); she is an excellent housewife, and manages all my matters most admirably; is genteel but not extravagant, sensible but not affected; was famous for drawings of beautiful children till she had two of her own; played charmingly on the piano-forte to my singing till the arrival of the aforesaid children, who now lay her under contribution for all her stock of old jigs, waltzes, &c. that they may dance to them.

All these, and many more, good qualities belong to her; but, alas! sir, there is one drawback: she is very nervous in a hackney-coach; and as she is not strong enough to take long walks, I am often obliged to employ one of those *very civil* gentlemen, vulgarly called *Jarveys*; and I can assure you, that the variety of her fears are such during a ride of a couple of miles, that, however fearless I may be when

I get into the coach, I am almost as nervous as herself at the end of the journey, and quite as glad to get out.

Sometimes she thinks the driver is too young, and then she says, "My love, that *boy* can never understand driving, *we shall certainly be overturned.*" If he chances to be very old, then she is afraid that he can neither see, nor hear, nor have strength enough to avoid danger, and then she assures me that *we shall certainly be overturned.* If the man is a smart natty fellow, and the horses good (and you do now and then meet with such, though it is a rare matter), and shews off a little in driving, turning the corners to an inch, and twisting and twirling most dexterously in and out of the almost inextricable intricacies of the city high-road navigation, if I may so call it, she colours up, and really *works hard* in pulling at, and holding by, the straps inside of the vehicle; and is either most dismally silent, or gives occasionally a most interesting "Lord have mercy upon us! *we shall certainly be*

overturned;" but if her lips are silent, her eyes at such a moment *look unutterable things*. If he is a slow dull *Jehu*, and has to drive about mid-day down Fish-street-Hill, over London-bridge, and along that delicious avenue, the narrow part of the *Borough*, as it is called; then, although the driver seems careful and deliberate enough, yet she is prophesying every five minutes, that *we shall certainly be overturned* by a brewer's dray, overwhelmed by a waggon load of hops, or have a wheel taken off by one of those *nasty* Greenwich coachmen, who always drive to the eighth of a hair. Certainly some of these matters are enough to shake the nerves of any *man*, and I do think that if Phaeton himself could contrive to take this drive in a shaky old *rattler* (*anglice*, hackney-coach), he would be almost as much alarmed as when he overturned the chariot of the Sun, and set the world on fire. One odd fancy of my good lady's is, that it would be a very awkward thing if Waterloo, or any of the other bridges, should give way just as she was going over it, and she is consequently additionally uneasy till we are fairly across them.

In the evening, when we happen to ride, if every thing goes on quietly, and there is no stoppage in the streets, then she is sure to fancy the coachman is drunk, and cannot persuade herself but that he is *reeling* on his box at every jerk of the coach: certainly this is far from an impossible occurrence, but then I tell her, by way of consolation, that if the man is drunk, the horses are generally *very sober*, and know what they are about too well to get into any danger. If it happens that we are returning at night from any short distance in the country, then, as there can be no possible danger of running

against any thing but a turnpike gate, she amuses herself with fears of robbers. "Only think, my dear, suppose the fellow should be in league with highwaymen? Lord! we shall be robbed and have our throats cut!" I believe she has read of some such thing in an old *Newgate Calendar*: to be sure, this is only an out-of-town fear, and when we reach the gas-lights, it gives place to one of her London fears. The *cabriolets* have been out so short a time, that we have not yet tried them; but I do not expect she will get into one, for she has decided (and I think properly), that no *lady* can ride in them, because of having to sit in complete contact with the driver.

These, and many other matters, serve to alarm my wife almost to distraction, *inside* of a hack; but there is another desperate thing which annoys her most excessively, and that is, if I should happen to have a dispute about the fare with *Jarvis* when we get out: she cannot bear it, and I have often given them the overcharged sixpence or shilling, rather than have a *row* with them in her company. The other day, when I knew a fellow had cheated me of a shilling, I just ventured to hint to him, that I knew where the Hackney-Coach Office in Essex-street was, and might perhaps trouble him to walk before the commissioners; upon which he very coolly d——d Essex-street, taking especial care not to d——n the commissioners; and I, fearful of a volley of the same sort of thing, pocketed the affront, and walked off.

I do not know any great good that my complaining to you will produce; but it always makes one's heart lighter to vent one's grief; and, therefore, hoping for your commiseration and that of your readers, I remain, sir, yours, &c.

REUBEN RIDEABOUT.

SPANISH GUITAR SONG.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

O, lady! wilt thou think of me,
All in the lone and lovely hour,
When evening's sun is on the sea,
When evening's breath is in thy bower?
Sweet lady, will that diamond eye
Be darken'd with a tender tear,

For one, who loving, lost as I,
Will be in spirit hovering here?
Yet 'tis a dream; this beating heart
Must love, though all its love be vain.
Come winds and waves. At once I part
From all I prize, from thee and Spain.

(Ack. Repos.)

FRENCH FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

PARIS, June 10.

MADAME BELLE-TAILLE rose to call the attention of the Chamber to the subject of fashions. She thought it highly necessary that some striking alteration should take place in evening dress: it was now a long time since either the materials or the form of grand costume had varied considerably; and it was a duty imperative upon that Chamber, to whom all Europe looked for fashions, not to let the present session go over without devising some that would uphold the high estimation in which French taste was universally held. She rose therefore to move for a revival of the naked drapery worn by the Roman ladies, a costume which was at once light, elegant, and appropriate, particularly for the ball-room; and would be found so strikingly novel, that it could not fail to meet with the entire approbation of all amateurs of the science of dress.

Madame La Baronne Très-Gothique could not help observing, that in the honourable member's zeal for French taste, she had forgot a little what was due to French modesty; and it struck her also, that the styling a very old fashion a striking novelty was what an Englishman would call a bit of a bull: however, she might perhaps be mistaken, and if so, the older a fashion was, of course the more novel: therefore she begged to propose the revival of one more ancient still; she meant the fig-leaf apron first introduced by *Madame Eve*.

Madame Belle-Taille in reply despatched with great bitterness on the illiberality of spirit evinced in the observations of the last speaker, whose ideas must be very confined indeed, if she should consider it a derogation from French modesty to follow the example of some of the most illustrious Roman dames. She hoped to find a more liberal spirit in the majority of the members; since it was evident, from the present state of full dress, that the naked drapery would reveal very little

more of the form than was at this moment displayed. As a confirmation of this assertion, she begged the noble members would look at the gowns which were cut half way up the leg, and half way down the bust, with a sleeve not larger than a shoulder-strap. Nobody could deny that such was the present costume; and could any lady, who had liberality of sentiment enough to adopt it, object to a dress so much more graceful and becoming, as the Roman costume, particularly too when it might be rendered extremely decent, by adopting a tight vest and pantaloons of flesh-coloured silk underneath?

Madame la Marquise de Parvenne seconded the motion, with the amendment.

Madame Court-Epaisse could not agree to the motion, however it might be modified. It might be a very suitable costume for those ladies whose tall slender figures would bear such an outrageous display; but pray what was to become of the dumpy order? She, for her part, thought that legislators should always have an eye to the interests of the people at large; and therefore she must vote against the introduction of a fashion which she was sure could never be generally becoming.

Madame la Comtesse Très-Violente admired the patriotism of the last speaker, though she could not say much in praise of her consistency; for she had been the warmest supporter of a fashion quite as unbecoming to the dumpy order as the naked drapery could possibly be. "I allude," continued the honourable speaker, "to the robes flounced up to the knees, which were first brought into fashion by *Madame Longues-Jambes*, and which were universally adopted by the dumpy order, and by no part of it more eagerly than by the honorable member.

The fair orator was here interrupted by *Madame Court-Epaisse*, who rose in her place, and began with great indignation to repel the charge of her belonging to the dumpy order. As it is contrary to the rules of the chamber for

any member to speak except in the tribune, this circumstance created a good deal of confusion, for it was some time before *Madame la Comtesse* would descend; at last perceiving that there was no chance of her being heard, she quitted the tribune, which was immediately taken by *Mad. Courte-Epaisse*;—but she was so much exhausted, partly by passion, and partly by mounting in a great hurry, that she was nearly inarticulate; all we could catch were a few disjointed sentences: “Middle size—best height—I of the dumpy order!—impudent falsity!—insolent Maypole!” Cries of indignation from the whole of the left side, and vain calls from *Madame la Presidente* to order. The tumult at last became so serious, that the President, finding her voice could no longer be heard, put on bonnet. This act of authority recalled the members to reason, and order being re-established, *Madame Sens-Commun** mounted the tribune, and after some handsome compliments to the classical taste of the honourable member who proposed to introduce the naked drapery, lamented that she was obliged to oppose the motion upon grounds which she was sure that lady herself would allow to be just. She believed that that worthy individual, and indeed the whole of the honourable Chamber, would concur with her in opinion, that the grand object of dress was to secure admiration—(cries from different parts of the Chamber, “Very true!”)—but, unfortunately, the methods lately pursued, and which would be carried still farther if the present motion passed, were the last in the world to procure so desirable an end. Men were such strange, prying, inquisitive animals, that they always wanted to have something to find out; and even the perfection of loveliness, freely exposed to their view, never excited more than a momentary admiration, which was always sure to be succeeded by indifference, and too often by disgust. “We need,” continued the honourable member, “no other proof of this truth, than the *nonchalance* with which the loveli-

est bosoms and arms in the world are regarded by those to whom we display them. Do they not gaze on this living snow, moulded in the proportions of the Grecian Venus, with as much apathy as they would look on a box of pearl-powder? And why? Because it leaves no room for the exercise of their imagination. The ungrateful wretches, instead of being obliged by the pains we take, and the risk we run of catching our deaths, to treat them with a sight of our charms, would find more pleasure in gazing on our double handkerchiefs, and long sleeves, and drawing, according to their own fancy, the pictures of what was concealed by them. Not that I mean to recommend such dowdy coverings in full dress; no, I will readily admit that they are entirely incompatible with grand costume: but surely a short sleeve of moderate length, and a tucker or tippet that would partially conceal the bosom, might be admitted with the utmost propriety, and would certainly do more towards exciting admiration, than bare necks and arms, or even the naked drapery itself.”

The honourable member then descended the tribune amidst mingled cheers and murmurs of disapprobation; and the motion of *Madame Belle-Taille* was put to the show of hands, and negatived by a majority of ten, most of whom, to the surprise of all Paris, are of the extreme left*.

The sitting closed at half-past four o'clock.

* *Note by the Reporter of the Debates.*—As this defection of so many members of the *côté gauche* upon such an important occasion has excited much speculation, and as it has even been whispered that those members are likely to secede entirely from their party, we think it our duty to contradict this report, which we have every reason to believe is false; it having been imparted to us confidentially, that these honourable members were influenced merely by considerations of a private nature, as they are all corpulent, some under-sized, and one or two a little bandy. We pledge ourselves for the truth of these facts, which we consider it necessary to state, in order to exonerate the fair liberals from a suspicion so injurious to their political celebrity.

* This lady is of the right centre.

VARIETIES.

THE ARMY OF FAITH.

(Lit. Gaz.)

Extract of a Letter from Paris.

"M. A. Thiers has managed to get out a book which suits the spirit of the times—*Les Pyrénées, et le Midi de la France, pendant les mois de Novembre et de Decembre 1822*. M. Thiers had the good fortune to meet in his travels the far-famed Régence d'Urgel. He gives the portraits, or rather the descriptions, of the principal personages who compose that wandering and quarrelsome corps, from M. Mata-florida, who headed the Inquisition party in 1814, downwards. He fell in also with the *armée de la foi*; and of it he gives the following account :

"I never saw any thing more wretched or more original. Twelve or fifteen hundred miserable creatures, men, women, and children, were stretched on the ground, surrounded with their baggage, which was spread all about. Some were sleeping on a lock of straw, others added their bundles to their straw, and endeavoured to make beds. All were making the best of the little they had, bustling about like ants, making a confused noise, using a sort of barbarous dialect, and exhibiting a most disgusting filthiness. Outside of the camp were some mules, their eyes covered with copper plates after the Spanish fashion, and their heads encumbered with ornaments. Their rations distributed among them were devoured with brutal eagerness. Those who were less wretched and squalid than their companions, had a little salted meat; but the mass had only the addition of the water of a neighbouring torrent. The women appeared much more dejected and distressed than the men. I saw some of them take their children from their backs to place them at their breasts, from which the poor infants could scarcely obtain a drop of milk. These unfortunate beings, exhausted by a long march, and confused by the strangeness of a foreign country, seemed to sink under the rude climate of the northern side of the Pyrenees, and the turbulence and violence of their savage husbands, and alone to bear the

evils of a civil war. The men were only excited by the want or the supply of bread; and as soon as they were satisfied they threw themselves, one after another, on the ground, where they lay like beasts that have toiled out the day.* After having observed these unhappy bands, I proceeded across the mountains. The roads were covered with stragglers; and I met parties of officers, monks, curés, and students, with the large Arragonese hat, and their cassocks tucked up, who were certainly in much better case than the poor sufferers I had left."

NATURAL HISTORY.

The following display of courage in a hen, happened lately in a stable belonging to Mr. R. Vause, of the Windmill public-house, without Castle-gate Postern, near York. A hen with young chickens, went into the stable to brood, and whilst two of Mr. Vause's neighbours, and his own daughter, were admiring the young family, an immensely large rat was observed to come from behind some old wood, and make a furious attack upon the chickens. The hen immediately fell upon the assailant in so vigorous a manner, that in about the third or fourth round she laid her enemy lifeless on the stable floor. The manner in which she destroyed her antagonist, was by catching hold of its back with her bill, and striking with her wings and feet in a manner similar to a game cock.

GAME COCK.

Monday, June 2, at the Fighting Cocks Inn, at Winfarthing, Norfolk, a large cock, of the true fighting breed, attacked a beautiful child, about a year and a half old, belonging to the family of the landlord, and wounded him in several places in the head and face, and if timely assistance had not been at hand, there is little doubt that he would have repeated his attacks till he had deprived him of his sight, if not of his life. The cock was killed immediately.

* This picture is, we fear, too just; not merely with reference to the corps described, but to all the wretched troops of Spain, without provisions, commissariat, or discipline.

LONGEVITY—EELS.

Of the longevity of eels, the following instance is recorded:—John Meredith, an officer of excise, who resided in a cottage at Klanvas, Brecon, having, in the year 1781, caught a small eel, put it into a well in his garden, which is about nine feet deep, and three in diameter, but seldom contains more than two feet of water, except the neighbouring river, Usk, is swelled by floods, when it completely fills. Upon one inundation, in 1822, the eel above mentioned appeared on the surface, and was caught in a pail, when, to use the language of Margaret Price (carrier from Brecon to Swansea), who tenanted the cottage at the time, it was “as thick as her arm, and coiled round the pail from bottom to top.” Thirty-one years it has existed in its narrow abode, to which it was again consigned, and where it may probably still continue.

COCK AND HEN PARTRIDGE.

In few instances is the force of parental affection more powerfully displayed, than in the cock and hen partridge, at the time they first bring out their infant brood. As I was riding this morning, in a green lane, the ruts of which were very deep, two old partridges got out of one of them, leaving their infant brood behind them, from their inability to get out, as they appeared to be but just hatched. I never saw any thing like the agony expressed by the old birds, lest I should injure their flock. They continued uttering the most piteous notes, and fluttering their wings in a way peculiar to them on such occasions, and I could scarcely drive them from under my horse's feet. Seeing two labouring men at a distance, I procured their assistance, and succeeded in rescuing the young ones from their perilous situation, as I knew there was a wagon coming, which would, in all probability, have destroyed them.

Considering the wild state of these birds, and that they came under the appellation of *feræ naturæ*, I could not but reflect, with pleasure and astonishment, on the wonderful instinct which nature has implanted in them, for the protection of their young at this tender age—almost to the total disregard of

their own safety, as I could have picked either of them in my hand. A few days since, a pointer bitch of mine broke out of her kennel, and came up to me in a field, with a hen partridge in her mouth. On observing, by her track in the grass, the way she had come, I retraced her steps, and found the cock bird, with a brood of ten young ones—the poor hen having, no doubt, fallen a sacrifice to her parental affection. The cock, at present, supplies her place; but this shews the necessity of keeping all dogs up in the hatching season.

SPANISH PATRIOT SONG.

Spain, awake! thy hour is come,
Shall it lead thee to the tomb;
Rushing from the Pyrenees,
Thousand banners taunt the breeze.
Yet a bolder, bloodier band
Left their corpses in the land.
Monarch, hear upon thy throne,
Hear before thou art undone,
Spain is fearless, though alone,
Heaven shall nerve her heart and hand!

She shall triumph; by the gore
Of the Roman and the Moor!
By the Roncesvalles plain;
(France, remember Charlemagne!)

By her blood, on field and wave,
By her dead, her living brave!
Crime may prosper, virtue weep—
But Revenge is swift and deep;
When the Spaniard starts from sleep,
Spain shall never live a slave.

Here was smote Napoleon.—
Like a shade his strength was gone;
Clouds of shame, and fear, and flight,
Plunged his Son in sudden night,
Till was purged Earth's sullen stain;
Till the den, the distant main,
Heard the groans of Mankind's foe.
Now the Man of blood is low.
Spain, but strike one glorious blow;
Thou shalt never wear the chain!

(Blackwood's Mag.)

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Berlin, 8th of May.—On the 11th of last month, at 8 o'clock in the evening, a violent current of air caused incredible ravages over a track about two hundred paces in breadth, in Grosz-Slawsk. It entirely stripped the roof of the church of its tiles; threw down several barns and other buildings in its course, and carried a heavy casement from the steeple several hundred paces through the air. At Sterzellno it over-

turned a windmill; and in and about Lagrironicki, near Kruschwitz, threw down at one gust a new windmill, five barns, and two stables. All this was the work of three minutes. The new-windmill was whirled through the air like a shuttlecock over the head of a girl in the fields, who was almost frightened to death; and when the mill fell to the ground not far from her with a dreadful crash, the miller's boy crept uninjured from under the ruins.—[If we suppose the lad and lass to be lovers, what a romantic meeting this would be!—*Ed.*]

WILLIAM COOMBE, ESQ.

This gentleman, long known to the literary world, died on Thursday morning at his apartments, Lambeth-road, in the eighty-second year of his age. He originally excited great attention in the fashionable world by a poem entitled *The Diaboliad*, the hero of which was generally understood to be a nobleman lately deceased. The *Tour of Doctor Syntax* in search of the Picturesque, *The English Dance of Death* and *The Dance of Life*, *The History of Johnny Quæ Genus*, *The Little Foundling of the late Dr. Syntax*, (all illustrated from the designs of Mr. Rowlandson,) were among his latest and most popular productions. He was also the author of *The Devil upon Two Sticks* in England, and of several political pamphlets, which made a considerable impression on the public, which were *The Royal Interview*, *A Letter from a Country Gentleman to his Friend in Town*, *A Word in Season*, and many others. He also wrote those Letters which appear under the title of *Letters of the late Lord Lyttleton*. Mr. Coombe began life under the most favourable auspices. He was educated at Eton and Oxford.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Buckland's *Organic Remains*, 4to 1l. 11s. 6d.—*Leslie's Elements of Natural Philosophy*. Vol. 1. 8vo. 14s.—*Smirke's Illustrations to Scott's Poetical Works*, foolscap 8vo. 12s.; medium 8vo. 18s.; proofs 1l. 10s.—*Enumeration of the Inhabitants of Scotland*, 8vo. 12s.—*Ensor on the Poor and their Relief*, 8vo. 10s.—*Tooke on High and Low Prices*, Parts 2, 3, & 4. 8vo. 15s.—*Smart's Practical Logic*, 12mo 3s 6d.—*The Graces*, a Classical Allegory, post 8vo. 7s.—*Ipsiboc*, translated from the French, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.—*Moor's Suffolk Words*, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—*Edward Neville*, or the *Memoirs of an Orphan*, 4 vols. 12mo. 28s.—*The Life of a Soldier*, imperial 8vo. 24s. col.; 18s. plain.—*Harvard's Mission to Ceylon*, 8vo. 9s.—*Hardy's Pleasures of Piety*, 12mo. 5s. 9d.—*Lectures on the History of Joseph*, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—*The Scottish Pul-*

pit, 8vo. 16s. 6d.—*Swan's Sermons*, 8vo. 10s.—*Memoirs of the Rev. J. Blackader*.—*Marshall's Royal Navy Biography*, Vol. 1. 2 Parts 15s.—*Lingard's History of England*, 8vols. 8vo. 4l. 16s.—*The Island, or Christian and his Comrades*, by Lord Byron, 8vo. 5s.—*St. Aubyn's Poems*, 8vo. 6s.—*The Social Day*, a Poem, with Plates, by Peter Coxe, royal 8vo. 2l. 2s.—*The Road to Happiness*, 8vo. 1s. 6d. sewed.—*Self-Delusion*, or *Adelaide D'Hauteroche*, a Tale, 2 vols. 12mo.—*Historical Notices of Two Characters in Peveril of the Peak*, 8vo 2s.—*Tillock's Dissertations on the Apocalypse*, 8vo. 12s.—*Parke's Chemical Essays*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 14s.—*Zumpt's Latin Grammar*, 8vo. 9s.—*Gray's Selecta Latine*, 12mo. 5s. sheep.—*Irollope on the Mortgage of Ships*, 8vo.—*Hemans' Siege of Valencia*, and other Poems, 8vo. 9s. 6d.—*Göthe's Fauste*, &c. translated by Lord J. L. Gower, 8vo. 12s.—*Rich and Poor*, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*Hawberk Hall*, 2 vols. 12 mo. 10s. 6d.—*Sketches in Bedlam*, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*The Hut and the Castle*, 4 vols. 12mo. 28s.—*Tales of Fancy*, 18mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound.—*Ghost Stories*, with Plates, 12mo. 8s.—*First Affections*, an Oxfordshire Story, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.—*Mirth for Midsummer*, 12mo. 4s.—*My Note Book for 1822*, foolscap 8vo. 6s.—*Hazlewood Hall*, a Village Drama, by Robert Bloomfield, foolscap 8vo. 3s.—*Influence of Example*, foolscap 8vo. 6s.—*Scripture Names of Places and Persons*, 12mo. 4s.—*Adam's Remarks on the Country from Cape Palmas to the River Congo*, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*Hall's Sacred Aphorisms*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*World in Miniature (China)*, 2 vols 18mo. 12s.—*Life of Sir G. Prevost*, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*Lectures on the Miracles*, crown 8vo. 8s.—*Lit. Gaz. June*.

Sismondi's View of the Literature of the South of Europe, 2 vols. 8vo. 23s.—*Memoirs of William Hayley*, Esq. 2 vols. 4to. 4l. 4s.—*Reginald Dalton*, by the Author of *Valerius*, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—*The Duke of Mercia*, and other Poems, by Sir Ambrey D'Vere Hunt, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*Poole's Byzantium*, a Poem, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*Southwell's Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears*, 2 vols. 8s.—*Tales of my Pupils*, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—*The Hermit Abroad*, 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. 12s.—*Warner's Historical Illustrations of the Scotch Novels*, 12mo. 3s.—*The History of Suli and Parga*, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*Bibliotheca Gloucesterensis*, Part 1, crown 4to. 15s.; royal 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.—*Cox's Harmony of the Scriptures*, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*Bowdler's Select Chapters from the Old Testament*, for Schools, 8vo. 2s.—*Footman's Directory*, and *Butler's Remembrancer*, 12mo 4s. 6d.—*D'Mowbray*, a Romance, 4 vols. 12mo. 22s.—*Kigan's Remarks on the Practice of Grammarians*, 12mo. 3s.—*ib.*

The Two Broken Hearts; a Tale. Shere Afkun, the First Husband of Nourmahal; a Legend of Hindoostan. By J. R. Planche.

An Alpine Tale, suggested by Circumstances which occurred towards the Commencement of the present Century. By the Author of "*Tales from Switzerland*."

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 15, 1823.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDARJUDGMENTS.

ONE of those judgments that have made the deepest impression on the shepherds' minds for a century by-gone, seems to have been the fate of Mr. Adamson, who was tenant in Laverhope for the space of twenty-seven years. That incident stands in the calendar as an æra from whence to date summer floods, water spouts, hail and thunder-storms, &c.; and appears from addition to have been attended with some awful circumstances, expressive of divine vengeance. This Adamson is represented, as having been a man of an ungovernable temper—of irritability so extreme, that no person could be for a moment certain to what excesses he might be hurried. He was otherwise accounted a good and upright man, and a sincere christian; but in these outbreakings of temper he often committed acts of cruelty and injustice, for which any good man ought to have been ashamed. Among other qualities, he had an obliging turn of disposition, there being few men to whom a poor man would sooner have applied in a strait. Accordingly, he had been in the habit of assisting a poorer neighbour of his with a little credit for many years. This man's name was Irvine, and though he had a number of rich relations, he was never out of difficulties. Adamson, out of some whim, or caprice, sued this poor farmer for a few hundred merks, taking

legal steps against him, even to the very last measures short of pointing and imprisonment. Irvine paid little attention to this, taking it for granted that his neighbour took these steps only for the purpose of inducing his debtor's friends to come forward and support him.

It happened one day about this period, that a thoughtless boy belonging to Irvine's farm dogged Adamson's cattle in a way that gave great offence to their owner, on which the two farmers differed, and some hard recriminating words and terms passed between them. The next day Irvine was siezed and thrown into jail, and shortly after his effects were pointed, and sold by auction for ready money. They were consequently thrown away, as the neighbours, not having been forewarned of such an event, were wholly unprovided with ready money, and unable to purchase at any price. Mrs. Irvine came to the enraged creditor with a child in her arms, and begged and implored of him to put off the sale for a month, that she might try amongst her friends what could be done to prevent a wreck so irretreivable. He was on the very point of yielding, but some bitter reminiscences coming over his mind at the moment, stimulated his spleen against her husband, and the sale was ordered to go on. William Carrudders of Grindiston heard the fol-

lowing dialogue between them, and he said that his heart almost trembled within him, for Mrs. Irvine was a violent woman, and her eloquence did more evil than good.

"Are ye really gaun to act the part of a devil the day, Mr. Adamson, an' turn me and thae bairns out on the high-road, helpless as we are? Oh, man, if your bowels be nae seared in hell fire already, take some compassion; for an he dinna, they *will* be seared afore baith men and angels yet, till that hard and cruel heart o' yours be nealed to an izle."

"I'm gaun to act nae part of a devil, Mrs. Irvine; I'm only gaun to take my ain in the only way I can get it. I'm no baith gaun to tine my siller, an' hae my beasts abused into the bargain."

"Ye sal neither lose plack nor bawbee o' you siller, man, if ye will gie me but a month to make a shift for it—I swear to you ye sal neither lose, nor rue the deed. But if ye winna grant me that wee wee while, when the bread of a hale family depends on it, ye're waur than ony deil that's yammerin' and cursin' i' the bottomless pit."

"Keep your ravings to yoursel, Mrs. Irvine, for I hae made up my mind what I'm to do, and I'll do it; sae it's needless for ye to pit yoursel into a bleeze; for the surest promisers are aye the slackest payers; it isna likely that your bad language will gar me alter my purpose."

"If that *be* your purpose, Mr. Adamson, and if you put that purpose into execution, I wadna change conditions wi' you the day for ten thousand times a' the gear ye are worth. Ye're gaun to do the thing that ye'll repent only aince—for a' the time that ye hae to exist baith in this warld and the neist, an' that's a lang lang look forrit an' ayond. Ye have assisted a poor honest family for the purpose of taking them at a disadvantage, and crushing them to beggars; and when ane thinks o' that, what a heart you must hae! Ye hae first put my poor man in prison, a place where he little thought, and less deserved, ever to be; an' now ye are reaving his rackless family out

o' their last bit o' bread. Look at this bit bonny innocent thing in my arms, how it is smiling on ye. Look at a' the rest standin' leaning against the wa's, ilka ane wi' his een fixed on you by way o' imploring your pity. If ye reject thae looks, ye'll see them again in some trying moments, that will bring this ane back to your mind. Ye will see them i' your dreams; ye will see them on your death-bed, an' ye will *think* ye see them gleaming on ye through the reek o' hell, but it winna be them."

"Haud your tongue, woman, for ye make me feared to hear ye."

"Ay, but better be feared in time, than torfelled for ever! Better conquer your bad humour for aince, than be conquered for it through sae many lang ages. Ye pretend to be a religious man, Mr. Adamson, an' a great deal more sae than your neighbours. Do you think that religion teaches you acts o' cruelty like this? Will ye hae the face to kneel afore your Maker the night, and pray for a blessing on you and yours, and that He will forgive you your debts as you forgive your debtors? I hae nae doubt but ye will. But aih! How sic an appeal will heap the coals o' divine vengeance on your head, an' tighten the belts o' burning yettlin round your hard heart! Come forret, ye hallanshaker-like tikes, an' speak for yoursels ilk ane o' ye."

"O, Mr. Adamson, ye maunna turn my father an' mother out o' their house an' their farm, or what think ye is to come o' us?" said Thomas.

"Maissa Adamson, an ye da tun my faddy an' moddy out o' dem's house, when oul John tulns a great, muckle, big, stong man, John fesh youd skin to you—let you take tat," said John, and in the meantime he nodded his head, and shook his tiny fist at the farmer, who called him an impertinent brat, and said he deserved his cuffs.

The sale went on; and still, on the calling off of every favourite animal, Mrs. Irvine renewed her anathemas.

"Gentlemen, this is the mistress's favourite cow, and gives thirteen pints of milk every day. She is valued in my roup-roll at fifteen pounds, but we shall begin her at ten. Does any body

say ten pounds for this excellent cow? ten pounds, ten pounds? Nobody says ten pounds? Gentlemen, this is extraordinary! Money is surely a scarce article here to day. Well, then, does any gentleman say five pounds to begin this excellent cow, that gives twelve pints of milk daily? Five pounds? Only five pounds! Nobody bids five pounds? Well, the stock must positively be sold without reserve. Ten shillings for the cow—ten shillings—ten shillings—Will nobody bid ten shillings to set the sale a-going?”

“I’ll gie five-an’-twenty shillings for her,” cried Adamson.

“Thank you, sir. One pound five—one pound five, and just a-going, Once—twice—*thrice*. Mr. Adamson, one pound five.”

Mrs. Irvine came forward, drowned in tears, with the babe in her arms, and patting the cow, she said, “Ah, poor lady Bell, this is my last sight o’ you, and the last time I’ll clap your honest side! An’ hae we really been deprived o’ your support for the miserable sum o’ five and twenty shillings; my curse light on the head o’ him that has done it! In the name of my destitute bairns I curse him; and does he think that a mother’s curse will sink fizenless to the ground? Na, na! I see an ee that’s lookin’ down here in pity and in anger; an’ I see a hand that’s gathering the bolts o’ Heaven thegither, for some purpose that I could divine, but darena utter. But that hand is unerring, and where it throws the bolt, there it will strike. Fareweel, poor beast! ye hae supplied us wi’ mony a meal, but ye will never supply us wi’ anither.”

This sale at Kirkheugh was on the 11th of July. On the day following, Mr. Adamson went up to the folds in the Hope, to shear his sheep, with no fewer than twenty-five attendants, consisting of all his own servants and cottars, and about as many neighbouring shepherds whom he had collected; it being customary for the farmers to assist one another reciprocally on these occasions. Adamson continued more than usually capricious and unreasonable all that forenoon. He was discon-

tented with himself, and when a man is ill pleased with himself, he is seldom well pleased with others. He seemed altogether left to the influences of the wicked one, running about in a fume of rage, finding fault with everything, and every person, and at times cursing bitterly, a crime to which he was not usually addicted; so that the sheep-shearing that wont to be a scene of hilarity among so many young and old shepherds, lads, lasses, wives, and callants, was that day turned into one of gloom and dissatisfaction.

After a number of provoking outrages, he at length, with the buisting-iron that he held in his hand, struck a dog that belonged to one of his own shepherd boys, till the poor animal fell senseless on the ground, and lay sprawling as in the last extremity. This brought matters to a point that threatened nothing but anarchy and confusion, for every shepherd’s blood boiled with indignation, and each almost wished in his heart that the dog had been his own, that he might have retaliated on the tyrant. The boy was wearing one of the fold-doors, and perceiving the plight of his faithful animal, he ran to its assistance, lifted it in his arms, and holding it up to recover its breath, he wept and lamented over it most piteously. “My poor poor little Nimble!” cried he; “I am feared that mad body has killed ye, and then what I am to do wanting ye? I wad ten times rather he had stricken myself.”

He had not the words said out ere his master had him by the hair of his head with the one hand, with which he fell a swinging him round, and with the other began a threshing him most unmercifully. When the boy left the fold door, the sheep broke out and got away to the hill among the lambs and the clippies, and the farmer being in one of his “mad tantrums,” as the servants called them, the mischance had almost put him beside himself; and that boy, or man either, is in a ticklish case who is in the hands of an enraged person far above him in strength.

The sheep-shearers paused, and the girls screamed, when they saw their master lay hold of the boy. But Robert Johnston, a shepherd from an ad-

joining farm, flung the sheep from his knee, made the shears ring against the fold-dike, and in an instant had the farmer by both wrists, and these he held with such a grasp that he took the power out of his arms, for Johnston was as far above the farmer in might, as the latter was above the boy.

"Mr. Adamson, what are ye about?" cried he; "hae ye tint your reason awthegither, that ye are gaun on rampaging like a madman that gate? Ye hae done the thing, sir, in your ill-timed rage, that ye ought to be ashamed of baith afore God and man."

"Are ye for fighting, Rob Johnston?" said the farmer, struggling to free himself. "Do ye want to hae a fight, lad? Because if ye do, I'll maybe gie you enough o' that."

"Na, sir, I dinna want to fight, but I winna let you fight either, unless wi' ane that's your equal; sae gie ower spraughling, and stand still till I speak to ye, for an ye winna stand to hear reason, I'll gar ye lie till ye hear it. Do ye consider what ye hae been doing even now? Do ye consider that ye hae been striking a poor orphan callant, wha has neither father nor mother to protect him, or to right his wrangs? An' a' for naething, but a wee bit start o' natural affection. How wad ye like, sir, an ony body were to guide a bairn o' yours that gate? and ye as little ken what they are a' to come to afore their deaths, as that boy's parents when they were rearing and fondling ower him. Fie for shame, Mr. Adamson! Fie for shame! Ye first strak his poor dumb brute, which was a greather sin than the tither, for it didna ken what ye were striking it for; and then, because the callant ran to assist the only creature he has on the earth, an' I'm feared the only true and faithful friend beside, ye clautht him by the hair o' the head, an' fa' to the dadding him as he war your slave! Od, sir, my blood rises at ye for sic an act o' cruelty an injustice; and gin I thought ye worth my while, I wad tan ye like a pellet for it."

The farmer struggled and fought so viciously, that Johnston was obliged to throw him down twice over, somewhat roughly, and hold him by main force.

But on laying him down the second time, Johnston said, "Now, sir, I just tell ye, aince for a' that if I hae to lay ye down the third time, ye shall never rise again till the day o' joodgment. Ye deserve to hae your hide weel throoshen; but ye're nae match for me, an' I'll scorn to lay a tip on ye. I'll leave ye to him who has declared himself the stay and shield of the orphan, and gin some visible testimony o' his displeasure dinna come ower ye for the abusing of his word, I am right sair mista'en."

Adamson, finding himself fairly mastered, and that no one seemed disposed to take his part, was obliged to give in, and went sullenly away to tend the hirsell that stood beside the fold. In the meantime the sheepshearing went on as before, with a little more of hilarity and glee. It is the business of the lasses to take the ewes, and carry them from the fold to the clippers; and now might be seen every young shepherd's sweetheart, or favourite, tending on him, helping him to clip, or holding the ewes by the hind legs to make them lie easy, a great matter for the furtherance of the operator. Others again, who thought themselves slighted, or loved a joke, would continue to act in the reverse way, and plague the youths by bringing such sheep to them as it was next to impossible to clip.

"Aih, Jock lad, I hae brought you a grand ane for this time! Ye will clank the shears ower her, an' be the first done o' them a'."

"My truly, Jessy, but ye hae gi'en me my dinner! I declare the beast is woo to his cloots an' the een holes, an' afore I get the fleece broken up, the rest will be done. Ah, Jessy, Jessy! ye're working for a mischief the day, an' ye'll maybe get it."

"She's a braw sonsie sheep, Jock. I ken ye like to hae your arms weel filled. She'll amaisht fill them as weel as Tibby Tod."

"There's for it now! There's for it! What care I for Tibby Tod, dame? Ye are the most jealous elf, Jessy, that ever drew coat ower head. But wha was't that sat half a night at the side of a grey stane wi' a crazy cooper? An' wha was't that gae the poor precentor the whiskings, and reduce a'

his sharps to downright flats? An ye cast up Tibby Tod ony mair to me, I'll tell something that will gar thae wild een reel i' your head, Mistress Jessy."

"Wow, Jock, but I'm unco wae for ye now. Poor fellow! It's really very hard usage! If ye canna clip the ewe, man, gie me her, an' I'll tak her to anither; for I canna bide to see ye sae sair put about. I winna bring ye anither Tibby Tod the day, take my word on it. The neist shall be a real May Henderson, a Firthhope-cleuch ane, ye ken, wi' lang legs, a short tail, an' a good lamb at her fit."

"Gudesake, lassie, haud your tongue, an' dinna affront baith yoursel and me. Ye are fit to gar ane's cheek burn to the bane. I'm fairly quashed, an' darena say anither word. Let us therefore hae let-a-be for let-a-be, which is good bairns' greement, till after the close o' the day sky, and then I'll tell ye my mind."

"Ay, but whilk o' your minds will ye tell me, Jock? For ye will be in five or six different anes afore that time. Ane, to ken your mind, wad need to be tauld it every hour o' the day, and then cast up the account at the year's end. But how wad she settle it then, Jock? I fancy she wad hae to multiply ilk year's minds by dozens, and divide by four, and then we a' ken what wad be the quotient."

"Aih wow, sirs! heard ever ony o' ye the like o' that? For three things the sheep-fauld is disquieted, and there are four which it cannot bear."

"An' what are they, Jock?"

"A witty wench, a woughing dog, a waukit-woo'd wedder, an' a pair o' shambling shears."

After this manner did the gleesome chat go on, now that the surly goodman had withdrawn from the scene. But this was but one couple; every pair being engaged according to their biasses, and after their kind—some settling the knotty points of divinity; others telling auld world stories about persecutions, forays, and fairy raids; and some whispering, in half sentences, the soft breathings of pastoral love.

But the farmer's bad humour, in the mean while, was only smothered, not extinguished; and, like a flame that is

kept down by an overpowering weight of fuel, wanted but a breath to rekindle it; or like a barrel of gunpowder, that the smallest spark will set up in a blaze. That spark unfortunately fell upon the ignitable heap too soon. It came in the form of an old beggar, ycleped Patie Maxwell, a well known, and generally a welcome guest over all that district. He came up to the folds for his annual bequest of a fleece of wool, which had never before been denied him: and the farmer being the first person he came to, he made up to him, as in respect bound, accosting him in his wonted obsequious way.

"Weel, goodman, how's a wi' ye the day?"—(No answer.)—"This will be a thrang day wi' ye. How are ye getting on wi' the clipping?"

"Nae the better o' you, or the like o' you. Gang away back the gate ye came. What are ye coming doiting up through the sheep that gate for, putting them a' tersyversy?"

"Tut, goodman, what does the sheep mind an auld creeping body like me? I hae done nae ill to your pickle sheep, man. An' as for ganging back the road I cam, I'll do that when I like, and no till than."

"But I'll make you blithe to turn back, auld vagabond. Do ye imagine I'm gaun to hae a' my clippers, an' grippers, buisters, an' binders, laid half idle, gaffing and giggling wi' you?"

"Why, than, speak like a reasonable man, an' a courteous Christian, as ye used to do, an' I'se crack wi' yoursel, and no gang near them."

"I'll keep my Christian cracks for others than auld Papist dogs, I trow."

"Wha do ye ca' auld Papist dogs, Mr. Adamson?—Wha is it that ye mean to denominate by that fine sounding title?"

"Just you and the like o' ye, Pate. It is weel ken'd that ye are as rank a Papist as ever kissed a crosier, an' that ye were out in the very fore end o' the unnatural rebellion, in order to subvert our religion and place a Popish tyrant on the throne. It is a shame for a Protestant parish like this to support ye, an' gie you as liberal awmosses as ye were a Christian saint. For me, I can tell you, ye'll get nae mae at my

hand, nor nae rebel Papist loun among ye."

"Dear sir, ye're surely no yoursel the day? Ye hae ken'd I professed the Catholic religion these thretty years. It was the faith I was brought up in, and that in which I shall dee; and ye ken'd a' that time that I was out in the forty-five wi' Charles, and yet ye never made mention o' the facts, nor refused me my awmos till the day. But as I hae been obliged t'ye, I'll haud my tongue; only, I wad advise ye as a friend, that whenever ye hae occasion to speak of ony community of brother Christians, that ye will in future hardly make use o' siccan harsh epithets. Or, if ye will do't, tak care wha ye use sic terms afore, an' let it no be to the nose o' an auld veteran."

"What, ye auld beggar worm that ye are!—ye profane wafer-eater, and worshipper of graven images, dare ye heave your pikit kent at me?"

"I hae heaved baith sword and spear against mony a better man, and, in the cause o' my religion, I'll do it again!"

He was proceeding, but Adamson's cholier rising to an ungovernable height, he drew a race, and coming against the gaberlunzie with his whole force, he made him fly heels over head down the hill. The old man's bonnet flew off, his meal-pocks were scattered abroad, and his old mantle, with two or three small fleeces of wool in it, rolled down into the burn.

The servants perceived the attack made on the old man, and one elderly shepherd said, "In troth, sirs, our master is not himself the day. He maun really be looked to. It appears to me, that sin' he roupit out yon poor but honest family yesterday, the Lord has ta'en his guiding arm frae about him. Rob Johnston, ye'll be obliged to rin to the assistance of the auld man."

"I'll trust the auld Jacobite for another shake wi' him yet," said Rob, "afore I steer my fit; for it strikes me, if he hadna been ta'en unawares, he wad hardly hae been sae easily coupit."

The beggar was considerably astounded and stupified when he first got up his head; but finding all his bones

whole, and his old frame disencumbered of every superfluous load, he sprung to his feet, shook his grey burly locks, and cursed the aggressor in the name of the Holy Trinity, the Mother of our Lord, and all the blessed saints above. Then approaching him with his cudgel heaved, he warned him to be on his guard, or make out of his reach, else he would send him to eternity in the twinkling o' an ee. The farmer held up his staff across, to defend his head against the descent of old Patie's piked kent, and, at the same time, made a break in, with intent to close with him; but, in so doing, he held down his head for a moment, on which the gaberlunzie made a jerk to one side, and lent Adamson such a lounder over the neck, or back part of the head, that he fell violently on his face, after running two or three steps precipitately forward. The beggar, whose eyes gleamed with wild fury, while his grey locks floated over them like a winter cloud over two meteors of the night, was going to follow up his blow with another more efficient one on his prostrate foe; but the farmer, perceiving these unequivocal symptoms of danger, wisely judged that there was no time to lose in providing for his own safety, and, rolling himself rapidly two or three times over, he got to his feet, and made his escape, though not before Patie had hit him what he called "a stiff lounder across the rump."

The farmer fled along the brae, and the gaberlunzie pursued, while the people at the fold were absolutely like to burst with laughter. The scene was highly picturesque, for the beggar could run none, and still the faster that he essayed to run, he made the less speed. But ever and anon he stood still, and cursed Adamson in the name of one or other of the Saints or Apostles, brandishing his cudgel, and tramping with his foot. The other, keeping still at a small distance, pretended to laugh at him, and at the same time uttered such bitter and unhallowed epithets on the Papists, and on old Patie in particular, that, after the latter had cursed himself into a proper pitch of indignation, he always broke at him again, making vain efforts to reach him

one more blow. At length, after chasing him by these starts about half a mile, the beggar returned, gathered up the scattered implements and fruits of his occupation, and came to the fold to the busy group.

Patie's general character was that of a patient, jocular, sarcastic old man, whom people liked, but dared not much to contradict; but that day his manner and mein had become so much altered, in consequence of the altercation and conflict that had just taken place that the people were almost frightened to look at him; and as for social converse, there was none to be had with him. His countenance was grim, haughty, and had something Satanic in its lines and deep wrinkles; and ever as he stood leaning against the fold, he uttered a kind of hollow growl, with a broken interrupted sound, like a war-horse neighing in his sleep, and then muttered curses on the farmer.

The old shepherd before-mentioned, ventured, at length, to caution him against such profanity, "Dear Patie, man, dinna sin away your soul, venting siccan curses as these. They will a' turn back on your ain head; for what harm can the curses of a poor sinfu' worm do to our master?"

"My curse, sir, has blasted the hopes of better men than either you or him," said the gaberlunzie, in an earthquake voice, and shivering with vehemence as he spoke. "Ye may think the like o' me can hae nae power wi' heaven; but an I hae power wi' hell, it is sufficient to cow ony that's here. I sanna brag what effect my curse will have, but I shall say this, that either your master, or ony o' his men, had as good have auld Patie Maxwell's blessing as his curse ony time, Jacobite and Roman Catholic though he be."

It now became necessary to bring the sheep into the fold that the farmer was wearing, and they were the last hirsel that was to shear that day. The farmer's face was red with ill-nature, but yet he now appeared to be somewhat humbled by reflecting on the figure he had made. Patie sat on the top of the fold dike, and from the bold and hardy asseverations that he made, he seemed disposed to provoke a dispute

with any one present who chose to take up the cudgels; but just while the shepherds were sharpening the shears, a thick black cloud began to rear over the height to the southward, the front of which seemed to be boiling—both its outsides rolling rapidly forward, and again wheeling in toward the centre. I have heard old Robin Johnston, the stout young man mentioned above, but who was a very old man when I knew him, describe the appearance of the cloud as greatly resembling a whirlpool made by the eddy of a rapid tide, or flooded river; and he declared, to his dying day, that he never saw aught in nature have a more ominous appearance. The gaberlunzie was the first to notice it, and drew the attention of the rest towards that point of the heavens by the following singular and profane remark: "Alas, lads! see what's coming yonder. Yonder's Patie Maxwell's curse coming rowing an' reeling on ye already; and what will ye say an the curse of God be coming backing it?"

"Gudesake, haud your tongue, ye profane body, ye mak me feared to hear ye," said one. "O, it's a strange delusion to think that a Papist can hae ony influence wi' the Almighty, either to bring down his blessing or his curse."

"Ye speak ye ken nae what, man," answered Patie; "ye hae learned some rhames frae your poor cauld-rife Protestant whigs about Papists, and Antichrist, and children of perdition; yet it is plain to the meanest capacity, that ye hae nae ane spark o' the life or power o' religion in your whole frames, an' dinna ken either what's truth or what's falsehood. Ah! yonder it is coming, grim an' early! Now, I hae called for it, an' it is coming; let me see if a' the Protestants that are of ye can order it back, or pray it away again. Down on your knees, ye dogs, an' set your mou's up against it, like as many spiritual whig cannon, an' let me see if you have influence wi' Heaven to turn aside ane o' the hailstones that the deils are playing at chucks wi' in yon dark chamber."

"I wadna wonder if our clippings were cuttit short," said one.

"Na, but I wadna wonder if something else were cuttit short," said Patie; "What will ye say an some o' your weazons be cuttit short. Hurraw! yonder it comes! Now, there will be sic a hurly-burly in Laverhope as never was sin' the creation o' man."

The folds of Laverhope were situated on a gently sloping plain, in what is called the forkings of a burn. Laver burn runs to the eastward, and Widehope burn runs north, meeting the other at a right angle, a little below the folds. It was around the head of this Widehope that the cloud first made its appearance, and there its vortex seemed to be impending. It descended lower and lower, and that too with uncommon celerity, for the elements were in a turmoil. The cloud laid first hold of one height, then of another, till at length it closed over and around the pastoral group, and the dark hope had the appearance of a huge chamber hung with sackcloth. Then the big clear drops of rain began to descend, on which the shepherds gave over clipping, and covered up the wool with blankets, then huddled together below their plaids at the side of the fold, to eschew the speat, which they saw was going to be a terrible one. Patie still kept undauntedly to the top of the dike, and Mr. Adamson stood cowering at the side of it, with his plaid over his head, at a little distance from the rest. The hail and rain mingled, now began to descend in a way that had been seldom witnessed; but it was apparent to them all that it was ten times worse up in Widehope-head to the southward.—Anon a whole volume of lightning burst from the bosom of the darkness, and quivered through the gloom, dazzling the eyes of every beholder; even old Maxwell clapped both his hands on his eyes for a space—a crash of thunder followed the flash, that made all the mountains chatter, and shook the firmament so, that the density of the cloud was broken up; for on the instant that the thunder ceased, a rushing sound began up in Widehope, that soon increased to a loudness equal with the thunder itself, but it resembled the noise made by the sea in a storm. "Mother of God!" exclaimed Patie Maxwell, "What is

this? What is this? I declare we're a' ower lang here, for the dams of heaven are broken up;" and with that he flung himself from the dike, and fled toward the top of a rising hillock. He knew that the sound proceeded from the descent of a tremendous water-spout; but the rest, not conceiving what it was, remained where they were. The storm increased every minute, and less than a quarter of an hour after this retreat of the Gaberlunzie, they heard him calling out with the most desperate bitterness, and when they eyed him, he was jumping like a madman on the top of the knowe, waving his bonnet, and screaming out, "Run, ye deil's buckies! Run for your bare lives." One of the shepherds, jumping up on the dike, to see what was astir, beheld the burn of Widehope coming down in a manner that could be compared to nothing but an ocean, whose boundaries had given way, descending into the abyss. It came with a cataract front more than twenty feet deep, as was afterwards ascertained by measurement, for it left sufficient marks wheresoever it reached, to enable men to do this with precision. The shepherd called for assistance, and flew into the fold to drive out the sheep; and just as he got the foremost of them to take the door, the flood came upon the head of the fold, on which he threw himself over the side-wall, and escaped in safety, as did all the rest of the people.

Not so Mr. Adamson's ewes; the greater part of the hirsell being involved in this mighty current. The big fold next the burn was levelled with the earth in one second. Stones, ewes, and sheep-house, all were carried before it, and all seemed to bear the same weight. It must have been a dismal sight, to see so many fine animals tumbling and rolling in one irresistible mass. They were strong, however, and many of them plunged out, and made their escape to the eastward—a greater number were carried headlong down, and thrown out on the other side of Laverburn upon the side of a dry hill, to which they all escaped, some of them considerably maimed; but the greatest number of all were lost, being over-

whelmed among the rubbish of the fold, and entangled so among the falling dikes, and the torrent wheeling and boiling amongst them, that escape was impossible. The wood was totally swept away, and all either lost, or so much wasted, that, when afterwards recovered, it was unsaleable.

When the flood broke first in among the sheep, and the women began to run screaming to the hills, and the despairing shepherds a-flying about, unable to do any thing, Patie began a-laughing with a loud and a hellish gaffaw, and in that he continued to indulge till quite exhausted. "Ha, ha, ha, ha! what think ye o' the auld beggar's curse now? Ha, ha, ha, ha! I think it has been backit wi' God's an' the deil's baith. Ha, ha, ha, ha!" And then he mimicked the thunder with the most outrageous and ludicrous jabberings, turning occasionally up to the cloud streaming with lightning and hail, and calling out,—“Louder yet, deils! louder yet! Kindle up your crackers, and yerk away! Rap, rap, rap, rap—Ro-ro, ro, ro—Roo Whugh.”

“I daresay that body's the vera devil himsel in the shape o' the auld Papist beggar!” said one, not thinking that Patie could hear at such a distance.

“Na, na, lad, I'm no the deil,” cried he in answer; “but an I war, I wad let ye see a stramash. It is a sublime thing to be a Roman Catholic amang sae mony weak apostates; but it is a sublimer thing still to be a deil—a master-spirit in a forge like yon. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Take care o' your heads, ye cock-chickens o' Calvin. Take care o' the auld coppersmith o' the black cludd.”

From the moment that the first thunder-bolt shot from the cloud, the countenance of the farmer was changed. He was manifestly alarmed in no ordinary degree, and when the flood came rushing from the dry mountains, and took away his sheep and his wool before his eyes, he became as a dead man, making no effort to save his store, or to give directions how it might be done. He ran away in a cowering posture, as he had been standing, and

took shelter in a little green hollow, out of his servants' view.

The thunder came nigher and nigher to the place where the astonished hinds were, till at length they perceived the bolts of flame striking the earth around them, in every direction; at one time tearing up its bosom, and at another splintering the rocks. Robin Johnston said, that “the thunner bolts” (so the country people always denominate the electrical flame) “came shimmering out o' the cludd sae thick, that they appeared to be linkit thegither, an' fleeing in a' directions. There war some o' them blue, some o' them red, an' some o' them like the colour o' the lowe of a candle. Some o' them diving into the earth, an' some o' them springing up out o' the earth and darting into the heaven.” I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but I am sure my informer thought so, or he would not have said it; and he said farther, that when old Maxwell saw it, he cried—“Fie, tak care, cubs o' hell! fie, tak care! cower laigh, an' sit sicker, for your auld dam is aboon ye, an' aneath ye, an' a' round about ye. O for a good wat nurse to spean ye, like John Adamson's lambs! Ha, ha, ha!” The lambs, it must be observed, had been turned out of the fold at first, and none of them perished with their dams.

But just when the storm was at the height, and apparently passing the bounds ever witnessed in these northern climes; when the embroiled elements were in the hottest convulsion, and when our little pastoral group were every moment expecting the next to be their last, behold all at once a lovely “blue bore,” fringed with downy gold, opened in the cloud behind, and in five minutes after that, the sun again appeared, and all was beauty and serenity. What a contrast to the scene so lately witnessed!—they were like scenes of two different worlds, or places of abode which it would be unmeet to contrast together.

The greatest curiosity of the whole to a stranger would have been the contrast between the two burns. The burn of Laverhope never changed its colour, but continued pure, limpid, and

so shallow, that a boy might have stepped over it dry shod, all the while that the other burn was coming in upon it like an ocean broken loose, and carrying all before it. In mountainous districts, however, instances of the same kind are quite frequent in times of summer speats.

There were some other circumstances connected with this storm, at the description of which I could not help laughing immoderately, forty years after they had taken place; and, dismal as the catastrophe turned out to be, whenever they present themselves to my imagination, I cannot answer for myself doing the same to this day. The storm coming from the south, over a low-lying, wooded, and populous district, the whole of the crows inhabiting it, posted away up the glen of Laver-hope to avoid the fire and fury of the storm. "There were thousands o' thousands came up by us," said Robin, "a' laying theirsels out as they had been mad. An' then whenever the bright bolt played flash through the darkness, ilk ane a' then made a dive an' a wheel to avoid the shot. Aih wow! I never saw as mony as feared beasts, an' never will again. Od, sir, I was persuaded that they thought a' the artillery an' a' the musketry o' the hale coontry were loosed on them, an that it was time for them to tak the gait. There were likewise several colly dogs came by us in great extremity, hingin' out their tongues, an' lookin' aye ower their shoulders, rinning straight on they kendna where; an' among other things, there was a black Highland cow came roaring up the glen wi' her stake hanging at her neck."

The gush of waters soon subsiding, all the group, men and women, were soon employed in pulling out dead sheep from rubbish of stones, banks of gravel, and pools of the burn; and many a row of carcases was laid out, which at that season were of no use whatever, and of course utterly lost. But all the while that they were so engaged, Mr. Adamson came not near them, at which they wondered, and some of them remarked, that "they

thought their master was fey the day, mae ways than ane.

"Ay, never mind him," said the old shepherd, "he'll come when he thinks it his ain time; he's a right sair humbled man the day, an' I hope by this time he has been brought to see his errors in a right light. But the gaberlunzie is lost too. I think he be sandit in the yird, for I hae never seen him sin' the last great crash o' thunner."

"He'll be gane into the howe to wring his duds," said Robert Johnston, "or may be to make up matters wi' your master. Gude sauf us, what a profane wretch the auld creature is! I didna think the muckle horned deil himsel could hae set up his mou to the heaven, an' braggit an' blasphemed in sic a way. He gart my heart a' grue within me, and dirle as it had been bored wi' red-het elsins."

"Oh, what can ye expect else of a papist?" said the auld herd, with a deep sigh. "They're a' the deil's bairns ilk ane, an' a' employed in carrying on their father's wark. It is needless to expect gude branches frae sic a stock, or gude fruit frae siccan branches."

"There's ae wee bit text that focks should never lose sight o'," said Robin, "an' it's this,—'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' I think," said Robin, when he told the story, "I think that steekit their gabs!"

The evening at length drew on; the women had gone away home, and the neighbouring shepherds had scattered here and there to look after their own flocks. Mr. Adamson's men alone remained, lingering about the brook and the folds, waiting on their master. They had seen him go into the little green hollow, and they knew he was gone to his prayers, and were unwilling to disturb him. But they at length began to think it extraordinary that he should continue at his prayers that whole afternoon. As for the beggar, though acknowledged to be a man of strong sense and sound judgment, he had never been known to say prayers all his life, except in the way of cursing and swearing a little sometimes, and none of them could conjecture what

was become of him. Some of the rest, as it grew late, applied to the old shepherd before oft mentioned, whose name I have forgot, but he had herded with Adamson twenty years—some of the rest, I say, applied to him to go and bring their master away home, for that perhaps he was taken ill.

“O, I’m unco laith to disturb him,” said the old man; “he sees that the hand o’ the Lord has fa’n heavy on him the day, an’ he’s humbling himself afore him in great bitterness of spirit, I daresay. I count it as a sin to brik in on sic devotions as thae.”

“Na, I carena if he should lie and pray yonder till the morn,” said a young lad, “only I wadna like to gang hame an’ leave him lying on the hill, if he should hae chanced to turn no weel. Sae, if nane o’ ye will gang an’ bring him, or see what ails him, I’ll e’en gang mysel;” and away he went, the rest standing still, to await the issue.

When the lad went first to the brink of the little slack where Adamson lay, he stood a few moments, as if gazing or listening, and then turned his back and fled. The rest, who were standing watching his motions, wondered at this; and they said, one to another, that the master was angry at him for disturbing him, and that he had been threatening the lad so rudely, that it had caused him to take to his heels for it. But what they thought most curious, was, that the lad did not fly towards them, but straight to the hill; nor did he ever so much as cast his eyes toward them; so deeply did he seem to be impressed with what had passed between him and his master. Indeed, it rather appeared that he did not know what he was doing, for, after running a space with great violence, he stood and looked back, and then broke to the hill again—always looking first over the one shoulder, and then over the other. Then he stopped a second time, and returned cautiously toward the spot where his master reclined, and all the while he never so much as once turned his eyes toward his neighbours, or seemed to remember that they were there. His motions were strikingly erratic; for all the way, as he returned to the spot where his master

was, he continued to advance by a zigzag direction, like a vessel beating up by short tacks; and several times he stood still, as on the very point of retreating. At length he vanished from their sight in the little hollow; and they said one to another that he was gone in to sit beside the master, or to pray with him, after all.

It was not long, however, till the lad again made his appearance, shouting and waving his cap for them to come likewise, on which they all went away to him as fast as they could, in great amazement what could be the matter. But when they came to the green hollow, a shocking spectacle presented itself. There lay the body of their master, who had been struck dead by the lightning; and, his right side having been torn open, his bowels had gushed out, and were lying beside the body. The earth was rutted and ploughed close to his side, and at his feet there was a hole scooped out, a full yard in depth, and very much resembling a grave. He had been cut off in the act of prayer, and the body was still lying in the position of a man praying in the field. He had been on his knees, with his elbows leaning on the brae, and his brow laid on his folded hands; his plaid was drawn over his head, and his hat below his arm; and this affecting circumstance proved a great source of comfort to Mrs. Adamson afterward, when the extremity of her suffering had somewhat abated.

There was no such awful visitation of Providence had ever been witnessed or handed down to our minds on the ample records of tradition, and the impression that it made, and the interest that it excited, were also without a parallel. Thousands visited the spot, to view the devastations made by the flood, and the furrows formed by the electrical matter; and the smallest circumstances were inquired into with the most minute curiosity: above all, the still and drowsy embers of superstition were rekindled by it into a flame, than which none had ever burnt brighter, not even in the darkest days of gospel ignorance; and by the help of it a theory was made out and believed, that for horror is absolutely unequalled.

But as it was credited in its fullest latitude by my informant, and always added by him as the summary of the tale; I am bound to mention the circumstances, though far from giving them as authentic.

It was asserted, and pretended to have been proven, that old Peter Maxwell *was not in the glen of Laverhope that day*, but at a great distance in a different county, and that it was the devil who had attended the folds that day in his likeness. It was farther believed by all the people at the folds, that it was the last explosion of the whole that had slain Mr. Adamson, for they had then observed the side of the brae, where the little green slack was situated, at that time covered with a sheet of flame for a moment. And it so happened, that from that moment the profane gaberlunzie had been no more seen; and therefore they said, and there was the horror of the thing, that there was no doubt of his being the devil waiting for his prey, and that he fled away in that sheet of flame, carrying the soul of John Adamson along with him.

I never saw old Maxwell, for I believe he died before I was born, but Robin Johnston said, that he denied to his dying day, having been within forty miles of the folds of Laverhope on the day of the thunder storm, and was exceedingly angry when any one pretended to doubt the assertion. It was likewise reported, that at six o'clock afternoon a stranger had called on Mrs Irvine, and told her, that John Adamson, and a great part of his stock, had been destroyed by the lightning and the hail. Mrs Irvine's house was five miles distant from the folds,—and more than all that, his death was not so much as known of by mortal man until two hours after Mrs Irvine received this information. It was a great convulsion of the elements, exceeding anything remembered, either for its violence or consequences, and these mysterious circumstances having been bruited abroad as connected with it, gave it a hold on the minds of the populace never to be erased but by the erasure of existence. It fell out on the 12th of July, 1753.

The death of Mr. Copland of Minnigess forms another era of the same sort in Annandale. It happened, if I mistake not, on the 18th of July, 1804. It was one of those days by which all succeeding thunder storms have been estimated and compared, and from which they are dated, both as having taken place so many years before as well as after.

Adam Copland, Esq. of Minnigess, was a gentleman esteemed by all who knew him. Handsome and comely in his person, and elegant in his manners; he was the ornament of rural society, and the delight of his family and friends; therefore his loss was felt as no common misfortune. As he occupied a pastoral farm of considerable extent, his own property, he chanced likewise to be out at his folds on the day above mentioned, with his own servants, and some neighbours, spanning a part of his lambs, and shearing a few sheep. About mid-day, the thunder, lightning, and hail, came on, and deranged their operations entirely; and, among other things, there was a set of the lambs broke away from the folds, and being in great fright, continued to run on. Mr. Copland and a shepherd of his own, named Thomas Scott, pursued them, and, at the distance of about half a mile from the folds, they turned them, mastered them after some running, and were bringing them back together toward the fold, when the dreadful catastrophe happened. Thomas Scott was the only person present, of course; and tho' he was within a few steps of him at the time, he could give no account of anything. I am well acquainted with Scott, and have questioned him about the particulars fifty times; but he could not so much as tell how he got back to the fold; whether he brought the lambs with him or not; how long the storm continued; nor indeed anything after the time that his master and he turned the lambs. That he remembered perfectly, but thenceforward his mind seemed to have become a blank. I should likewise have mentioned, as an instance of the same kind, that, on the young lad who went first to the body of Adamson being questioned why he fled from the body at first, he denied that he

ever fled. He was not conscious of having fled a foot, and never would have believed it had he not been seen by four eye-witnesses. The only things of which Thomas Scott had any impressions were these: that when the lightning struck his master, he sprung a great height into the air, much higher, he thought, than it was possible for any man to leap by his own exertion. He also thinks, that the place where he fell dead was at a considerable distance from that on which he was struck and leaped from the ground; but when I inquired if he judged that it would be 20 yards or 10 yards, he could give no answer—he could not tell. He only had an impression that he saw his master spring into the air, all on fire; and, on running up to him, he found him quite dead. If Scott was correct in this, and he being a man of plain good

sense, truth, and integrity, there can scarce be a reason for doubting him: the circumstances would argue that the electric matter that slew Mr. Copland had issued out of the earth. He was speaking to Scott with his very last breath; but all that the survivor could do, he could never remember what he was saying. There were some melted drops of silver standing on the case of his watch, as well as on some of his coat-buttons; and the body never stiffened like other corpses, but remained as supple as if every bone had been softened to jelly. He was a married man, scarcely at the prime of life, and left a young widow and only son to lament his loss. On the spot where he fell there is now an obelisk erected to his memory, with a warning text on it, relating to the shortness and uncertainty of human life.

JAMES HOGG.

Lond. Mag.

SPANISH ROMANCES.

I LOVE Spain as a country, and Spaniards as a people. In other lands, I single out special objects for my regard, and inscribe their names on the tablets of friendship and sympathy—In Spain, my affections pervade and cling to the whole population. The national character is fine and heroic. Hospitality, generosity, dignity, valour; these are all Spanish virtues. I have found them elsewhere, it is true; but in the Spaniard they are blended with something indefinable, which gives all these admirable qualities a peculiar energy and relief, of which I only know that it breathes of the olden time, though it makes no parade of its ancestry. It is romantic, spiritual, omnipresent. It is the soul of song—of song the universal element in Spain. There is not a hill, nor a valley, nor a streamlet, which it has failed to consecrate. The very beggar decorates his petitions with poetical imagery—he asks “a blessed alms from tenderness, for one the flower of whose life has been blasted,” or, from whom “the light of heaven has been shut out by a celestial visitation.” The

muleteer chaunts his ever-varying *cancion* to a strain that varies never; but while the sun shines, and it is seldom clouded, his voice is always heard; and there is scarcely a village where some *repentista* (improvisatore) has not his portion of poetry and of praise.

But we are at sea; the coast of Mallorca appeared through the mists of the morning. We had been sleeping, as accustomed, on the deck, where every evening we sat looking upon the blue and splendid heaven—watching the stars which danced up and down, as if in joyous revelry, as the vessel rose or sunk among the waves. We found the plague was desolating Mahon. In some parts of the town the streets were barricadoed, and the miserable occupiers confined within them left to perish, if not of disease, of starvation. We made the best of our way to Iviza. The pines grow on its mountains as of old.* The quarantine master beckoned us off, but sent an officer on board, and appointed us a station near one of the many inlets which are scattered among the Balears.

* It was called Pityusas.

These islands are inhabited by an interesting, though singular people. Their language is neither Spanish, nor Catalan, nor Valencian ; and the dialects of the several islands differ considerably. A variety of customs, obviously of Roman origin, are still preserved. After the nuptials of a bride, she often remains at her father's house for many months, till she is claimed by her husband ; and then the marriage, which had been before conducted without parade, is celebrated a second time in the midst of great rejoicings, and the lady is escorted to her husband's abode. This is clearly the *domum inductio* of the Latins. The declaration of attachment is made by firing a gun at the feet of the chosen one.—The dress of these islanders is very remarkable. The women wear wide slouched black hats, always decorated with a large bunch of artificial flowers. Their hair, which is never cut, hangs down their back tied up in the form of a cow's tail ; and the flowing extremity is most admired, when it has been most gilded by the sun-beams ; and its pale colour forms a contrast to the dark Moorish character of their general features. Even the common peasants wear several chains of gold around their necks, adorned with crosses and sacred relics.

It was evening when we arrived—that interesting hour when the vesper hymns are sung. I know of nothing more touching than this devotional service of the Mediterranean sailors, accompanying the unclouded and glorious sun as he sinks beneath the waters. The blending of human voices in any acts of devotion, even of superstitious devotion, is harmonious to my ear, and purifying to my soul. At the words “*Al rosario*,” uttered by the captain, and passing from tongue to tongue, the crew gather upon deck around the helmsman, and the song is led by the oldest of the worshippers. How gently it spreads through the calm heaven ! how sweetly it is wafted over the slightly-moving sea ! The shrill tones of the cabin-boys mingle with the deep responses of the stern-voiced mariners, while the pure name of the Virgin towers above every other name, “*Ave*

Maria, full of grace and glory,” and then the proud list of saints and martyrs, each honoured by a special prayer—an *ora pro nobis*—and that most solemn conclusion of all, which seems to make the soul pregnant with great thoughts and sublime aspirations :

; Santo Dios, Santo Fuerte, Santo Im-
mortal
Libra nos, Señor, de todo mal !

Give to these offerings any name you will—they are, they must be accepted at that footstool where they are cast. Their influence on the hearts of others I know not, I cannot know ; but they have a most sanctifying influence upon mine.

The same spirit which has applied poetry to the daily concerns of life—in a word, to every object of thought and sense, has naturally made it subservient to the purpose of religion ; and though sometimes the devout hymns of the Spaniards press closely upon familiarity with the Deity, and breathe tones too fair and fanciful for the solemn objects to which devotion points, their effect has been on the whole beneficial ; nor can we fairly estimate it by any reference to our own minds, whose habits and associations are generally so unpoetical. In truth, the Catholic religion has formed a glorious alliance with the divine arts, and has made them its mighty ministers. Painting, poetry, and music, have in their turn brought their noblest tributes to the Roman altars, and have served to build up that gigantic pyramid, which whole nations have so long contemplated with reverence and with terror. Some specimens of the religious romances (for we employ the word romance in that vague and general sense which is given to it in Spain) shall be quoted hereafter. Fr. Schlegel has translated many of them into German ; there is one of a Valencian poet (Mosen Tallante) which concluded our evening worship on the Valencian shore.

Mighty, changeless God above !
Father of immensity !
Righteous !
Whose unutterable love
Led thee on the cross to die
Even for us.

Thou who all our sins didst bear,
 All our sorrows suffering there,
O Agnus Dei !
 Lead us where thy promise led
 That poor dying thief, who said,
Memento mei !

The officer who had come on board,
 and who was appointed to watch over
 us during our days of quarantine—
 (I hope few of my readers have experienced their misery)—and prevent
 these contraband operations which
 never yet were prevented in Spain,
 brought his guitar in his hand, and had
 scarcely sprung on the deck ere he
 seated himself on a coiled cable, and,
 after saluting our seamen, began to
 sing :

I'll go to yon boat, my mother ;
 O yes ! to yon boat I'll go ;
 I'll go with the mariner, mother,
 And be a mariner too.

Mother, there's no withstanding ;
 For wheresoe'er I am driven
 It is by the will of heaven,
 Or the infant god's commanding ;
 He plays with my heart at will,
 I feel it with love o'erflow ;—
 I'll go with the mariner, mother,
 And be a mariner too.

Mother, 'tis vain complaining ;
 Omnipotence is his boast ;
 I feel that my soul is lost
 And nought but my body remaining :
 The mariner's dying, mother—
 He must not die—I'll go—
 I'll go with the mariner, mother,
 And be a mariner too.

He's a tyrant without example !
 This little usurping lord,
 With a single look or word,
 A king in the dust will trample ;
 If the mariner goes, my mother,
 If the mariner's bent to go,
 I'll go with the mariner, mother,
 And be a mariner too.

Tell me, ye waves, if ever
 A nymph so soft and fair
 Sped o'er your waters there ;
 Tell me, ye waves ? O, never !
 'Tis nothing to me, my mother—
 What love commands, I'll do ;
 I'll go with my mariner, mother,
 And be a mariner too.

The guitar passed into the hands of
 his neighbour. "And I too," said he,
 "will sing a song of the sea :"

Mother ! I woke at early morn,
 Upon San Juan's festal day,
 And on the sandy shore, forlorn,

Saw a lone, silent maiden stray :
 Alone she had wash'd, and strain'd, and
 spread

Her garments on the rose-tree grove ;
 And while they dried, the maiden said,
 "Where shall I go to seek my love ?
 Where shall I go ?—O tell me where ?"—
 And the tide it sunk, and the tide it swell'd ;
 For thus her song flow'd sweetly there—
 And a comb of gold in her hand she held,
 With which she comb'd her raven hair.
 "Tell me thou busy mariner,
 And so may God thy helper prove,
 Tell me if thou have seen my love—
 Say, hast thou seen him wandering here ?"

"Do you know the Romance (said
 another) which the Count sang to his
 mistress, when the moon was shining
 through the bars of his prison cell ?"
 The beautiful orb was at this moment
 pursuing its unclouded way across the
 heaven, and seemed lingering as if to
 contemplate its reflection on the wa-
 ters, which the flowing tide shook and
 played with, but did not disperse—fine
 contrast to the steady lustre of the sat-
 ellite. "No ! Let us hear it."

Moon ! that shinest out so bright,
 With a pale and silvery light,
 Guide my maiden through the night,
 Guide my fair maid !
 Moon, that shinest out so bright,
 Guide my maiden through the night !

There exists throughout Spain, with
 some exceptions, produced by narrow
 interests, and passing circumstances, a
 great affection for England. Our her-
 esy is rather talked of with pity than
 blame. Ana Bolena, whose name is
 familiar to almost every Spaniard, di-
 vides the impressions of the Spanish
 people with her abandoned tyrant and
 lord. English knights and Spanish
 cavaliers had "foughten together in
 chevalrie," through many an age, and
 in many a fray. The names of Brit-
 ish lores (lords) are prominent in sev-
 eral of the Trobador compositions, and
 are mentioned by the Valencian Ro-
 manceros as bravely leading on their
 troops against the Moors. The mar-
 riage of Philip with Mary strengthen-
 ed the connection with the two coun-
 tries ; and the wars to which family
 piques have given birth, have not been
 able to root out sympathies planted too
 deeply to be destroyed by temporary
 events.

Paz con Ynglaterra
Y con todo el mundo guerra.

"Peace with England, and war with the world," has been an universal cry in Spain; and now that alliance with Spain is become an alliance with freedom, and virtue, and valour, let England echo back the fraternal greeting!

One other romance was sung, of which I offer, not a translation, but an amplification. The midnight bell tolled from the Dominican convent. The evening farewell, which commended us to the care of the Virgin, closed another day; and sleep, that best of blessings, which wraps us round as warmly and comfortably as a Spanish cloak (as the shrewd Spanish Sancho Panza opined) soon laid its finger upon our eyelids.

Thou little stream, so gayly flowing,
So sparkling in the sunny beam,
Bright flowers are on thy margin blowing!
Glide not so fast, thou little stream!
Thy fount, alas! is not eternal,
Though joy is on thy waters now—
Thou slowest 'midst the breezes vernal—
In winter thou wilt cease to flow!

Thine is a silent, secret fountain,
Where drop by drop thy source distils,
Hid in the bosom of the mountain,
And gushing into silver rills.
Thou art of humble birth, and proudly
'Tis not for thee to roll along:
O! gentle streamlet, flow not loudly,
But, sweet and lowly be thy song.

O! thou mayst water hill and valley,
Revive the mead, refresh the wood:
And, like a pensive priestess, sully
From thy own haunts of solitude,
To bless, to charm,—on all bestowing
Joy from thy smiles, serene, divine:
And see with smiles all nature glowing.
Reflected from those smiles of thine.

O! envy not that furious current
That, like an earthquake, shakes its
shores,
Tears up the forest with its torrent,
And breaks the rocks,—and as it roars
Fills all the plain with woe and sadness,
And is dispersed while hurrying by:
Its memory fleeting as its madness,
And full of gloom that memory.

Thou little stream! so gayly flowing,
And sparkling in the sunny beam,
While flowers are on thy margin blowing,
Presume not, O thou little stream!
Thy fount, alas! is not eternal,
Though joy is on thy waters now—
Thou slowest 'midst the breezes vernal—
In winter thou must cease to flow!

(New Monthly Mag.)

THE PHYSICIAN---NO. VIII.

INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION ON HEALTH.

NONE of the faculties of the mind present phenomena so singular and so contradictory as the imagination. This faculty, given to us as our kindest friend in this mortal life, often so poor in reality—to which we owe a relish for existence, comfort in the hours of affliction, and the enhancement of our happiness—through which we acquire a lively sense for the good and the fair, for truth and virtue, so long as we can keep it within due bounds—is liable, when it exceeds them, to become the most cruel of tyrants, robbing us of peace, happiness, nay even of life itself. It is, therefore, one of the most important maxims of our morals, to be continually upon our guard against its vagaries, and to order matters so as always to maintain a certain ascendancy over it. But this rule is not less important for our physical

nature, as I shall demonstrate in this paper by some remarks on its powerful influence, and particularly by a circumstance which occurred in my own experience.

Numberless are the gradations through which that extraordinary disease which affects the imagination proceeds, as well as the masks which it assumes. From the first momentary conception that we feel something as real which does not exist, to absolute insanity, or the total derangement of the mind, there are innumerable stages, founded on the degree of the disease, on its causes and on the peculiar constitution of the patient. A great portion of what are commonly called hypochondriac or hysteric attacks, and nervous complaints, originate solely in a diseased imagination. People are accustomed to laugh at such sufferings when they are known to proceed from this cause; but their mirth is exceed-

ingly ill-timed. I know not, in truth, a more dreadful and more real disease, than that in which the essence of our being itself suffers; for it is ten times as easy to bear a *real* evil as an *imaginary* one. In the former case I have always resources left within myself;—and with some effort of the powers of my soul, it is always possible for me to consider the evil as something distinct from and foreign to myself;—in the latter, the only thing that can afford me consolation and encouragement, my soul, is itself diseased, and my sufferings are actually a part of my being. In real evils, if the fundamental cause be removed, we may look forward with confidence to relief; but in the other case, the complaint of the soul must be combated and cured, and here the most efficacious remedies are of no avail, unless they operate upon the imagination.

In such unfortunate persons the real feelings are every moment confounded with their reveries; they see nothing aright, because they are accustomed to look at every thing in the mirror of their imagination alone. They come at length to such a pass, as either no longer to trust their senses, and thus live in continual contradiction with themselves, or become a ball, with which the imagination plays the most extravagant games; and present phenomena, that, to the sober rational mind, appear wholly incomprehensible. In this way, then, it is possible for one to fancy himself a barley-corn and in constant danger of being swallowed by the fowls; for a second to consider himself as one of the persons of the Godhead; for a third to be firmly convinced that he is made of glass and cannot be touched without breaking; and for a fourth to imagine himself the knave of spades, and that he ought to take special care to keep out of the way of the king.

Hence arises the extraordinary disease, which causes people to see themselves double, and of which I witnessed a remarkable instance, where the second self was inexpressible troublesome, appearing every where and at very unseasonable times to the wretch-

ed original, and reducing him by its incessant annoyance almost to despair: and yet, be it observed, this was a man who possessed his perfect understanding, and was extremely regular and clever in business. It is not, however, to be denied, that the cause of this phenomenon is sometimes independent of ourselves, and may originate in a particular refraction of the rays of light, as is proved by the example of a celebrated anatomist. He was engaged one evening in his laboratory, where the atmosphere was filled with effluvia from a great quantity of anatomical preparations and subjects. Happening to raise his eyes, he perceived his own figure sitting at the opposite extremity of the room. He rose to examine the phenomenon more minutely, and went towards it, but it disappeared: on returning to his former place, he again saw it. He went to another corner, from which it was again invisible. In short, he ascertained that it depended entirely on the angle of incidence of the rays of light, and that, consequently, the apparition owed its existence to the vapours in the room, which, with the aid of the evening sun, acted like a mirror.

Through the influence of the imagination, dreams and presentiments may prove fatal: and I have always considered it as one of the most dangerous symptoms, when a patient or his friends have informed me that he has shortly before had a dream or a token of his death, or that he has seen an apparition, which has announced that he has not long to live. This was, on the one hand, a positive proof that the disease is deeply, very deeply seated in such a person, and that before it actually broke out, his nervous system and the source of his conceptions must have been greatly deranged, in order to admit of such vivid fancies: and on the other hand, I could reckon upon it with the greater confidence, that the firm conviction of death would render the disease more formidable and the remedies less efficient, and that in particular it would paralyse the curative energies of nature, without which all the skill of the physician is totally useless.

Hence, also, actual diseases may, through the influence of the imagination, be aggravated by the most unusual and dangerous symptoms, nay be produced solely by it. In such cases the physician is not likely to find much assistance in books; nor must he expect much success from any attempt to prove to the patient that his disorder is wholly imaginary. The only thing that can extricate him from the dilemma is a lucky thought, some method of diverting the imagination to a different object, or which at least is capable of rendering its consequences innoxious, or of neutralizing its convictions by means of themselves.

It is well known how a man was cured who fancied that he was dead, and refused all sustenance. His friends deposited him with all due formalities in a dark cellar. One of them caused himself soon afterwards to be carried into the same place in a coffin, containing a plentiful supply of provisions, and assured him that it was customary to eat and drink in that world, as well as in the one which they had just left. He suffered himself to be persuaded, and recovered.—Another, who imagined that he had no head, (a notion that is not so common as the reverse) was speedily convinced of the real existence of his head, by a heavy hat of lead which was set upon it, and which by its pressure, made him feel for the first time, during a long period, that he actually possessed this necessary appendage.—But the most dangerous state of all is, when the imagination fixes upon things, the lively representation of which may finally induce their realization. Of this sort was a case which fell under my own professional experience, and which affords one of the most striking proofs of the power of an overstrained imagination.

A youth of sixteen, of a weakly constitution and delicate nerves, but in other respects quite healthy, quitted his room in the dusk of the evening, but suddenly returned, with a face as pale as death and looks betraying the greatest terror, and in a tremulous voice told a fellow-student who lived in the same room with him, that he should die at nine o'clock in the morning of

the day after the next. His companion naturally considered this sudden transformation of a cheerful youth into a candidate for the grave as very extraordinary: he enquired the cause of this notion, and, as the other declined to satisfy his curiosity, he strove at least to laugh him out of it: His efforts, however, were unavailing. All the answer he could obtain from his comrade was, that his death was certain and inevitable. A number of well-meaning friends assembled about him, and endeavoured to wean him from his idea by lively conversation, jokes, and even satirical remarks. He sat among them with a gloomy, thoughtful look, took no share in their discourse, sighed and at length grew angry when they began to rally him. It was hoped that sleep would dispel this melancholy mood; but he never closed his eyes, and his thoughts were engaged all night with his approaching decease. Early next morning I was sent for. I found, in fact, the most singular sight in the world—a person in good health making all the arrangements for his funeral, taking an affecting leave of his friends, and writing a letter to his father, to acquaint him with his approaching dissolution, and to bid him farewell. I examined the state of his body, and found nothing unusual but the paleness of his face, eyes dull and rather inflamed with weeping, coldness of the extremities, and a low contracted pulse—indications of a general cramp of the nerves, which was sufficiently manifested in the state of his mind. I endeavoured, therefore, to convince him, by the most powerful arguments, of the futility of his notion, and to prove that a person whose bodily health was so good, had no reason whatever to apprehend speedy death: in short, I exerted all my eloquence and my professional knowledge, but without making the slightest impression. He willingly admitted that I, as a physician, could not discover any cause of death in him; but this, he contended, was the peculiar circumstance of his case, that without any natural cause, merely from an unalterable decree of fate, his death must ensue; and though he could not expect us to share this conviction, still

it was equally certain that it would be verified by the event of the following day. All that I could do, therefore, was to tell him, that under these circumstances I must treat him as a person labouring under a disease, and prescribe medicines accordingly. "Very well," replied he, "but you will see not only that your medicines will not do me any good, but that they will not operate at all."

There was no time to be lost, for I had only twenty-four left to effect a cure. I therefore judged it best to employ powerful remedies in order to release him from this bondage of his imagination. With this view a very strong emetic and cathartic were administered, and blisters applied to both thighs. He submitted to every thing, but with the assurance that his body was already half dead, and the remedies would be of no use. Accordingly, to my utter astonishment, I learned when I called in the evening, that the emetic had taken but little or no effect, and that the blisters had not even turned the skin red. He now triumphed over our incredulity, and deduced from this inefficacy of the remedies the strongest conviction that he was already little better than a corpse. To me the case began to assume a very serious aspect. I saw how powerfully the state of the mind had affected the body, and what a degree of insensibility it had produced; and I had just reason to apprehend that an imagination which had reduced the body to such extremity, was capable of carrying matters to still greater lengths.

All our inquiries, as to the cause of his belief, had hitherto proved abortive. He now disclosed to one of his friends, but in the strictest confidence, that the preceding evening, on quitting his room, he had seen a figure in white, which beckoned to him, and at the same moment a voice pronounced the words:—"The day after to-morrow, at nine in the morning, thou shalt die!" and the fate thus predicted nothing could enable him to escape. He now proceeded to set his house in order, made his will, and gave particular directions for his funeral, specifying who were to carry and who to follow him to

the grave. He even insisted on receiving the sacrament—a wish, however, which those about him evaded complying with. Night came on, and he began to count the hours he had yet to live, till the fatal nine the next morning, and every time the clock struck, his anxiety evidently increased. I began to be more apprehensive for the result; for I recollected instances in which the mere imagination of death had really produced a fatal result. I recollected also the feigned execution, when the criminal, after a solemn trial, was sentenced to be beheaded, and when, in expectation of the fatal blow, his neck was struck with a switch, on which he fell lifeless to the ground, as though his head had been really cut off, and this circumstance gave me reason to fear that a similar result might attend this case, and that the striking of the hour of nine might prove as fatal to my patient as the blow of the switch on the above-mentioned occasion. At any rate the shock communicated by the striking of the clock, accompanied by the extraordinary excitement of the imagination and the general cramp, which had determined all the blood to the head and the internal parts, might produce a most dangerous revolution, spasms, fainting-fits, or hæmorrhages; or even totally overthrow reason, which had already sustained so severe an attack.

What was then to be done? In my judgment every thing depended on carrying him, without his being aware of it, beyond the fatal moment; and it was to be hoped that as his whole delusion hinged upon this point, he would then feel ashamed of himself and be cured of it. I therefore placed my reliance on opium, which, moreover, was quite appropriate to the state of his nerves, and prescribed twenty drops of laudanum with two grains of henbane to be taken about midnight. I directed, that if, as I hoped, he overslept the fatal hour, his friends should assemble round his bed, and on his awaking, laugh heartily at his silly notion, that, instead of being allowed to dwell upon the gloomy idea, he might be rendered thoroughly sensible of its absurdity. My instructions were

punctually obeyed: soon after he had taken the opiate, he fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till about eleven o'clock the next day. "What hour is it?" was his first question on opening his eyes; and when he heard how long he had overslept his death, and was at the same time greeted with loud laughter for his folly, he crept ashamed under the bed-clothes, and at length joined in the laugh, declaring that the whole affair appeared to him like a dream, and that he could not conceive how he could be such a simpleton. Since that time he has enjoyed the best health, and has never had any similar attack.

Many instances are known of persons who, though not ill, have predicted their death in one or in a few days, and have died exactly at the time which they foretold. In former ages, when it was the fashion with the great to keep an astrologer and to consult the stars respecting the time of their death, many illustrious personages expired in the year and month predicted by their soothsayers, and the belief in their prophetic faculty was thereby not a little strengthened. In this, however, I find nothing extraordinary, and, indeed, contemporary writers explain the matter in a perfectly natural way. The good folks actually died of the prophecy; and this is one of the cases in which the prediction of a thing is the only cause why it really happens. It requires more than ordinary levity or strength of mind, to be told by a person whom we regard as possessing superior intelligence, that it is a mathematical certainty that we shall die at a stated time, without being shocked and filled with anxiety for the result. Every day that brings us nearer to the dreaded moment must augment our uneasiness, and the derangement of health inseparably connected with it. Fear is the most subtle, the most fatal of poisons: it paralyses all the faculties; it destroys the noblest energies of our nature, and keeps the nervous system in a state of such constant tension, that it cannot but be considered, if not as itself a disease, at least as the most dangerous foundation for diseases. Should we be attacked in this mood

with any slight indisposition, it may be exceedingly aggravated by the depression of the spirits and the prostration of the animal powers; and in this manner a cold may degenerate into a most malignant, nay fatal, nervous fever. Thus it is, that in times of general calamity, in epidemic diseases, and in long sieges, fear so dreadfully augments the mortality, because each is apprehensive of experiencing the same fate which he sees diffused far and wide around him.

I knew an instance of a man, who was by no means superstitious, and for whom some person had, in his youth, done the disservice to cast his nativity and to predict the year of his death. He laughed at the prophecy till the specified year arrived; he then began to be manifestly more pensive, and the idea which had formerly been a subject of mirth became an incessant torment to him. Without betraying his real cause of alarm, he went from one physician to another to consult them on the state of his health, and to stifle the voice of imagination by the opinions of the faculty. He resorted to all sorts of preservatives; every conceivable cause of disease was obviated; and the ominous year only wanted a month of its completion, when he was seized with an ordinary fever, and at the same time with the horrors of death. The whole virulence of the disease was thereby determined to the head and nerves, and on the fifth day he was carried off by apoplexy.

I mean not to assert that there may not be cases in which the soul has a real presentiment, nay a decided certainty, of approaching dissolution. These occur chiefly in lingering disorders, when the vital powers decline by slow degrees, and the inward feeling of our physical existence may in a manner calculate daily the sum of the loss. Here a presentiment of the period when the little remaining store must be completely exhausted, when the oil in the lamp shall be quite burned out, seems to be possible enough. I shall never forget a friend, who was so reduced by pulmonary consumption that a breath seemed capable of extinguishing the feeble flame, and whose

dissolution was every moment expected. He was himself a physician ; and in this agonizing state he fixed the duration of his life at twenty-four hours, desired his watch to be hung up to his bed, counted every hour, and with steadfast look accompanied the hand to the completion of the twenty-fourth, when he closed his eyes forever.

From the influence of the imagination, it is easy to conceive how diseases, especially those of the mind and the nerves, may have their periods, and be, in the strictest sense of the term, the fashion. Every age has, it is well known, its peculiar form and mode of thinking, and its own prevailing ideas, which at length become identified with ourselves. Nothing is more natural than that this form should communicate itself to our feelings, and particularly express itself in diseases of the nerves and of the representative faculty. To this is added a secret sympathy of the imagination, by means of which even defects and diseases of the mind easily excite imitation, and become really catching. By way of illustration, I need instance only the contagious influence of yawning. In this manner we may account for it why certain diseases of this class should be generally prevalent for a time, and then disappear ; and why others, though the physical causes are the same, yet never appear again in the same form.

There are many remarkable instances of this kind. How long did the disease which manifested itself in the notions of witchcraft, and persons being possessed by the devil, prevail universally !—and yet, merely through a change in our way of thinking, and the different direction given to the imagination, it has gone quite out of fashion. People were so accustomed to regard every wicked thought as the suggestion of the devil, and every unusual sound at night as his voice, and to believe him to be continually behind the scenes, that at length this idea became the predominant one ; the imagination was incessantly occupied with it ; and hence unusual inward feelings of illness might easily be taken, by those to whom they occurred, for Satanic impulses and agency, and they

seriously believed themselves to be bewitched and possessed. It is astonishing what firm hold this conviction had taken of some, and how they retained it even on the scaffold and at the stake. We find incontestable evidence that many were as certain of their guilt as their judges ; and that the judges as well as the unfortunate wretches condemned by them, were seized, in fact, with one and the same disease. The only difference was, that those were active, and these passive. It is, indeed, a pleasing occupation to compare the symptoms of those diseases attributed to infernal agency with the nervous complaints of our days, and the then way of thinking with the present ; for it teaches us to admire the progress of natural philosophy and of the cultivation of the human mind, and gives us some idea of the blessed influence of genuine illumination.

One of the most singular fashionable diseases was that which caused people to believe themselves to be transformed into beasts. We find traces of it in the remotest antiquity. It is not improbable that many of the mythological fables may have originated in this source. The celebrated instance of King Nebuchadnezzar might have had a similar origin, and his extraordinary history may be reduced to this, that, deranged with inordinate pride, he fancied himself a brute, ran away, and with this notion actually lived several years among the beasts of the field, till at length, cured perhaps by the air and herbage, he recovered his reason and returned to his residence. But this disease was not properly in fashion till the 12th, 13th, and 14th century, when it received the distinctive appellation of *Lycanthropy*. In those times there were numbers of people who were sometimes seized with the extraordinary paroxysm of fancying themselves to be wolves. It was in fact a state of ecstasy or trance, in which the more delicate nervous system of the nineteenth century would perhaps have heard the voices of angels. Living at that time among wolves, people heard those animals howling, assumed in imagination the nature of wolves,

and in idea acted accordingly. When they came to themselves, they related all that they had been doing in their dreams, just as if it had really happened. Many were even affected to such a degree, that they not only had visions, but actually ran away, wandered about for several days together in the forests, stealing lambs, devouring them raw, and conducting themselves exactly like wolves. At length this infatuation increased to such a pitch, that people firmly believed not merely that a man could fancy himself a wolf, but that he could actually transform himself into one. Hence the writers of those times gravely relate, that whole flocks of such *wolf-men* prowled about the country,

that whole villages, were seized with this mania, and that when a person killed a wolf, he could never be sure whether it was a real wolf or a man in the shape of a wolf; nay, it was even observed that the wounds inflicted on a supposed wolf very often appeared afterwards on the person of a man. At length it was deemed advisable to attribute this species of insanity also to the agency of the Devil, to anathematize the poor wolf-men, and to burn all that could be caught; and as the wolves themselves meanwhile gradually became more rare, and the imagination ceased to be so much engaged with them, this singular infatuation at length subsided entirely.

(Monthly Mag.)

ON PERKINS'S NEW DISCOVERY IN STEAM ENGINES.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
A VERY ingenious mechanic says, he has discovered new powers in water, by which he can work a steam-engine at one-tenth of its present expenditure; though every feature of his supposed invention has been tried over and over again, above twenty years ago, and failed, from being upon mistaken principles.

He says, he discovered in a steam-boat on the Mississippi, that steam at a high pressure is comparatively cold; and that experiments have been now made, which tend to explain the cause of this phenomenon. I desire to tell him, that this fact was universally known among the scientific in London twenty-five years ago, and probably long before that time.

He tells us too, that, by throwing high-pressure steam into another boiler, we can save nine-tenths of the coal which this boiler would otherwise consume; in reply to this, I say, that 15 years since, myself and my family, put up a boiler on purpose to try this experiment on a large scale; and it totally failed, by consuming one-third more coal, than if it had been burnt under the working boiler in the usual way;

and I have since seen it tried by several others, with equal success. He next talks of condensing under the pressure of 70lbs. to the inch, when the most that can by any possibility be gained, by condensation, is 14lbs. He therefore confesses a loss of 56lbs. besides the mistake from the fact, that ten times his pressure would not condense three atoms of steam; he also supposes that he crams the interstices between the particles of water, in his full boiler, with caloric, so full, he says, that steam cannot have room to generate, and therefore there is no steam until the water is in its passage to the cylinder; now, I never knew water escape from a boiler but it retained its character of water; or steam, but it inclined to become water.

I will endeavour to state my sentiments upon the nature of steam, and the more, as it will assist to explain my argument: water, separated into parts, becomes steam; separated still further, it becomes gas; and the operation still pursued, the gas becomes divided into its primeval atoms; the motions or decomposing principle, occasioning steam to the pressure of 2lb. to the inch, appears to me to be the period at which water gives out the greatest sen-

sation of heat ; and, as the operation goes on, heat is less and less perceptible, until the steam or gas (perfectly decomposed) becomes (like consumed coal or ashes) comparatively cold. If the boiler were, what Mr. Perkins thinks it to be, a magazine of caloric, which caloric comes in freely through its bottom, the water offering less impediment to its passage ; how comes it to stay there in terrific pressure, obedient to his will, without passing as quickly through its top or sides ? Denying heat to be an element, and declaring steam to be decomposed water, I consider it impossible for Mr. Perkins to get 500lbs. pressure in his boiler, or regenerator, except by the decomposition of the water in it. If the water, then, is decomposable in any degree by the operation of fire, the boiler must burst before the pressure

is at one quarter what he proposes to work his engine at, because he has no room for its expansion. Again, water when just broken into steam is easily condensed, or united to water again ; but, when broken to its elementary atoms, it is not in human power to bring it again to water in any reasonable or useful time.

The result of similar experiments, tried nearly thirty years ago, is, that a high pressure engine can only be worked, with economy, at 49lbs. to the inch ; and a condensing one, at 2lbs. : ten times his imagined power has been long since discovered, and obtainable with double his assumed economy. To regulate this enormous power is the only desideratum in mechanics to which ingenious men are looking forward.

Battersea.

S. S.

(Monthly Mag.)

ON THE DANGER OF EXPLOSION OF THE RESERVOIR OF GAS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
A COMMITTEE of the Royal Society, appointed for the purpose of examining into the danger of explosion of the reservoir of gas, belonging to the Gas-light Company, have come to important conclusions, which ought to be publickly known.

Mr. Lukin sent a model of the seasoning-house which blew up in Jan. 1812, at Woolwich ; and the committee considered, *first*, the degree of probability that an explosion should by any means be produced ; and, *second*, the probable effect of an explosion, if it should take place.

They found, that the gasometer in Providence court, Westminster, has a capacity of 14,000 cubic feet ; from which, under mismanagement, it has been apprehended that, if the gas came to be mixed with common air, the most dangerous explosions might take place. This, in the opinion of the committee, might arise from an accidental fire, communicated to the building which contains the gasometer. The committee, therefore, recommend, that the reservoir should be provided

with a pipe, leading to some place at a proper distance, and having its external orifice closed by a valve, to let out the gas on the first alarm of fire, and that all such buildings should be made fire-proof.

They also ascertained, that a reservoir containing 14,000 cubic feet, would be equal to ten barrels of gunpowder, and never less than five. In the explosion at Woolwich, it appears that seventy-three feet of a thick wall, 12 feet high, and which stood twelve feet distant, were knocked down, and some of the bricks thrown 250 feet, and others forced in a diagonal direction a considerable depth into the ground ; and that an iron door weighing 280lbs. was projected to the distance of 230, and another 190 feet, and that several persons were killed or wounded.

The committee, therefore, recommend, that works supplying gas should be placed at a certain distance from all other buildings ; or, if they are erected near houses, that the reservoirs should be on a small scale, and that the reservoirs should be separated by mounds, as is done in the government powder-mills, or by strong party walls, suffi-

cient, to prevent the explosion of one from bringing on that of any other.

The committee also stated another source of danger, viz. that if the pipes coming into a room happen to leak, or if the manager of the lamps should neglect to turn the stop-cock after the lamp is extinguished, the gas would

ooze into the room, and might occasion a strong explosion, particularly where the lamps are not lighted every night, for a servant might come into the room or church, hastily to light the lamps, and the mischief be done on opening the door, before the smell is perceived.
X. Y. Z.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

A PROFESSIONAL VISIT TO ALI PACHA, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1809 ;

SHEWING, AMONG OTHER PLEASANT MATTERS, HOW DOCTORS MAY DIFFER.*

THIS was the Greek on whom my colleague had been quartered by the Pacha's order. The ghost of the valiant Hector, the stoutest of all the Trojan Knights, armed *cap à pié*, would not have terrified him more, than did the apparition of his quondam inmate in a harmless guise. To feel this, the economy of a Greek house is to be consulted. There, the lordly master, in his tranquil indolence, remote from the clatter of female tongues, and the annoyance of the squalling brats, his offspring, whiffs and wiles away his vacant hours ; or, if perchance he has an evening companion, a party of Mandoli,† or of draughts, or perhaps a simple game of cards, quietly prosecuted, and untempered by the roseate juice, is the highest object of his recreation. What, then, must have been the sensations of Signor Alexis, when he again beheld the *medico Inglese*, whose orgies had molested him by day, and broken his rest by night ? If the Pacha had visited him with another peremptory mandate in my colleague's behalf, it is much to be doubted whether he would not, like Monsieur Tonson, have been scared from his home.

We alighted, and were shewn to an apartment, where having taken some refreshments, we were conducted by his Secretary to the Colonel's dwelling on the other side of the quadrangular court. I was not a little hurt at our

reception, which appeared to me to be every thing but cordial. During our brief stay, the Colonel, absorbed in thought, hung his head, and confined himself, in a languid tone of address, to a few common-place inquiries respecting Malta, without the customary welcome to strangers, who were come to place themselves under his protection in a foreign land. What can this mean ?—The mystery was cleared up next morning, when I was invited to breakfast, and learned, for the first time, the extent of my companion's aberrations during his former stay at Jannina. "I shall not," said the Colonel meekly, "write against him ; but I am surprised at his impudence in returning." It was no wonder that it had gone near to deprive him of the power of speech. The riddance, however, of this dead weight on the Colonel's feelings was near at hand, as his Secretary was to set off in a day or two for Prevesa, and might tack my eccentric companion as a rider to his suite.

In waiting the Pacha's commands, I accompanied the Secretary and my colleague to an elevated spot in an outskirt of the town, where, from the cemetery of one of the principal mosques, we were gratified by a panoramic view of the surrounding scenery, more sublimely picturesque than any I had ever witnessed. On our way thither we were assailed by a sooty and circumcised African, a slave in bigotry as in condition, who, having placed himself expressly in our rear, pelted us with stones, and made us sensible of his dexterity by several smart and clever hits, for which he was amply repaid by a

* Concluded from page 436.

† A game of chance, in which almonds are dropped into a series of cups. This pastime has some affinity, in its result, to the curious problem of fifteen Christians, and fifteen Turks, with which the reader must be familiar.

Greek, who collared him, and gave him a sound drubbing.

On the following morning, August 24th, the Colonel invited me to accompany him to the Pacha's summer palace. We entered a spacious octagonal apartment, richly ornamented, having in its centre a basin, round which small cannon were planted. In an alcove looking into the garden, was seated the Pacha, without one solitary attendant, and without any symbol by which his exalted rank could be distinguished. After the requisite introduction, his Highness entered on the conversation, as it regarded me, by observing, that the principal complaint under which he laboured was old age. On his representing himself to be not more than fifty-three,* I requested the Colonel to say from me, that such a period of life was not considered by us as bringing with it the infirmities of age. He inquired into my time of life, and being told that it bordered on his own, said that he did not entertain any doubt of my being useful to him. He made me feel his pulse, and seemed pleased when I declared it to be good, and indicative of a vigorous temperament. My hand, he said, was warmer than his own, which I accounted for by the fatigues of my journey, and by the ride I had just taken. More passed; and throughout he displayed much acuteness, blended with pleasantry.—He told the story of a physician whom he had consulted some years before, and who said that in medicine there were only three things worth knowing, namely—that bark would cure fevers; mercury a certain disease; and that when the patient is in extreme danger, every thing should be left to nature. Coffee and pipes were presented to us, and we took our leave.

During this interview, the Colonel was covered, which was spirited and right. As the Turk, he observed, does not remove his turban, so ought not the Frank, in his intercourse with him, to remove his hat. He left this, however,

to my discretion; and I chose, not so much with the view of shewing off, in contrast with his Highness's hoary chin, my newly-blackened head, as because it is my rule to be polite in all places, to take off mine.

From my observation, I reckon the stature of Ali Pacha to have been about five feet six, or six and a half, beneath what painters call the middle size. He was muscular and plump, with limbs straight and well-formed, but not elegantly defined. His hands and fingers were so; and he was not deficient of the ball-neck, so common among the Turks, which in a manner displays itself in folds. His piercing eye, kindled for the occasion, darted at intervals its vivid flashes; but for this, his ordinary features might as well have belonged to a sleek, good-humoured fellow of commensurate capacity. His nose had an inkling of the Ethiopian cast, which might have led a more critical observer than myself, to suspect that there was a mixture of blood in his family a few generations back.

In the evening the Colonel was visited by Doctors Frank and Zacularius, who were somewhat curious about the new arrivals. In returning these visits, I accompanied him the following evening; but I must first speak of what occurred in the afternoon. About three o'clock, his Highness the Pacha, as this was to be the visit of ceremony, did me the particular honour to send me his own ambling nag, superbly caparisoned, to convey me to the Palace of Litharicha. The figure I made, those may have read who were running the same course, while my princely steed, with a silver-stick messenger (*chaoux*) on each side, cantered up the ascent. All I know is, that I reached the great entrance court of the Palace without accident.

I had to pass through a long line of courtly attendants, richly attired in the Albanian costume, and, having entered the audience-chamber, was seated next the Pacha, while his Prime Minister†

* His Memoirs, lately published, state that he was born in 1756, in which case he must have under-rated his age by about six years.

† A virtuous man, of a high, independent spirit. In allusion to the Pacha's indiscriminate cohabitation with his wives and concubines, this minister often pointed out to

was on his knees at some distance. His audience being ended, he retired ; and on the interpreter making his appearance, all those in waiting were dismissed. To be more secret, his Highness led us to the further extremity of the room. Here let me pause. . . .

That which would be ill beseeeming under any confidence, would still less become my professional character, were I to particularize what passed during this and my subsequent visits, to harrow my best feelings, and to kindle in my breast the mingled emotions of horror, indignation, and surprise!—Of surprise, that one, bearing on his proud front the stamp and image of his Maker, and intellectually gifted in no ordinary degree, should have degraded himself beneath the level of the vilest of the reptiles whose gross instinctive propensities have engaged physiological inquiry, and have afforded an example of the passions which reason ought to have controlled, unblushingly directed to objects repugnant in their nature! I speak not of the garden scene—of the modern Antinous, envired by his ever-watchful guardians. Neither is it my wish, lovely Zelika! to dwell on thy cruel lot, doomed, like Tantalus, to the most mortifying endurances. Though still of tender age, thou wert for six tedious years the degraded, but not the subdued victim of this satyr in human shape! But if, as well as the more prominent and energetic traits, those of the privacy of exalted characters, belong to posterity, whether as a lesson or as a guide, then ought it to be recorded that

In the gratification of his depraved appetites, Ali Pacha, of all known modern sensualists the most sensual, exceeded whatever the most impure imagination can conceive, whether it may have drawn its sullied stores from scenes of high-varnished debauchery, or from the obscurely tinted perspec-

him his error, and endeavoured to convince him, not merely by precept, but by his own example, that the true domestic happiness is founded on the society of a single female of congenial habits. He himself had *but one wife*, and by her he had a fine boy. In *their* beloved intercourse he placed his sole delight.

tive of the low haunts of infamy and vice!

And this would I fain have inscribed, in characters of bronze, as the concluding sentence of his epitaph, on the tomb of that renowned Chieftain, THE LATE PRINCE OF EPIRUS.

It has been said above, that Dr. Frank was with Buonaparte in Egypt. He was also in Syria with his army, during the memorable siege of St. Jean d'Acre, when many of the French officers and *savans* became attached to the young Syrian girls in that vicinity. —The Doctor's lady was numbered among these ; and, unlike the aping of an Englishman I met with in Paris, whose extra-superlative *politesse* greatly amused the *badtauds*, (Parisian Cockneys,) she acted the vivacious Frenchwoman to the life. What a contrast between her and the lady of Doctor Zacularius! We had not been long seated in his apartment, on the cushions from which it was the etiquette not to rise on the presentation of the females of the household, when the signal was given for refreshments. First entered the doctor's mother, in the Thessalian costume, her zone displaying on its front two richly embossed ornaments of gold. She was followed by the wife, bearing in her left hand a salver with coffee and sweetmeats. I am not good at such descriptions, but I will do my best under the influence of the soul-inspiring theme. Gracefully approaching like another Hebe, to present these with timid look she laid her right hand on her bosom. Could Raphael have seen her at that moment—he who out-rivalled his competitors in depicting the mild and heaven-fraught beauties of the Virgin—he would not have selected the gardener's wife as the model of his matchless *Madonna* ;* or, if the canvass on which she is so exquisitely portrayed had been before him, he might have been tempted to *point out* her lovely features, to introduce those of the wife of Doctor Zacularius, whose fine hair, in bewitching disarray, flowed loosely on a garment of vestal sim-

* Styled *la Jardiniere*—a charming picture, which, with so many others, found its way to Paris by a stolen march.

plicity.—The ceremony being ended, the ladies withdrew.

On the day following, as had been concerted, my colleague set out for Prevesa. I made one of the escort as far as the outskirts of the town, where I shook him cordially by the hand at parting—mindful, nevertheless, of an old adage, which any one who happens not to be better engaged may chance to recollect. Adieu, dear Doctor—*dottore di mio cuore*, a long adieu.

About this time the Colonel was visited by Selim Aga, a very singular character, whose original name was Bailey, the son of a provincial banker, I think, residing in Berkshire. He had offended his father by engaging in a disadvantageous match; and to break off this connexion, had been sent on his travels. At Constantinople he was hospitably entertained by Sir Robert Ainslie, the British Ambassador. One morning he presented himself to the party assembled at his Excellency's house to dinner, to say that he had turned Turk, and had just undergone the operation of circumcision. It was of course intimated to him, that his presence there would be no longer countenanced. He relented a few months after, but his solicitations at the embassy were fruitless; and he had to push his fortunes as a civil engineer. On the present occasion he was returning, with a handsome retinue, to the Turkish capital, from the Pacha's native village, where he had been to construct a bridge. I learned afterwards with concern, that the privations to which he was subjected on his route, during the Ramazan, [Turkish lent,] cost him his life. His figure was tall and elegant; his countenance expressive; and he spoke well. He had a Mahomedan wife at Constantinople, and had paid one visit to his English wife, who had borne him a fine boy, in his Turkish garb.

As whatever concerned the Pacha's case, appeared to me to be of moment at the time, I kept a sort of register of what passed during the professional visits I was summoned to pay him. The most delicate pencilling I could bestow on any of the particulars would be as disgusting to the reader as his

Highness's disclosures and suggestions were revolting to me; but what passed among his principal officers and secretaries, when I had to wait his commands, was not devoid of interest. For instance, they would in succession, with the most rigid scrutiny, examine my uniform buttons, the gilt lion on the hilt of my dirk, &c. making signs to me how rich I must be, as they were of the purest gold; together with divers other such fooleries.*

Having represented to the Pacha my wish to return immediately to Prevesa, to the end that I might take advantage of the expected sailing of the transport which was to convey the Colonel's secretary to Malta, I went to the palace, on the morning of the 12th of September, to take leave. After much conversation with the Colonel, on the subject of politics, his Highness again inquired, whether I had any particular remedy?—*hic hiatus ingens in codice*,—to which I replied, not any; but that, if he would follow the rules and restrictions I had prescribed, I had not any doubt of their beneficial effects.

In returning, the Colonel communicated to me the Pacha's wish, that I should remain with him, attached to his person, in lieu of Dr. Frank, whom he would in that case dismiss. The latter, it appeared, a Frenchman in habits, though not by birth, had formed some intrigues against his Highness's interests, during a late visit to Corfu, and had otherwise given him strong grounds of offence. This I declined, alleging the peremptory orders and instructions I had received at Malta. The Colonel praised my discretion; but I had still other motives for my refusal, which I kept to myself.†

At eleven o'clock, I set off with four horses, for the guide, or Tartar, bearing

* It was not a jest, but, on the other hand, a matter of very serious import, to the unfortunate lieutenant of an English frigate, who, in bathing near Durazzo, a port of Albania, on the eastern shore of the Gulph of Venice, was shot by the mountaineers. The sole motive of these miscreants was to possess themselves of the buttons of his uniform coat, imagining them to be of gold.

† I did not then suspect, however, that I should have such a call as was made on me at Malta, nearly three years after. I felt

the Pacha's firman, the driver, myself, and the luggage. At two in the afternoon we reached the caravansary at the head of the plain. We were then carried by the rascally guide, who was resolved, in virtue of his firman, to plunder the unfortunate Greeks, out of the direct route, to a village on the left, which we did not reach till sunset.

Having crossed the mountains, instead of proceeding directly to Arta, which made a difference of about six miles, he led us round the marshes to the extremity of the bridge leading to the town. Here we halted; and I was given to understand, by the most expressive signs, that, this being a convenient dinner hour, we should visit the Greek monastery at the entrance, and see what good things the monks might in their bounty afford us.

Early in the morning of the 16th, I embarked on the gulf, and reached Prevesa just in time, for the Secretary was then making his last packages to join the Belle Poole frigate, waiting off the port. My first care was to engage my old friend Signor Biencardi, the interpreter, to help me to scold the scoundrel of a Tartar. I stormed, raved, and gesticulated, pretending, although in high humour, to be in a most outrageous passion; while my mouth-piece entered into the necessary explanations, to the no small diversion of the bystanding Greeks. I not only denied the miscreant a certificate of good conduct, but took from him the firman he was to shew on his return, and sent him off in its stead with a flea, which I am persuaded buzzed in his ear all the way to Jannina.

WITCHCRAFT.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
YOUR correspondent, Common Sense, in referring to the effects of the belief of witchcraft, so brutally manifested by some of the female inhabitants of Wivilscombe, in Somersetshire, has justly described others who are as much under the influence of *the principle* of witchcraft as these poor deluded women. In his judicious remarks, however, he does not

in with the Albanian Consul, who told me that an old friend of mine was staying at his house, and was very anxious to see me. This was no other than Signor Colovo, the Pacha's prime interpreter, pimp, and confidential secretary. Having first touched, in my interview with him, on his present indisposition, he asked me whether I could procure for him—no doubt for his master's use—a subtle poison of unfailing efficacy, which could be administered without suspicion. As the Signor spoke French with a very bad accent, I pretended not to understand him, and made him repeat his question half a dozen times, when I told him at length, that in some countries, in Italy, for example, what he was in quest of might be found; but that the English doctors, however they might kill sometimes, never did it intentionally, and were therefore not provided with the secret. He had, he said, lately visited most of the ports of Sicily, and had inquired after it without success.

appear to me to have adverted to *the cause of witch* and some *other crafts*, moral as well as physical,—that phantom of a being called a Devil. The *agency* of this omnipresent author and promoter of all craft is maintained in this country both by church and state; and, while in our courts of law crimes are publicly denounced as being committed at the instigation of the devil, can it be expected that either his influence or that of his imps will entirely lose their hold on the minds of the uneducated? If King James had not been so fond of contending against witchcraft, we should not have read, most likely, of the witch, but of the ventriloquist, of Endor; nor would the term *witch* have been in the translation of the Scripture, since it is *not the proper rendering* of any words used in the Hebrew writings. It was this king's fondness for demonology, as originating in the devil, which occasioned this term to be so frequently and so improperly introduced by his subservient translators. The religion of Jesus is *wholly free* from any such absurdity, as that of inculcating a belief in any such beings as *witches*, *devil*, or *devils*. This, so far as I am capable of judging, has been most satisfactorily ascertained and proved in

some discourses which I have lately read, delivered at Portsmouth, and published under the title of "an Analytical Investigation of the Scriptural Claims of the Devil," by a preacher of that town of the name of Scott. I

think, if I were accused of committing any crime at the instigation of the devil, I should demur against the count, which contained the charge, on the ground of its impossibility.

(New Monthly Mag.)

BEGGARS EXTRAORDINARY!—PROPOSALS FOR THEIR SUPPRESSION.

I'm bubbled, I'm bubbled,
Oh, how I am troubled,
Bamboozled and bit!

Beggar's Opera.

SALVE magna parens! All hail to the parent Society for the Suppression of Mendicity!—so far from impugning its merits, I would applaud them to the very echo that should applaud again, always thanking Heaven that it was not established before the days of Homer, Belisarius, and Bampfylde Moore Carew, in which case we should have had three useful fictions the less, and lost three illustrations that have done yeoman's service in pointing many a moral, and tagging as many tales. That I reverence the existing Association, and duly appreciate its benevolent exertions, is best evidenced by my proposal for a Branch or Subsidiary Company, not to interfere with duties already so fully and zealously discharged, but to take cognizance of various classes of sturdy beggars who do not come within the professed range of the original Institution. Mendicity is not confined to the asking of alms in the public streets; it is not the exclusive profession of rags and wretchedness, of the cripple and the crone, but is openly practised by able-bodied and well-dressed vagrants of both sexes, who, eluding the letter of the law while they violate its spirit, call loudly for the interference of some such repressive establishment as that which I am now advocating. When I inform you, Mr. Editor, that I live by my wits, you will at once comprehend the tenuity of my circumstances; and when I hint that I enact the good Samaritan to the best of my slender ability in all such cases as fall within my own observation, you will not wonder that I should wish to provide some sort of amateur Bridewell for such personages as Miss Spriggins.

This lady is universally acknowledged to be one of the very best creatures in the world, which is the reason, I suppose, why she never married, there being no instance, out of the records of Dunmow, of any wife of that description. Her unoccupied time and affections followed the usual routine in such cases made and provided, that is to say, she became successively a bird-breeder, a dog-fancier, a blue-stocking, and lastly, the Lady Bountiful, not of our village only, (that I could tolerate,) but of the whole district, in which capacity she constitutes a central dépôt for all the misfortunes that really happen, and a great many of those that do not.—Scarcely a week elapses that she does not call upon me with a heart-rending account of a poor old woman who has lost her cow, a small farmer whose haystack has been burnt down, a shopkeeper whose premises have been robbed of his whole stock, or a widow who has been left with seven small children, the eldest only six years old, and that one a cripple, and the poor mother likely to add to the number in a few weeks; upon which occasions the subscription list is produced, beginning with the name of Sir David Dewlap, the great army contractor, and followed by those of nabobs, bankers, merchants, and brokers, (for I live but a few miles westward of London,) by whom a few pounds of money can no more be missed from their pockets than the same quantity of fat from their sides. My visitant, knowing the state of my purse, is kind enough to point out to my observation that some have given so low as a half-sovereign; but then she provokingly adds that even

Mr. Tag, a brother scribbler in the village, has put his name down for ten shillings, and surely a person of my superior talents——. Here she smirks, and bows, and leaves off; and, partly in payment for her compliment, partly to prove that I can write twice as well as Mr. Tag, I find it impossible to effect my ransom for less than a sovereign. Thus does this good creature torment me in every possible way; first, by bringing my feelings in contact with all the miseries that have occurred or been trumped up in the whole county; and, secondly, by compelling me to disbursements which I am conscious I cannot afford. Nor have I even the common consolations of charity, for, feeling that I bestow my money with an ill-will, from false pride or pique, I accuse myself at once of vanity and meanness, of penury and extravagance. This most worthy nuisance and insatiable beggar is the very first person I should recommend to the notice of the proposed Society; and I hope they will be quick, or I shall myself be upon her list. I shall be soon suppressed if she is not.

That the clergyman of the parish should put me in spiritual jeopardy whenever he preaches a charity sermon, threatening me with all sorts of cremation if I do not properly contribute to the collection, is a process to which I can submit patiently:—for though his fulminations may be alarming, his is not the power that can enforce them. But I do hold it to be a downright breach of the peace that Sir David Dewlap aforesaid, and Doctor Allbury, should take their station on each side of the church-door, thrusting in one's face a silver plate, in such cases quite as intimidating as a pistol, and exclaiming in looks and actions, if not in words—"stand and deliver!" The former is the bashaw of the village, whose fiat can influence the reception or exclusion of all those who mix in the better sort of society, while his custom can mar or make half the shopkeepers of the place. The latter is our principal house-proprietor, and really, Mr. Editor, quarter-day comes round so excessively quick, that it is never quite convenient to be out of the good graces

of one's landlord. It is precisely on account of the undue influence they can thus exercise, that they undertake this species of legal extortion and robbery, for it deserves no better name. Is it not as bad to put us in mental or financial, as in bodily fear? and is it not a greater offence when practised on the Lord's highway—(the churchyard,) than even on the King's? Every farthing thus given, beyond what would otherwise have been bestowed, is so much swindled out of our pockets, or torn from us by intimidation, unless we admit the possibility of compulsory free will offerings. I am a Falstaff, and hate to give money, any more than reasons, upon compulsion: I submit, indeed, but it is an involuntary acquiescence. The end, I may be told, sanctifies the means: charity covereth a multitude of sins;—true: but undue influence and extortion on the one side, hypocrisy and heart-burning on the other—these are not charity, nor do they hold any affinity with that virtue whose quality is not strained, "but droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven." Does the reader recollect a fine old grizzle-headed Silenus-faced demi-Hercules of a cripple, who, with short crutches, and his limbless trunk on a kind of sledge, used to shovel briskly along the streets of London? Disdaining to ask an alms, this counterpart of the Elgin Theseus would glance downwards at his own mutilated form, and upwards at the perfect one of the passers, to whom he left it to draw the inference; and if this silent appeal failed to extract even a sympathising look, he would sometimes, in the waywardness of his mighty heart, wish "that the Devil might have them," (as who shall say he will not?) In his paternal pride he had sworn to give a certain sum as a marriage-portion to his daughter; it was nearly accomplished, and he was stumping his painful rounds for its completion, when he was assailed by certain myrmidons as a vagabond, and, after a Nemæus resistance, was laid in durance vile. Was not *this* an end that might indeed sanctify the means? And shall a man like this be held a beggar by construction, when such symbolic mendicants and typical

pickpockets as Sir David Dewlap and Doctor Allbury may hold their plates at our throats, and rob us with impunity? No—if I have any influence with the new Society, one of its earliest acts shall be the commitment of these Corinthian caterers to Bridewell, that they may dance a week's saraband together to the dainty measure of the Tread-Mill.

There is another class of eleemosynaries, who would be indignant at the appellation of Almsmen, since they make an attack upon your purse under the independent profession of *Borrowers*, while they are most valorous professors also (but most pusillanimous performers) of repayment. If they be gentry of whom one would fairly be quit for ever, I usually follow the Vicar of Wakefield's prescription, who was accustomed to lend a great coat to one, an old horse to a second, a few pounds to a third, and seldom was troubled by their reappearance. If they be indifferent parties, whom one may reasonably hope to fob off with banter and evasion, I quote to them from Shakspeare—

“Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.”

Be they matter-of-fact fellows who apprehend not a joke, I shew them my empty purse, which, Heaven knows, is no joke to me, while it is the best of all arguments to them. But be they men of pith and promise, friends whom I well esteem and would long preserve, I refuse them at once, for these are companions whom I cannot afford to lose, and whom a loan would not long allow me to keep. Those who may be cooled by a refusal would have been alienated by an acquiescence. Friendship, to be permanent, must be perfectly independent; for such is the pride of the human heart, that it cannot receive a favour without a feeling of humiliation, and it will almost unconsciously harbour a constant wish to lower the value of the gift by diminishing that of the donor. Ingratitude is an effort to recover our own esteem by getting rid of our esteem for a benefactor; and when once self-love opposes our love of an-

other, it soon vanquishes its adversary. We esteem benefactors as we do tooth-drawers, who have cured us of one pain by inflicting another. For the rich I am laying down no rules; they may afford to lose their friends as well as money, for they can command more of each; we who stand under the frown of Plutus must be economists of both, and it is for the benefit of such classes that I would have the whole brotherhood of mendicants, calling themselves borrowers, sentenced to the House of Correction—not till they had paid their debts, for that would be equivalent to perpetual imprisonment, but until they had sincerely forgiven their old friends for lending them money, and placed themselves in a situation to acquire new ones by a promise never to borrow any more.

A fourth description of beggars, not less pestilent in their visitations, are the fellows who are constantly coming to beg that you will lend them a book, which they will faithfully return in eight or ten days, for which you may substitute *years*, and be no nearer to the recovery of your property. It is above that period since some of my friends have *begged* the second volume of Tom Brown's Works, the first of Bayle's Dictionary, Phineas Fletcher's Purple Island, and various others whose absence creates many a “hiatus valde defensus” in my bookshelves, which, like so many open mouths, cry aloud to heaven against the purloiners of odd volumes and the decimators of sets. Books are a sort of *feræ naturæ* to these poachers that have “*nulla vestigia retrorsum*,” they pretend to have forgotten where they borrowed them, and then claim them as strays and waifs. You may know the number of a man's friends by the vacancies in his library, and if he be one of the best fellows in the world, his shelves will assuredly be empty. Possession is held to be nine points in law, but with friends of this class unlawful possession is the best of all titles, for print obliterates property, *meum* and *tuum* cannot be bound up in calf or morocco, and honour or honesty cease to be obligatory in all matters of odd volumes. Beggars of this quality might with great

propriety be sent to the counting-houses of the different prisons and penitentiaries, where their literary abilities might be rendered available by employing them as *book-keepers*, a business in in which they have already exhibited so much proficiency.

The last species of mendicants whom I should recommend to the new Suppression Society, and whom, judging by my own experience, I should pronounce the most unfortunate and unreasonable of any, are the young and old ladies, from the boarding-school Miss to the Dowager Blue Stocking, who, in the present rage for albums and autographs, ferret out all unfortunate writers, from the Great Unknown, whom every body knows, down to the illustrious obscure whom every body knows, and beg them—just to write a few lines for insertion in their repository. We have the authority of Dr. Johnson for declaring that no one likes to give away that by which he lives : —“You, Sir,” said he, turning to Thrale, “would rather give away money than beer.” And to come a begging of such impoverished wits as

mine—*Corpo di Bacco!* it is robbing the Spittal—putting their hands in the poor-box—taking that “which nought enriches them, and makes me poor indeed”—doing their best to create a vacuum, which Nature abhors : and as to assuming that compliance costs nothing, this is the worst mendicity of all, for it is even begging the question. No, Mr. Editor, I cannot recommend to the new Society any extension of indulgence towards offenders of this class. The ladies, old and young, should be condemned to Bridewell, (not that I mean any play upon the word,) there to be dieted upon bread and water until they had completely filled one another’s albums with poetry of their own composing ; after which process I believe they might be turned loose upon society without danger of their resuming the trade of begging. Other mendicant nuisances occur to me, for whose suppression the proposed Institution would be held responsible ; but I have filled my limits for the present, and shall therefore leave them to form the subject of a future communication.

(Europ Mag.)

SKETCHES OF FRANCE.

MODE OF TRAVELLING AND INNKEEPERS, &c.

IN my last I said something of the mode of travelling in this country, and of the exactions of the innkeepers ; I must be permitted to return to the subject. There is no regular standard of charge for travelling by the diligence it varies with the supposed means of the persons who perform the journey ; I mean that it is different on the different roads, according to the character of the persons who pass along them. From Calais to Paris, the charge is 40 francs by the regular road which the English take, but by another road nearly seventy miles farther, over which one Englishman in ten thousand does not think of travelling, the charge is less than thirty-five. From Paris to Bayonne by the diligence only eighty-two francs are paid, and yet the distance is three times greater than from

Calais to Paris. It may be said that the same disproportion is found in England, but then it proceeds from different causes. Here the cause, as I have already stated, is to be found only in the greater or lesser means of pillaging the public. In England, if a coach proprietor demands more than an honest fare, proportioned to the expense of his undertaking, he soon meets with opposition, but in France there is so little enterprise and so little encouragement of laudable opposition to fraud, that the rich rogue continues his practices with impunity ; if he is opposed at all, his antagonist ends by ruining himself or falling into the wrongs of the other parties. The government do nothing to encourage public spirited men, on the contrary, every thing is done to crush them, and that only because it is the interest of the advocates of tyranny and supersti-

tion to check every thing, which tends to a distribution of wealth, and the consequent extension of intellect. As a proof of this, I need only mention that the French ministers have it in serious contemplation, to give an exclusive privilege to the proprietors of the *Messageries Royales*, and to suppress all coaches now running to different parts of France from other offices; so much for coaches: of the exactions of innkeepers, a volume, aye twenty volumes might be written, I must content myself however with a page. When I was travelling to Italy two years ago, I stopped with two friends at a small inn on the road upwards of two hundred miles from Paris to dinner; from my knowledge of the prices of provisions in that part of the country, I can declare that the whole of our dinner did not cost the landlady 2s. She had the modesty, however, to charge 28 francs, 1l. 3s. 4d.; we were not of course fools enough to submit to such a shameful exaction, and after much altercation she agreed to take ten francs. From that day we invariably bargained for every thing before hand, and our saving was upwards of 150 per cent.; but the reader may conceive how unpleasant it is on entering an inn, to make a contract for breakfast, dinner, and supper. I will do the French innkeepers the justice to state, that they exact now and then from their *compatriots* as well as from the English. The Duchess d'Angouleme went last summer to drink the waters of a famous mineral spring, in the department of the *Côte d'Or*; she stopped on the road at an inn which was kept by the post-master of the village. As all the members of the Royal Family when they travel take their own provisions with them, for fear of being poisoned, I suppose, at the inns, her Royal Highness ordered only some fresh eggs and hot water for herself and suite. The landlord who had perhaps heard of the story of the innkeeper, who charged George I. 10l. for two eggs, observing, when the Monarch complained and asked if eggs were scarce that he charged so high a price, that eggs were more plentiful than monarchs, thought

he would not offend a guest of such consequence, by charging a low price for his eggs and hot water, and consequently sent in a bill for 300 francs. Her Royal Highness paid the amount without complaining, but on her return to Paris the circumstance was mentioned to the Director-General of *Postes*, and the conscientious innkeeper received notice that his patent of post-master had been transferred to another inhabitant of the village. The French landlord has very rarely any fixed price. In the country a French traveller, who is known to understand things well, will sit down to a good breakfast for 15 sous; a Parisian, however, is expected to pay 20; a German, Swiss, or Italian 25, not because they are richer than the Parisian, but because as they travel on business and gain something by the French, it is only just that they should reimburse a little to the innkeepers; an Englishman's round hat and a Russian's pigeon-breasted coat are strong indications of gullibility to the landlord; the wearers are monied fools, he supposes, travelling for pleasure, and down goes 40 sous for a very indifferent breakfast. This system of arbitrary taxation is really intolerable, and I heartily wish it was limited to this country; I am sorry to say, however, that it is not uncommon in England. It is all very well to make the rich pay more than the poor, but how many persons of confined means and respectable appearance are robbed by innkeepers in different parts of England; a desire to economize in an inn, or a shabby appearance which will not justify a high charge in the opinion of the host, too frequently produces insult. Before I left England I stopped at an inn at Dover for the night with my wife; on the following morning I paid a tremendous bill and gave three shillings to the waiter and chambermaid; the gentleman immediately observed, that I had made a mistake, as it was customary to give a shilling to the waiter and another to the chambermaid for each person. I complained to the landlord of his servant's insolence, but that gentleman observed, that 'he was

very sorry, but as the thing was quite customary he could not blame the waiter.' As I have travelled all the way from Paris, aye 200 miles beyond Paris, to Dover, to tell the story of a waiter's insolence, I will take the liberty of taking a trip to Portsmouth before I close this part of my subject, for the purpose of relating an anecdote of an innkeeper there; I can vouch for its authenticity, for a friend of mine from whom I have it was of the party. When Kean, the actor, was at Portsmouth two or three years ago, he was requested by the manager and two or three more, after one morning's rehearsal to accompany them to take a bottle of Madeira and a biscuit. Kean objected at first, but at length consented, and away they went to one of the first-rate inns in Portsmouth. The landlord, when apprised that Mr. Kean was of the party, ushered them into an elegant room; thanked the actor for the honour that he did him, and for 10 minutes overwhelmed him with obsequious civilities. Kean bore it well for some time, but at length knitting his brow and fixing his eye upon the landlord with tremendous expression, which we have all witnessed, said, 'Mr. H——, I came into your house at the request of these gentlemen to partake of some refreshment, and not to be pestered with your civilities which to me are so many insults; look at me, Sir, well, you do not recollect me I see, but you know that I am Mr. Kean, Edmund Kean, Sir; the same Edmund Kean that I was fifteen years ago, when you kept a very small inn in Portsmouth. At that time, Sir, I was a member of a strolling company of players, and came with the troop to your fair, where I acted. I remember well that I went one day into the bar of your house, and called for half a pint of porter, which, after I had waited your pleasure patiently, was given to me by you, with one hand, as the other was extended to receive the money; never, Sir, shall I forget your insolent demeanour, and the acuteness of my feelings. Now, Mr. H——, things are altered, you are in a fine hotel, and I am—but never mind; you are still plain H——, and I am Edmund

Kean, the same Edmund Kean that I was fifteen years ago, when you insulted me; look at me again, Sir, what alteration beyond that of dress do you discover in me? am I a better man than I was then? What is there in me now that you should overwhelm me with your compliments? Go to, Mr. H——, I am ashamed of you, keep your wine in your cellar, I will have none of it.' Having said this, the indignant actor turned his back upon the mortified landlord and left the house with his companions.

An anecdote of the late Emperor of France, but for the authenticity of which I cannot vouch, is something similar. Buonaparte, before his elevation, was lodging at an Hotel in the *Rue St. Honore*. He was at that time a Sub-Lieutenant with little pay and poor prospects. As Napoleon did not wear a very brilliant uniform, the owner of the Hotel, who could discover nothing great in his physiognomy, and was of course very far from imagining that the poor Lieutenant with about a franc a day would one day command the wealth of Empires, treated him with great contempt and insolence, and at times with downright insult. Napoleon, notwithstanding the natural impetuosity of his character, shewed no resentment, and remained at the Hotel until he was called into activity; many years afterwards, when he was First Consul, a Russian General arrived in Paris with important despatches from his government, and took up his residence in the first floor of the Hotel in which Buonaparte had long before occupied a garret. The general and his suite had been in Paris about a week, spending a great deal of money in the Hotel, when one morning the First Consul asked him where he lodged. The Russian informed him; Buonaparte did not appear to notice his answer, and the Russian took his leave; on the following morning before eight o'clock, a gentleman wrapped in a military cloak called at the Hotel and inquired for the landlord, who immediately made his appearance. "You have a Russian General lodging here," said the stranger. The answer was in the affirmative, "shew me to

him."—"He is not yet up," said the landlord, "never mind, accompany me to his bed-room." The landlord who took the stranger for an agent of the Police complied, and they entered the General's bed-room together. The Russian who instantly recognized the Consul, notwithstanding the way in which he was muffled up, jumped out of bed and asked his command. "I merely came to tell you," said the First Consul, "that your host is a man of bad mind, *un homme sans sentiment*, and then proceeded to give an account of the Hotel-keeper's former conduct."—"It is sufficient," said the General, "I will have my trunks packed up and quit the scoundrel's house immediately." The General related the circumstance to some persons about the Court and it soon got wind. Every body praised the Consul and condemned the Hotel-keeper, the consequence of which was, that he lost all his customers and was ruined. When Buonaparte became Emperor, this man was almost in a state of starvation, and in a fit of rage and despair sent an insolent letter to the Emperor, in which he was charged with being the cause of his misfortunes. Buonaparte on this occasion behaved with a magnanimity which would have honoured legitimacy. He sent for the man and addressed him nearly as follows :*—"You deserve all that has happened to you because your heart was bad, and you sought for gain at the expense of honourable feeling; I should be sorry, however, to bring distress upon your innocent family. From this day you will receive an annual pension of 2,000 francs, and I engage to provide for your sons: be careful of the rest of your family and treat them with kindness. If I find that you use them ill, I will take them under my protection, and stop the payment of your pension." I understand that this pension was regularly paid up to the period of Napoleon's overthrow.

GAMING-HOUSES.

Whilst the English magistrates, under the immediate sanction of the gov-

ernment, are laudably endeavouring to put an end to these destructive establishments, the French authorities threaten with prosecution all who dare to bring them into disrepute; only three days ago, the publisher of a lithographic print representing the interior of a gaming-house, in which the deluded votaries of chance are depicted with the various expressions of ferocious joy, or rage and disappointment, and a ruined youth in a corner of the room blowing his brains out; was desired by the Police to discontinue the sale of the print, if he wished to avoid prosecution. In what a state must the morals of that people be, where the government derive a considerable revenue from the existence of houses of ill-fame and gaming-houses. I have not heard nor is it, I believe, generally known how much those who farm the gaming-tables pay for their privilege, which lasts for three years; but some idea of the enormous profits of those individuals, and consequently of the numerous chances against the foolish creatures who play, may be gathered from the following fact, which was related to me by an English physician resident in Paris. This gentleman, who is well known in the literary world, by two or three excellent treatises on Education, was supposed to possess some influence with M. de Cazes, when that personage was minister of the Interior. The Doctor was one day waited upon by a Frenchman of large fortune, who told him that he felt desirous with some other capitalists to bid for the privilege of the gaming-houses in Paris, which in the course of a month would be to let for the next 3 years; and that as the company were aware of the influence which the Doctor had with the minister, they proposed to give him 100,000 francs in cash and 12,000 francs annually for three years, if he could induce the minister to let the privilege to them at the same rate as those who then held it paid to government. They also authorised the Doctor to tell M. de Cazes, that if he would agree to their proposition, they would make him a present of 500,000 francs. The Doctor, who is a man of character, refused the offer;

* The man is now in Paris and relates the anecdote.

and I hear that M. de Cazes, when the 500,000 francs were offered to him through another channel, said he would have nothing to do with it, and to avoid any imputation of corruption, transferred his right of negotiating the transaction to another branch of the government. We see therefore that all Frenchmen in office are not destitute of honour. The sum paid to government must be very considerable, because none but men of large fortune are able to farm the privilege. In addition to the public tables in the Palais Royal and at Frescati's, the company have private tables in various parts of Paris; women of high rank, but decayed fortune, are induced to admit these tables at their houses, and to give dinners, to which they invite all the rich foreigners in Paris. The expense of the dinners is paid by the company and a handsome income is also given to the *lady* of the house; the strangers who are induced to accept the invitation to dinner, and who are of course

ignorant that the table is kept by a regular agent of this company play freely, and generally pay more for one dinner in this way, than they could dine all the year for at the most expensive *restaurant's* in Paris.

I am sorry to say, that the English in Paris, of all ranks, are fond of gambling. A watch-maker on the *Boulevard Montmartre* tells me, that he does not purchase less than 100 watches a year from Englishmen, who have lost their last shilling at play, and who sell their watches to raise another pound for the table, or to carry them back to England. The police, in consequence of the accident which happened at one of the houses in the Palais Royal, not long ago, viz.:—a young man throwing himself in despair out of a window, have ordered all the windows to be barred; a simple countrywoman on reading this order, very naturally asked, whether barring up the doors would not be a much more effectual way of preventing a similar accident.

(Lit. Gaz.)

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"I've lost one eye, and I've got a timber toe,"

SUNG old Joe Jennings, as he swivelled round on his wooden pin, whilst bustling through the comical Jack-in-the-Box gate at the east end of the Naval Asylum going into Greenwich Park—

"I've lost one eye, and I've got a timber toe."

"And where did you leave your eye, Joe?"—"In the Gut of Gibraltar."

"Well, Joe, you'll never see double again, so what do you say to another glass? Come, let's freshen the nip, my old boy, and spin us a tough yarn."

"No, no, thank ye all the same—No, no, thank ye, I'd rather not; for whilst I am spinning the yarn you would be winding one up, and then I should go reeling it to my cabin, and catch the yellow fever."*—"But where did you lose your leg, Joe?"—"Why I'll tell

you all about it as soon as we come to an anchor under the trees. There, now you shall have it. Why, d'ye see, I lost my leg when I lent a hand to take the R—— French 80, and warm work we had of it."—"Avast there, Joe, avast! you know it's all a fudge," said old Tom Pipes, as he came hobbling up—"You know it's all a fudge. Warn't you groggy? and didn't you jam your foot atwixt the shot-locker and the combings, and capsize down the hatchway? and now you want to persuade the gemman it was done in action."—"Aye, aye, Tom, you're always running foul of me—but no matter, you know better. Zounds! didn't you hold the step of my precious limb while the surgeon dock'd it and saw'd away the splinters? and arn't I got the shot to this hour?"—"Yes, Joe, yes; but tell the gemman about Nancy and her husband;—my scuppers run over every time I think of it."—"Why, aye, he

* The pensioners when in disgrace, are compelled to wear a party-coloured coat, in which *yellow* predominates.—*Ed.*

shall have it, and do you lend me a lift if I should break down, though I don't much fear it. Why dy'e see, Sir, Bill Neville was our messmate, and he used to tell us a little of his history. And so, Sir, he was brought up in a country village, and loved his wife when only a little girl; and he went to sea, thinking to make his fortune for her sake. Well, he got to be Master of a merchantman, and then they were married. Who can describe the pleasure of that moment when their hands were spliced at the altar, and he hailed her as his own! But he was obliged to sail again. 'Oh!' said Nancy, 'should you never return, what shall I do?—where shall I pass—where end my wretched days?' His heart was too full to speak; one hand clasped in her's, the other pointed to the broad expanse where the noon-day sun was shining in meridian splendour. It had a double meaning—Nancy felt it: 'There is a God, trust in him!' or, 'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!' Well, Sir, eighteen months roll'd away, during which, in due time, Nancy brought into the world a dear pledge of affection—a lovely boy. But oh the agony of the mother as every day dragg'd on without intelligence from William! When she look'd at the sweet babe—was it indeed fatherless, and she a widow? You'll excuse my stopping, Sir, but indeed I can't help it—I've shed tears over it many a time.

"Well, Sir, eighteen months was turned, when one morning Nancy arose to pour out her heart before her maker, and weep over her sleeping child. The sun had just risen above the hills, when a noise in the little garden which fronted the cottage alarmed her. She opened the casement and put aside the woodbine—beheld, delightful yet agonizing sight—her dear, her long-mourned William, handcuff'd between two soldiers, while others, with their side-arms drawn, seemed fearful of losing their prey! His face pale and his emaciated body worn down with fatigue and sickness, his spirit seem'd ready to quit its frail mansion, and was only kept to earth by union with his wife.—Nancy forgot all, and clasp'd him in her arms; but the rattling of the irons

pierced her soul. I do not mean to condemn the policy, Sir; but 'tis a cruel practice, that of pressing. Ah! I well remember it—though I always served my King, God bless him! Yet I've witness'd many an aching heart, and heard many a groan of agony. But to proceed: William was press'd; Nancy hastened into the cottage, and wrapping the sleeping babe in its blanket, she prepared to accompany them. Cannot you picture to yourself the first glance which the wretched parent cast upon his child? Oh it was a sad, sweet joy that wrung the soul! I shall pass by their meeting, their dear delight, their bitter anguish. If you can feel, it is already engraven on your heart. Suffice it to say, William had been shipwrecked on the African coast, and though he had lost the whole of his property, yet heaven had spared his life, and his the only one. Sickness came on him, and but for the humanity of a poor untutored negro, he might have breathed his last. She was black—she was a negro—but God searches the heart. He had procured, with much difficulty, a passage home. The ship arrived; he set out, and walked many a weary mile, led on by love and cheered by hope, till the roof of his cottage appeared in view. Here he sunk upon his knees, and poured forth his heart in trembling anxiety, and fervent petition. A sailor can pray, Sir, and it matters not, so it be right, whether it is in a matted pew at church, or swinging like a cat at the mast head. He arose, and with hastier step reach'd the wicket, when—but I dare not repeat the story—I've told you already he was press'd. Well, he was drafted on board of us, and his dear Nancy permitted to be with him. The evening before the action, she was sitting on the carriage of the bow gun, with her baby cradled in her arms, and William by her side—they were viewing, with admiration and delight, the beauteous scenery displayed by the sinking clouds in a thousand fantastic shapes, tinged with liquid gold streaming from the setting sun, and caressing the little innocent, while all the parent kindled in their hearts. But hark! a hoarse voice is heard from the mast head—all is

hush'd. 'Halloo!' said the Captain. 'A sail on the larboard bow, Sir;—'What does she look like?'—'I can but just see her, Sir, but she looms large.'—'Mr. Banks,' said the Captain, 'take your glass aloft, and see if you can make out what she is. Call the boatswain—turn the hands up—make sail.'—In a moment all was bustle; the topmen were in their station, and every man employed; and in a few minutes every stitch of canvass was stretch'd upon the yards and booms. The officer that was sent aloft reported it a ship of the line which look'd like a foreigner. Every heart was now elate, but Nancy's—it might be an enemy! Oh that thought was dreadful! And as William conducted her below, the tears chased each other down her pale face, and the heavy sigh burst from her gentle bosom. William mildly reprov'd her, and again pointing to heaven, flew to his post. The stranger had hauled to the wind, fired a gun, and hoisted French colours. Up went ours with three cheers; and there's seldom a moment of greater pride to a British tar than when he displays the ensign of his country in presence of the enemy. Three cheers resounded through the ship, and broadside upon broadside shook her groaning timbers. Where was Nancy? William was first in every danger. Three times we boarded the foe, but were repulsed. Dreadful grew the scene of blood and horror

through the darkening shades of coming night. No one bore tidings of the fight to Nancy, none, save the poor sailor whose shattered limb came to suffer amputation, or the wounded wretch to be dress'd, at which she assisted with fortitude. Two hours had passed in this awful suspense and heart-rending anxiety, when a deep groan and piercing shriek from the lower deck convulsed her frame. She knew the voice, and snatching the infant in her arms, rush'd to the spot. Soon she found the object of her search: his manly form mangled and shattered; that face, once ruddy with the glow of health, now pale and convulsed; the blood streaming from his side and breast! He saw her too. 'Nancy!' said he, and raising his feeble hand pointing to heaven—it fell—and William was no more! Sinking on the lifeless body of her husband, Nancy fainted with the dear babe still in her arms; when, oh mysterious providence! at that very moment, while senseless and inanimate, at that very moment, a ball entered through the vessel's side—it pierced her bosom! Need I tell the rest? They were pleasant and lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

AN OLD SAILOR.

[This pathetic story is founded on facts which actually occurred; and we have reason to believe that the Orphan is still alive.—*Ed.*]

VARIETIES.

ECHOES.

An echo is a reflected sound: the ancient philosophers were unacquainted with the true nature of the echo. The poets supposed it to have been a nymph who pined into a sound for the love of Narcissus. But the modern state of philosophy has established it upon unerring principles. According to the various distances from the speaker, a reflecting object will return the echo of several; or of a few syllables, for all the syllables must be uttered before the echo of the first syllable reaches the ear, otherwise it will make

confusion. In a moderate way of speaking, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ syllables are pronounced in one second, or seven syllables in two seconds. From the computations of a short writer, it appears that a ready and rapid orator, in the English language, pronounces from 7,000 to 7,500 words in an hour; namely, about 120 words in a minute, or two words in each second. Therefore, when an echo repeats seven syllables, the reflecting object is 1,142 feet per second, the distance from the speaker to the reflecting object, and again from the latter to the former, is twice

1,142. When the echo returns fourteen syllables, the reflecting object must be 2, 284 feet distant, and so on. A famous echo is said to be in Woodstock Park, Oxford. It repeats seventeen syllables in the day time, and twenty at night, when the air being somewhat denser, the sound does not travel quite so fast.—There is also a remarkable echo on the north side of Shepley church in Sussex, which will repeat distinctly 21 syllables. At Rosneath, near Glasgow, there is an echo that repeats a tune playing with a trumpet three times completely and distinctly.

HOUSE FLIES.

These troublesome little insects may be effectually destroyed without the use of poison : take half a teaspoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one table-spoonful of cream ; mix them well together, and place them in the room on a plate where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

ORIGINAL POETIC VARIETIES.

Bath, Oct. 1822.

Mr. Editor.—In my rambles about this neighbourhood, I collected the following verses from the tombstones of different church-yards. Some of the most whimsical, though nearly effaced, are still to be found in the cemetery of a rather considerable town on the high road from London to Bristol, and are probably the production of the same goose-quill ; but whether wielded by the sexton, clerk, or even parson of the parish, I could not learn ; all I discovered upon the subject was, that some of them have been inscribed a good many years ago, apparently enough before the dawn of our present most wonderful poetical era.

I remain, Mr. Editor, &c. *Viator.*

That thou would'st pity take I humbly pray,
O Lord, on this my wretched lump of clay,
A broken pitcher do not cleave in twain,
But let me rise and be myself again.

I went and listed in the tenth Hussars,
And galloped with them to the bloody wars—

“ Die for your Sovereign,—for your country die ! ”

To earn such glory feeling rather shy,

Snug I slipped home ; but Death soon sent me off

After a struggle with the hooping cough.

Here lye in the blessed hope of a joyful resurrection

The bodies of	Prudence Martha and Obadiah	} Wilcox.	

Aged one—two—and three years

Three children small

Composed my all—

But envious death

Has stopped their breath,

And left, d'ye see,

My wife and me,

Above the kneec,

In sorrow's slough—

To help us through

The Lord alone,

Who hears our groans,

Know how and when !

AMEN, AMEN.

There down at Katherines* I kept a school,
Vended small wares, caught rats, and card-ed wool ;

My wife excelled in making British wine,

But she's alive and is no longer mine ;

For I am dead and she won't follow—

I can no longer whoop and hollow—

Reader, if thou dost wish to know

The name of him here lying low,

Look down upon this stone, and see

Wilcox conjoined with Timothy.

Tread soft, good friends, least you should
spring a mine !

I was a workman in the powder line.

Of true religion I possessed no spark

Till Christ, he pleased to stop my gropings
dark.

The Rev'rend Vicar seconded the plan,

(A temperate, holy, charitable man,

Who left the foxes to enjoy their holes,

And never haunted aught but human souls)

To this Director's care 'twas kindly given

To point my spirit, bolt upright, to heaven.

Here lies John Adams who receiv'd a thump
Right in the forehead from the Parish pump,
Which gave him his quietus in the end,
For many Doctors did his case attend.

ECONOMY OF THE TOAD. (*Rano Bufo.*)

“ The common food of the toad is small worms, and insects of every description ; but its favourite food consists of *Apis mellifica*, *A. conica*, *A. terrestris*, and *Vespa vulgaris*. When a toad strikes any of these insects, however, deglutition does not immediately take place, as in other cases, but the mandibles remain closely compressed for a few seconds, in which time

* A village near Bath-Easton.

the bee or wasp is killed, and all danger of being stung avoided. The mandibles are provided with two protuberances, which appear to be destined for this office. Although capable of sustaining long abstinence, the toad is a voracious feeder, when opportunity offers. To a middle-sized one, the writer has given nine wasps, one immediately after another; the tenth it refused, but in the afternoon of the same day, it took eight more. To see the toad display its full energy of character, it is necessary to discover it in its place of retirement for the day, and, if possible, unperceived, to drop an insect within its sight: it immediately arouses from its apparent torpor, its beautiful eyes sparkle, it moves with alacrity to its prey, and assumes a degree of animation incompatible with its general sluggish appearance. When arrived at a proper distance, it makes a full stop, and, in the attitude of a pointer, motionless eyes its destined victim for a few seconds, when it darts out its tongue upon it, and lodges it in its throat with a velocity which the eye can scarcely follow. It sometimes happens to make an ineffectual stroke, and stuns the insect without gorging it, but never makes a second stroke until the insect resumes motion. It uniformly refuses to feed on dead insects, how-

ever recent. For several years a toad took up its abode, during the summer season, under an inverted garden-pot, which had a part of its rim broken out, in the writer's garden, making its first appearance in the latter end of May, and retreating about the middle of September. This toad, there is reason to believe, distinguished the persons of the family, who daily fed it, from strangers, as it would permit them to pat and stroke it. To try the indiscriminating appetite of these animals, the writer has dropped before a full-grown toad, a young one of its own species, about three fourths of an inch long, and the instant it began to move off, it was eagerly struck at and swallowed; but the writer, in repeating this experiment, found that more will refuse than devour the young of their own species. When living minnows (*Cyprinus Phoxinus*) were dropped before a toad, they were struck at and swallowed in the same manner. These experiments were made on toads at full liberty, and met with accidentally. Toads generally return to their winter quarters about the time that swallows disappear. The writer, on such occasions, has seen them burrowing in the ground backwards, by the alternate motion of their hind legs.

EXECUTION OF CRESCENTIUS.

I looked upon his brow,—no sign
Of guilt or fear were there,
He stood as proud by that death shrine
As even o'er despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.
He stood, the fetters on his hand,—
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh:
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.
I saw him once before; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands thronged the road
And bade their warriors speed.
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,

And graced with many a dint that told
Of many a soldier's deed;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.
But now he stood chained and alone,
The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger, gone;
The sword, which had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near;
And yet, no sigh or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.
He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncovered eye;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who thronged to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot, and her latest one.
July 21, 1823.

L. L. E.





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